

1 1 2 7 3

**The
Ramakrishna Mission Institute of Culture Library
CALCUTTA.**

LATE FEE : 5 P. per day after the last date stamped below.

RENEWALS : By post, telephone or in person. Please quote the number stamped on the pocket opposite and last date below.

- 1 NOV 200		
-------------	--	--

P.T.O.



THE LETTERS OF THE YOUNGER
PLINY. TRANSLATED BY JOHN B.
FIRTH.

SECOND SERIES.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., LTD ,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.
NEW YORK: 3 EAST 24TH STREET.

RMIC LIBRARY	
No. N.	11273
Class N.	874.2
	721
Det.	
	✓
	✓
Cat.	
pk. Card.	✓
Checked	an

THE LETTERS OF THE YOUNGER PLINY.

BOOK VI.

I.—To TIRO.

WHILE I was staying across the Po and you were in Picenum, I did not miss you so much; but since I have been in Rome, and you are still away in Picenum, I have missed you much more. Perhaps it is that the places where we are usually in one another's society remind me of you more sharply, or else it must be that there is nothing like being in the neighbourhood of absent friends to make you miss them, and the nearer you get to hoping to enjoy their society, the more impatiently you bear their absence. However, whatever the cause may be, do relieve me from my torment. Either come to me or I shall return to the place which I left rather hurriedly and foolishly. If I do, my only reason will be just this, to see whether you will send me letters like the one I am now writing, when you begin to find yourself in Rome without me. Farewell.

II.—TO ARRIANUS.

WHEN I am in the courts I frequently find myself regretting Marcus Regulus, though I hardly mean to say that I want him back again. Why then, you may ask, do I regret him? For these reasons. He used to hold the profession in great respect; he used to be nervous and anxious to succeed and write out his speeches beforehand, though he could never thoroughly commit them to memory. Even his practice of smearing ointment over either his right or left eye—the former if he were appearing for the plaintiff, and the latter when he was pleading for a defendant—and his habit of changing the white patch from one eyebrow to the other, and consulting the soothsayers as to how his cases would go, though due to gross superstition on his part, were also to be partly explained by the great regard in which he held our profession. Again, his other practice of always demanding that we should be allowed to speak as long as we desired, and the way in which he succeeded in getting an audience together, were very gratifying to those who were engaged in the same cases as he was. For what can be more pleasant than to go on speaking to your heart's content, when some one else gets all the odium, and to speak at your leisure to an audience which another has brought together, as though you had no choice in the matter?

However, be that as it may, Regulus did well to die, and he would have done better still if he had died earlier, for

he might have lived without any harm to the public under a prince in whose reign he could do no damage. And so I am justified in now and then regretting his loss, for after his death the custom gradually crept in and became firmly established for counsel to ask for, and for the judges to grant, a time-limit for speeches of two water-clocks, or even one piece, and sometimes only half a one. Those who plead prefer to get their speeches over rather than go on pleading, and those who listen to them are more anxious to have done than to come to a right decision. Such is the general carelessness, laziness, and disrespect of our profession, and of the hazards which we advocates undergo. Are we wiser than our ancestors were? Are we more just than the very laws which apportion so many hours, days, and adjournments for each case? Were they dull-witted and slow-coaches, or are we clearer speakers, quicker thinkers, and more conscientious judges than they, that we should hurry through a case in fewer water-glasses than they took days for the finishing of them? O Regulus! to think that your ambition should have gained you from all sides the favour which is rarely accorded to the most conscientious pleader!

For my own part, whenever I am on the bench, and I am oftener there than pleading, I grant counsel as much time as they desire, no matter what amount they ask for. For I consider it rash to form any opinion as to what time a case will take while it has yet to be heard, and to set a fixed time-limit to a trial, the length of which you do not know, especially as the first duty of a conscientious judge

is to show patience, a virtue which forms no small part of justice itself. But, people argue, a good deal of irrelevant matter is spoken. It may be so, but it is better that it should be than that any necessary points should be omitted; and again, there are no means of telling whether an argument is irrelevant or not until you have heard it. However, it will be better to discuss these matters, as well as numerous other public shortcomings, in person, for you, like myself, have such a regard for the common weal that you desire to see many things put straight which will be no easy undertaking at this time of day. But just a word for our private affairs! Is everything going on well with you at home? With me there is no news, but I am all the better pleased with my good fortune because it continues, and as for the inconveniences of life, well, they seem to grow lighter, because I am getting well used to them. Farewell.

III.—TO VERUS.

I AM much obliged to you for undertaking to look after the plot of land which I gave to my old nurse. When I made her a present of it it was worth a hundred thousand sesterces, but afterwards its value diminished as the produce from it grew less. However, now that you are looking after it, it will pick up again. I want you to remember that I am commending to your care, not so much the trees and the

soil—though I do not forget these—as the present itself, for she to whom it belongs cannot be more anxious that it should produce good crops than I am who gave it to her. Farewell.

IV.—TO CALPURNIA.

NEVER before have I chafed so much at being so busy that I could not accompany you when you set out for Campania to recruit your health, nor yet follow and overtake you after you had started. For now especially I should like to be with you to see with my own eyes how much strength you are gaining, what weight that delicate frame of yours is putting on, and whether you are enjoying yourself without let or hindrance in the retirement and among the rich, generous pleasures of Campania. I am quite anxiously longing to hear that you are strong again, for it makes one nervous and troubled to get no news of those whom we love very dearly, when they are away from us, and your absence, coupled with your weak state of health, keeps me constantly upon the rack. I am afraid of all sorts of things; I fancy anything may have happened, and, like all anxious people, I am especially given to conjuring up the thoughts that I most dread. I entreat you, therefore, to remember how nervous I am about you, and write me once, or even twice a day. For while I am reading your letters, I shall

feel easier in my mind, though, when I have read through to the end, my fears will immediately recur. Farewell.

V.—TO URSUS.

I HAVE already told you that Varenus was given permission to bring witnesses on his behalf from his province. This seemed just to a majority of the Senate, but unjust to certain others, and the latter clung obstinately to their view, especially Licinius Nepos, who at the next meeting of the Senate, on a debate dealing with a totally different subject, began to discuss the resolution of the previous sitting, and re-opened a matter which was already closed. He even went on to say that the consuls should be asked to bring in a motion relating to the law against extortion, under the head of the law against bribery, and say whether they thought it right that an addition should be made to the law, giving those who were accused of the offence the same powers to make inquiries and denounce the guilty parties as were granted to the accusers and to the witnesses. Many considered that this speech of Nepos was unseasonable, untimely, and quite out of place, inasmuch as he had allowed the proper time for opposing the proposal to pass by, and now declaimed against it after it had been carried, though he might have done so before. The prætor Juventius Celsus vehemently upbraided him in a long speech, in

which he taunted him with seeking to reform the Senate. Nepos replied; Celsus answered him back, and neither spared reproaches and insults. I do not wish to repeat the words which pained me when I heard them spoken, but I blame even more some of our number who kept running first to Celsus and then to Nepos, according as one or other was speaking, in their desire to hear every word. At one moment they seemed to be encouraging and inflaming their passions, at another to be seeking to reconcile them and smooth matters over, and then they kept on appealing to Cæsar to take the side of each, or even of both, just as actors do in a farce. What annoyed me most of all was that each was told what his opponent was going to say, for Celsus replied to Nepos from his note-book, and Nepos answered Celsus from his tablets. The friends of each kept talking to such an extent that the two disputants knew exactly what each was going to say, as though it had all been arranged beforehand. Farewell.

VI.—TO FUNDANUS.

IF ever I wished you to be in Rome it is now, and I do hope you may come. I want a friend to second my desires and share my labours and anxieties. Julius Naso is seeking office, and there are a number of excellent candidates. It will be a splendid thing for him to beat them, but he will

find it a very difficult matter. So I am all on the tenter-hooks of hope and fear, and I can hardly realise that I have been consul, for it seems to me that I am a candidate again for all the offices which I have held in turn. Naso's long attachment to me justifies the worry I am going through. I can hardly say that I am bound to him as a friend of his father—for I was too young to enjoy such friendship—yet, when I was quite a young man, people used to point his father out to my notice, and speak of him in the highest terms. He was not only a scholar himself, but was devoted to other scholars, and almost every day he used to go to hear the discourses of Quintilian and Nicetes Sacerdos, which I at that time regularly attended. He was, moreover, a distinguished and honourable man, and his reputation ought to stand his son in good stead.

However, there are now many members of the Senate to whom he was unknown, and many again who knew him yet pay no honour to any except those who are alive. Consequently the son will have to struggle and work all the harder now that the high position gained by his father is lost to him. It will, doubtless, be a great ornament to him, but its practical value, as influencing votes, is nearly nil. Naso has always been sensible of this, and with an eye to a time like the present, he has made friends and cultivated their acquaintance. Myself in particular he chose as a person to be loved and imitated as soon as he allowed himself to trust his own judgment. Whenever I am pleading he is careful to stand at my side; when I give a recital he always

sits near me; whenever I am planning and beginning a new work he always takes the greatest interest therein. Of late he has done so alone, but previously his brother used to join him, and now that the brother is dead I must take his place and fill the part he played. For I grieve to think of his untimely death, and of Naso being deprived of the assistance of such an excellent brother, and dependent solely upon the good offices of friends.

This is why I beg you to come and join your solicitations to mine. It will be of the utmost value to me to take you round with me and show you as my backer. Your influence is such that I think I shall be more sure of being successful, even with my own friends, if you are with me. If any engagements detain you, break them: the position I am placed in, my loyalty, and even my official status demand that you should. I have undertaken to run a candidate, and everybody is aware of the fact. It is I who am seeking to win, and I who run the risk of failure; in short, if Naso succeeds, the honour is his, but if he loses, the defeat will be mine. Farewell.

VII.—TO CALPURNIA.

YOU say that you are quite distressed at my absence, and that your only solace is to embrace my writings instead of me, and to constantly put them in the place I am wont to occupy. I am glad you miss me, and glad too that you

find comfort in such consolations, while I in my turn continually read over your letters, and take them up again and again as though they were new ones. Yet this only makes me feel your absence the more keenly, for if your letters have such a charm for me, you can imagine how sweet I find your conversation. However, do not fail to write as often as you can, even though your letters torture as well as delight me. Farewell.

VIII.—TO PRISCUS.

YOU know Atilius Crescens, and love him too, for who is there held in any respect at all who fails to know and love him? But my affection for him is that of an intimate friend, not of a mere acquaintance. The townships where we reside are only a day's journey apart, and our regard for one another began when we were young men, and when love burns strongest. It has lasted till now, nor has it cooled with riper judgment, but rather grown in strength, and this is well known to all our intimate friends. For he always boasts of my friendship in the most open manner, and I too am proud to declare how highly I value his modesty, how anxious I am that his quiet and security should not be disturbed. When on one occasion he was afraid of being treated in a high-handed way by a person who was about to become tribune of the plebs, and communicated his fears to me, I replied, "*No one shall harm you as long as I live.*"

But why tell you all this? you ask. It is that you may know that Atilius is protected from injury as long as I am safe. But what of that? you say again. Well, Valerius Varus owed him a sum of money, and the heir of Varus is our friend Maximus, whom I have a great regard for, though he is a closer friend of yourself. I beg you, therefore, in fact I insist, as my friendship entitles me to do, that you will see to it that my Atilius not only gets back his capital intact, but also the interest due over several years. He is a man who never nibbles at any one else's property; he is careful of his own; he has no business to support him and no income save that which he saves by his frugal living. For though he is an admirable scholar, he studies only for pleasure and reputation. Even the slightest loss is a serious matter to him, because it is always a tax upon a man to have to make good what he has lost.

So do remove my anxieties and his in this matter, and enable me to continue to enjoy his sweet disposition and charming wit. I cannot bear to see a friend sad whose cheerfulness forbids sadness in me. In brief, you know what a witty man he is, and I want you to take care that no injury shall sour his good spirits and turn them to gall and bitterness. You may be sure that, if he is wronged, his resentment will be as strong as his affection, for his noble and independent spirit will not brook a monetary loss coupled with an affront. Moreover, however he may bear it, I shall consider the loss as mine, and the affront a personal one, but my wrath will be even greater than if

mine were the actual loss. But there, why am I indulging in these fiery warnings, which sound almost like threats? It is better that I should ask you, as I did at the outset of this letter, and implore you to do what you can to prevent him from thinking—as I am very much afraid he will—that I have neglected him, and also prevent me from thinking that you have neglected me. I am sure you will do so, if you are as anxious to obviate the latter as I am the former. Farewell.

IX.—TO TACITUS.

YOU commend to my notice the candidature of Julius Naso. But fancy commending Naso to me! Why, it is like commending to me a candidature of my own! However, I don't mind, and I forgive you. I should have sent a similar recommendation to you, if I had been out of Rome and you had been staying in town. When one is really anxious, one thinks that everything is of pressing importance. Nevertheless, I think you had better go on asking others for their interest, and I will back your entreaties, and second them and assist them as far as I can. Farewell.

X.—TO ALBINUS.

WHEN I visited the country house of my mother-in-law at Alsium, which at one time belonged to Rufus Verginius,

the place revived painful memories of the loss I suffered in the death of that excellent and noble man. For it was here that he sought retirement, and he even used to speak of it as the nest of his old age. Whichever way I turned, my spirit sought his presence, my eyes looked to find him. It even gave me pleasure to see his monument, though I was sorry I had seen it, for it is still unfinished, not because of any difficulty in executing the work, which is on a very modest, and I might say meagre scale, but because of the negligence of the person to whom it was entrusted. I felt grieved and indignant that ten years should have elapsed since his death, and that his remains and neglected ashes should still be lying without an inscription and a name, though his memory and fame have traversed the whole world. Moreover, he had particularly left instructions that his glorious and immortal behaviour should be inscribed in the verses:—
“Here lies Rufus, who once overthrew Vindex, and bestowed the imperial power not upon himself but upon his country.”
Loyalty in friendship is so rare, and the dead are so speedily forgotten, that we ought even to raise our own monuments, and execute, before we die, the duties that should properly be carried out by our heirs. For who is there who need not fear that what we see has happened to Verginius may also happen to himself? The very fact that Verginius was so famous makes the indignity he has suffered the more shocking and the more conspicuous. Farewell.

XI.—TO MAXIMUS.

WHAT a joyful day this has been ! The prefect of the city called me in to assist him in hearing his cases, and I listened to two young men of the highest promise and conspicuous abilities pleading against each other. They were Fuscus Salinator and Ummidius Quadratus, a striking pair, who will prove not only an ornament to our age, but also to literature. Both of them are wonderfully upright, steady of purpose, and modest in their dress. They have the true Latin countenance, manly voices, strong memories, conspicuous wit, and level judgment. I was delighted with each and all of these qualities, and especially with the way in which they kept looking up to me, as their adviser and teacher, while those who listened to them thought they were imitating me and walking in my footsteps. Again let me say it was a delightful day, and one that I shall long treasure in my memory. For what could be of happier augury for the public interest than that young men of the highest rank should seek reputation and glory in a learned profession : what more gratifying to me than to find myself taken as an example by those who are pressing on towards an honourable goal ? I pray Heaven that this may be a joy I shall continually receive, and I call you to witness that I implore the gods that all who set such store on imitating me may desire to be even better men than myself. Farewell.

XII.—TO FABATUS.

You of all people should not hesitate a moment about commending to my favour any persons whose interests you think I ought to look after, for it becomes you to assist as many as you can, and me to undertake anything in which you are interested. So I will do all I possibly can for Vettius Priscus, especially in my particular sphere of interest, which is the Court of the Centumviri. You bid me think nothing more of the letter in which, as you put it, you unburdened your heart to me, but, on the contrary, there is none which I shall more gladly keep in remembrance. For it is that letter more than any other which shows me how much you love me, inasmuch as you treated me therein as you used to treat your own son. Nor will I refrain from telling you that it was all the more gratifying to me just because I felt I had a perfectly clear conscience in the matter, for I had worked my very hardest to carry out your wishes. So I earnestly desire that you will always take me to task in exactly the same straightforward way whenever you think I have been at all remiss—I say whenever you *think* I have been remiss, for I never shall be so in reality. If you do, I shall understand that your scolding proceeds from the deep affection you bear me, and that you will rejoice to find I did not deserve it. Farewell.

XIII.—TO URSUS.

DID you ever see any one so much harried and worried as my friend Varenus? He has had to fight hard to retain the concession which was granted him, and practically had to sue for it over again. The Bithynians have had the audacity to go before the consuls and cavil against the decree of the Senate, and seek to get it set aside, and they have even appealed against it to the Emperor, who is away from Rome. He referred them back to the Senate, and yet they have not ceased their efforts. Claudius Capito's speech may be described as a piece of impertinence rather than dogged resolution, for he impeached the Senate for its own decree. Catius Fronto answered him with dignity and firmness, and the Senate acted amazingly well, for even those members who were opposed to granting the petition of Varenus, spoke in favour of confirming the grant after it had once been made, on the ground that, while it was open for any individual member to express dissent before a decision had been arrived at, all should observe the wishes of the majority when the decision had once been reached. Only Acilius Rufus and seven or eight others—seven I should say—continued to stand by their previous opinions, and some members of this little handful were much laughed at for their temporary gravity, or rather for their assumption of it. However, you may judge for yourself what a tussle is in store for us when the real struggle begins, if the prelude and opening exchanges,

as it were, have occasioned such squabbling as this. Farewell.

XIV.—TO MAURICUS.

You press me to stay with you at your villa near Formiæ. Well, I will come on condition that you do not inconvenience yourself at all—a stipulation in which I consult my own interest as well as yours. For it is not the sea and the shore which will tempt me, but yourself and retirement, and leave to do as I please. Otherwise it were better to remain in town, for one ought to refer everything either to some one else's judgment or to one's own, and, as far as I am personally concerned, my taste is to desire nothing, unless it is perfect and flawless. Farewell.

XV.—TO ROMANUS.

You have missed being present at a wonderfully funny scene. I was not there myself, but I heard all about it just after it had taken place. Passennus Paullus, a Roman knight of fashion, and a man of real learning, is given to writing elegiacs. The habit runs in the family, for he belongs to the same township as Propertius did, and he even reckons that poet among his ancestors. He was about to give a reading, and began thus:—"Priscus, you

bid me——” Thereupon Javolenus Priscus, who happened to be present as one of Paullus’s most intimate friends, exclaimed, “Indeed I do nothing of the sort.” You can imagine how people are laughing and joking about the contretemps. Priscus certainly is not thought to be quite right in his head, but he enjoys public offices, he is summoned to the bench as magistrate, and he even acts as a public legal expert. All this made his remark the more ludicrous and extraordinary. Meantime his friend’s mad exclamation has considerably chilled Paullus’s enthusiasm. It shows how careful those who give readings should be that they are quite sane themselves, and only invite sane folks to hear them. Farewell.



XVI.—TO TACITUS.

YOU ask me to send you an account of my uncle’s death, so that you may be able to give posterity an accurate description of it. I am much obliged to you, for I can see that the immortality of his fame is well assured, if you take in hand to write of it. For although he perished in a disaster which devastated some of the fairest regions of the land, and though he is sure of eternal remembrance like the peoples and cities that fell with him in that memorable calamity, though too he had written a large number of works of lasting value, yet the undying fame of which your

writings are assured will secure for his a still further lease of life. For my own part, I think that those people are highly favoured by Providence who are capable either of performing deeds worthy of the historian's pen or of writing histories worthy of being read, but that they are peculiarly favoured who can do both. Among the latter I may class my uncle, thanks to his own writings and to yours. So I am all the more ready to fulfil your injunctions, nay, I am even prepared to beg to be allowed to undertake them.

My uncle was stationed at Misenum, where he was in active command of the fleet, with full powers. On the 23rd of August, about the seventh hour, my mother drew his attention to the fact that a cloud of unusual size and shape had made its appearance. He had taken his sun bath, followed by a cold one, and after a light meal he was lying down and reading. Yet he called for his sandals, and climbed up to a spot from which he could command a good view of the curious phenomenon. Those who were looking at the cloud from some distance could not make out from which mountain it was rising—it was afterwards discovered to have been Mount Vesuvius—but in likeness and form it more closely resembled a pine-tree than anything else, for what corresponded to the trunk was of great length and height, and then spread out into a number of branches, the reason being, I imagine, that while the vapour was fresh, the cloud was borne upwards, but when the vapour became wasted, it lost its motion, or even became dissipated by its own weight, and spread out

laterally. At times it looked white, and at other times dirty and spotted, according to the quantity of earth and cinders that were shot up.

To a man of my uncle's learning, the phenomenon appeared one of great importance, which deserved a closer study. He ordered a Liburnian galley to be got ready, and offered to take me with him, if I desired to accompany him, but I replied that I preferred to go on with my studies, and it so happened that he had assigned me some writing to do. He was just leaving the house when he received a written message from Rectina, the wife of Tascus, who was terrified at the peril threatening her—for her villa lay just beneath the mountain, and there were no means of escape save by shipboard—begging him to save her from her perilous position. So he changed his plans, and carried out with the greatest fortitude the ideas, which had occurred to him as a student.

He had the galleys launched and went on board himself, in the hope of succouring, not only Rectina, but many others, for there were a number of people living along the shore owing to its delightful situation. He hastened, therefore, towards the place whence others were flying, and steering a direct course, kept the helm straight for the point of danger, so utterly devoid of fear that every movement of the looming portent and every change in its appearance he described and had noted down by his secretary, as soon as his eyes detected it. Already ashes were beginning to fall upon the ships, hotter and in thicker

showers as they approached more nearly, with pumice-stones and black flints, charred and cracked by the heat of the flames, while their way was barred by the sudden shoaling of the sea bottom and the litter of the mountain on the shore. He hesitated for a moment whether to turn back, and then, when the helmsman warned him to do so, he exclaimed, "Fortune favours the bold; try to reach Pomponianus." The latter was at Stabiæ, separated by the whole width of the bay, for the sea there pours in upon a gently rounded and curving shore. Although the danger was not yet close upon him, it was none the less clearly seen, and it travelled quickly as it came nearer, so Pomponianus had got his baggage together on shipboard, and had determined upon flight, and was waiting for the wind which was blowing on shore to fall. My uncle sailed in with the wind fair behind him, and embraced Pomponianus, who was in a state of fright, comforting and cheering him at the same time. Then in order to calm his friend's fears by showing how composed he was himself, he ordered the servants to carry him to the bath, and, after his ablutions, he sat down and had dinner in the best of spirits, or with that assumption of good spirits which is quite as remarkable as the reality.

In the meantime broad sheets of flame, which rose high in the air, were breaking out in a number of places on Mount Vesuvius and lighting up the sky, and the glare and brightness seemed all the more striking owing to the darkness of the night. My uncle, in order to allay the fear

of his companions, kept declaring that the country people in their terror had left their fires burning, and that the conflagration they saw arose from the blazing and empty villas. Then he betook himself to rest and enjoyed a very deep sleep, for his breathing, which, owing to his bulk, was rather heavy and loud, was heard by those who were waiting at the door of his chamber. But by this time the courtyard leading to the room he occupied was so full of ashes and pumice-stones mingled together, and covered to such a depth, that if he had delayed any longer in the bed-chamber there would have been no means of escape. So my uncle was aroused, and came out and joined Pomponianus and the rest who had been keeping watch. They held a consultation whether they should remain indoors or wander forth in the open; for the buildings were beginning to shake with the repeated and intensely severe shocks of earthquake, and seemed to be rocking to and fro as though they had been torn from their foundations. Outside again there was danger to be apprehended from the pumice-stones, though these were light and nearly burnt through, and thus, after weighing the two perils, the latter course was determined upon. With my uncle it was a choice of reasons which prevailed, with the rest a choice of fears.

They placed pillows on their heads and secured them with napkins, as a precaution against the falling bodies. Elsewhere the day had dawned by this time, but there it was still night, and the darkness was blacker and thicker

than any ordinary night. This, however, they relieved as best they could by a number of torches and other kinds of lights. They decided to make their way to the shore, and to see from the nearest point whether the sea would enable them to put out, but it was still running high and contrary. A sheet was spread on the ground, and on this my uncle lay, and twice he called for a draught of cold water, which he drank. Then the flames, and the smell of sulphur which gave warning of them, scattered the others in flight and roused him. Leaning on two slaves, he rose to his feet and immediately fell down again, owing, as I think, to his breathing being obstructed by the thickness of the fumes and congestion of the stomach, that organ being naturally weak and narrow, and subject to inflammation. When daylight returned—which was three days after his death—his body was found untouched, uninjured, and covered, dressed just as he had been in life. The corpse suggested a person asleep rather than a dead man.

Meanwhile my mother and I were at Misenum. But that is of no consequence for the purposes of history, nor indeed did you express a wish to be told of anything except of my uncle's death. So I will say no more, except to add that I have given you a full account both of the incidents which I myself witnessed and of those narrated to me immediately afterwards, when, as a rule, one gets the truest account of what has happened. You will pick out what you think will answer your purpose best, for to write a letter is a different thing from writing a history, and to

write to a friend is not like writing to all and sundry.
Farewell.

XVII.—TO RESTITUTUS.

I CANNOT contain the indignation which I felt when I attended the reading of a certain friend of mine, and I feel I must give vent to it in a letter, as I have no opportunity of so doing in conversation with you. The piece he was reading was really perfect, but two or three clever persons—at least they and a few others think they are clever—listened to it as though they were deaf mutes. They never parted their lips, or raised a hand, nor did they rise from their places even after they were tired of sitting. What meant this gravity of demeanour and this profound wisdom? Or, I should say, how can people be so lazy, so arrogant, so perverse, and such lunatics as to spend a whole day in giving offence, and leave the man your enemy whom you came to see as a close friend? Is it because of superior learning? Yet that would be all the more reason not to be envious, for the man who envies another shows his inferiority. But the fact is, that whether a man is superior, inferior, or on the same level, he should have a word of praise for his inferiors, superiors, and equals. He should praise those who excel him, because he will not get praise himself, unless he praises them, and his inferiors and equals, because it is a good thing for his reputation to

stand as high as possible in the regard of those who are on a lower or on the same level as himself. For my own part, I make a practice of paying respectful attention to all who do anything at all in literature, and I tender them my admiration. For she is a difficult, arduous, and disdainful mistress, who speedily shows her contempt for those who hold her in slight respect. I feel sure that you thoroughly agree with me, for who is there possesses a greater reverence for learning than yourself, and who takes a kindlier estimate of its worth? That is why I have chosen you of all people as the confidant of my indignation, for I would rather have you to share my sentiments than any one else. Farewell.

XVIII.—TO SABINUS.

You ask me to undertake the cause of the town of Firmum, and, though I am up to the eyes in work, I will do my best, for I am anxious to lay under an obligation to me so distinguished a colony by pleading in its behalf, and yourself by obliging you in a matter in which you are so interested. For inasmuch as you regard our friendship as an advantage and honour to yourself, and constantly say so to others, there is no favour which I ought to deny you, especially when you ask it for the sake of your birthplace. For what can be more honourable than the dutiful entreaties of a patriotic citizen, and what more efficacious than those of a devoted friend? So you may pledge my loyalty to

your, or rather our good people of Firmum. Their reputation is sufficient voucher that they are worthy of my best work and skill, but a still better proof that they are excellent creatures is the fact that a man like you lives in their midst. Farewell.

11273.

XIX.—To NEPOS.

You know that the price of land, especially in the suburbs of Rome, has gone up. The cause of this sudden increase in value has been the theme of general discussion. At the last elections the Senate passed the following wholesome resolutions: "That no candidates should provide public entertainments, send presents, and deposit sums of money." The first two practices had gone on openly, and been carried beyond all reasonable lengths; the last-named had been indulged in *sub rosa*, but still to every one's knowledge. So our friend Homullus clearly availed himself of the unanimity of the Senate; and, instead of making a speech, he asked that the consuls should acquaint the Emperor with the wishes of the whole body of senators, and beg him to take steps to devise means to put a stop to this evil, as he had already done to other scandals. He has done so, for by means of the Corrupt Practices Act he has restricted the shameful and scandalous expenses which candidates used to incur, and he has issued orders that all candidates shall have invested a third of their patrimony in

land. He very justly took the view that it was disgraceful that candidates for public offices should regard Rome and Italy, not as their mother country, but as a mere inn or lodging-place, in which they were staying as travellers. So the candidates are busy running about buying up whatever they hear is on sale, and they are forcing a number of estates into the market. Consequently if you are tired of your Italian estates, now is the real good time to sell them and buy others in the provinces, for the candidates have to realise their provincial properties to enable them to purchase here. Farewell.

XX.—To TACITUS.

You say that the letter which I wrote to you at your request, describing the death of my uncle, has made you anxious to know not only the terrors, but also the distress I suffered while I remained behind at Misenum. I had indeed started to tell you of these, but then broke off. Well, though my mind shudders at the recollection, I will essay the task.

After my uncle had set out I employed the remainder of the time with my studies, for I had stayed behind for that very purpose. Afterwards I had a bath, dined, and then took a brief and restless sleep. For many days previous there had been slight shocks of earthquake, which were not particularly alarming, because they are common enough

in Campania. But on that night the shocks were so intense that everything round us seemed not only to be disturbed, but to be tottering to its fall. My mother rushed into my bedchamber, just as I myself was getting up in order to arouse her if she was still sleeping. We sat down in the courtyard of the house, which was of smallish size and lay between the sea and the buildings. I don't know whether my behaviour should be called courageous or rash—for I was only in my eighteenth year—but I called for a volume of Titus Livius, and read it, as though I were perfectly at my ease, and went on making my usual extracts. Then a friend of my uncle's, who had but a little time before come to join him from Spain, on seeing my mother and myself sitting there and me reading, upbraided her for her patience and me for my indifference, but I paid no heed, and pored over my book.

It was now the first hour of the day, but the light was still faint and weak. The buildings all round us were beginning to totter, and, though we were in the open, the courtyard was so narrow that we were greatly afraid, and indeed sure of being overwhelmed by their fall. So that decided us to leave the town. We were followed by a distracted crowd, which, when in a panic, always prefers some one else's judgment to its own as the most prudent course to adopt, and when we set out these people came crowding in masses upon us, and pressed and urged us forward. We came to a halt when we had passed beyond the buildings, and underwent there many wonderful ex-

periences and terrors. For although the ground was perfectly level, the vehicles which we had ordered to be brought with us began to sway to and fro, and though they were wedged with stones, we could not keep them still in their places. Moreover, we saw the sea drawn back upon itself, and, as it were, repelled by the quaking of the earth. The shore certainly was greatly widened, and many marine creatures were stranded on the dry sands. On the other side, the black, fearsome cloud of fiery vapour burst into long, twisting, zigzag flames and gaped asunder, the flames resembling lightning flashes, only they were of greater size. Then indeed my uncle's Spanish friend exclaimed sharply, and with an air of command, to my mother and me, "If your brother and your uncle is still alive, he will be anxious for you to save yourselves; if he is dead, I am sure he wished you to survive him. Come, why do you hesitate to quit this place?" We replied that we could not think of looking after our own safety while we were uncertain of his. He then waited no longer, but tore away as fast as he could and got clear of danger.

Soon afterwards the cloud descended upon the earth, and covered the whole bay; it encircled Capreæ and hid it from sight, and we could no longer see the promontory of Misenum. Then my mother prayed, entreated, and commanded me to fly as best I could, saying that I was young and could escape, while she was old and infirm, and would not fear to die, if only she knew that she had not been the cause of my death. I replied that I would not save myself

unless I could save her too, and so, after taking tight hold of her hand, I forced her to quicken her steps. She reluctantly obeyed, accusing herself for retarding my flight. Then the ashes began to fall, but not thickly: I looked back, and a dense blackness was rolling up behind us, which spread itself over the ground and followed like a torrent. "Let us turn aside," I said, "while we can still see, lest we be thrown down in the road and trampled on in the darkness by the thronging crowd." We were considering what to do, when the blackness of night overtook us, not that of a moonless or cloudy night, but the blackness of pent-up places which never see the light. You could hear the wailing of women, the screams of little children, and the shouts of men; some were trying to find their parents, others their children, others their wives, by calling for them and recognising them by their voices alone. Some were commiserating their own lot, others that of their relatives. while some again prayed for death in sheer terror of dying. Many were lifting up their hands to the gods, but more were declaring that now there were no more gods, and that this night would last for ever, and be the end of all the world. Nor were there wanting those who added to the real perils by inventing new and false terrors, for some said that part of Misenum was in ruins and the rest in flames, and though the tale was untrue, it found ready believers.

A gleam of light now appeared, which seemed to us not so much daylight as a token of the approaching fire. The latter remained at a distance, but the darkness came on

again, and the ashes once more full thickly and heavily. We had to keep rising and shaking the latter off us, or we should have been buried by them and crushed by their weight. I might boast that not one groan or cowardly exclamation escaped my lips, despite these perils, had I not believed that I and the world were perishing together—a miserable consolation, indeed, yet one which a mortal creature finds very soothing. At length the blackness became less dense, and dissipated as it were into smoke and cloud; then came the real light of day, and the sun shone out, but as blood-red as it is wont to be at its setting. Our still trembling eyes saw that everything had been transformed, and covered with a deep layer of ashes, like snow. Making our way back to Misenum, we refreshed our bodies as best we could, and passed an anxious, troubled night, hovering between hope and fear. But our fears were uppermost, for the shocks of earthquake still continued, and several persons, driven frantic by dreadful prophecies, made sport of their own calamities and those of others. For our own part, though we had already passed through perils, and expected still more to come, we had no idea even then of leaving the town until we got news of my uncle.

You will not read these details, which are not up to the dignity of history, as though you were about to incorporate them in your writings, and if they seem to you to be hardly worth being made the subject of a letter, you must take the blame yourself, inasmuch as you insisted on having them.

Farewell

XXI.—TO CANINIUS.

I AM one of those who admire the ancients, but not to the extent of despising the genius of our own times, like some people do. For nature is not so exhausted and worn out that she can no longer produce anything worthy of our praise. So, a short time ago, I attended a reading by Vergilius Romanus, who was reading a comedy of his to a few people, and it was so skilfully modelled on the lines of the old comedy, that in days to come it may very well serve as a model itself. I am not sure whether you know the author, though you certainly ought to have made his acquaintance, for he is a man quite out of the common, owing to the uprightness of his conduct, the elegance of his wit, and the versatility of his genius. He has written some mimic iambics, graceful, smart, polished, and containing as much eloquence as that style of poem permits of. Indeed, there is no sort of composition which may not be described as eloquent if it be perfect of its kind. He has also written comedies in the style of Menander and other poets of the same period, and these are well worthy of being classed with those of Plautus and Terence. Now he has tried his hand for the first time in public with the old comedy, but it is not as if it were his first attempt therein. In his play neither force, dignity, neatness, satire, charm, nor wit was wanting; he made virtue more lovely, and assailed vice; when he made use of an assumed name, he did so with propriety; when he utilised a real one, he did so without travesty.

Only so far as I was concerned did his good nature lead him to overstep the mark, but then poets are privileged to draw on their imagination. In short, I will coax the volume out of him, and send it on to you for you to read, or rather, learn by heart, for I am quite sure that you will not put it down if once you take it up. Farewell.

XXII.—TO TIRO.

A CASE has just been heard which is of great importance to all who are to govern provinces, and to all who entrust themselves too implicitly to their friends. Lustricius Bruttianus, after detecting Montanus Atticinus, his colleague, in a number of criminal offences, wrote a letter to Cæsar. Atticinus thereupon added to his misdeeds by accusing the friend whom he had deceived. A judicial examination was granted, and I was one of the judges. Each party pleaded his own case, but in a summary fashion and without going into detail, a method of pleading by which the truth is easily got at. Bruttianus produced his will, which he declared was in the handwriting of Atticinus, for, by so doing, he proved the intimacy of their friendship, and the necessity he was under of complaining of one who had previously been so dear to him. He read a list of disgraceful offences, which were clearly proved, and when Atticinus found that he could not disprove them, he dealt with him in such a way as to appear a rascal when he was excusing himself, and a villain

when he was accusing Bruttianus. For it transpired that he had bribed the slave of Bruttianus's secretary, intercepted the diaries and cut out passages therefrom, thus, by a piece of shameful wickedness, making capital out of his own offences against his friend. Cæsar acted most nobly, for he at once put the question, not about Bruttianus, but Atticinus. The latter was found guilty and banished to an island, while Bruttianus received a well-earned tribute to his integrity, and he also won a reputation for the way he saw the matter through. For after he had cleared his good name as quickly as possible, he carried the war boldly into the enemy's camp and thus proved himself to be as resolute as he was honourable and upright. I have written you this letter to warn you, now that you have gone out to be a provincial governor, to rely as far as possible on yourself, and to trust no one too implicitly. I also want you to know that if—which Heaven forbid—any one should play you false, there is punishment ready waiting for the offender. However, be continually on your guard that the necessity may not arise, for though it is gratifying to get one's revenge, the gratification is no compensation for the annoyance of having been tricked. Farewell.

XXIII.—To TRIARIUS.

You ask me as a great favour to plead in a case in which you are closely interested, and a case which is honourable

in itself and will bring the advocate reputation. I will do so, but not for nothing. "How comes it," you will say, "that Pliny demands a fee?" Well, it is so, for I shall demand a price which will be more to my honour than if I consented to plead for nothing. I want—indeed I stipulate that Cremutius Ruso shall plead with me. This is an old custom of mine, and I have acted upon it in favour of a number of young men of distinction. For it is a pet hobby of mine to introduce worthy young men to the Forum and start them on the road to Fame. I owe this service to my friend Ruso, above all others, both on account of his lineage and the great affection which he bears me, and I think it is important that he should be seen and heard in the same court and on the same side as myself. So oblige me in this matter, and do so before he speaks, for after he has spoken you will, I am sure, thank me. I can answer for him that he will neither disappoint your anxiety to win nor my hopes, and that he will not fail to rise to the importance of the case. He has splendid natural talents, and will soon be introducing others to the bar when once he has been introduced there by us. For no one, however clever, can rise to distinction unless he gets his opportunity, and a chance of displaying his abilities, as well as the recommendation and encouragement of a friend. Farewell.

XXIV.—TO MACER.

How much our estimation of any deed depends upon the doer ! For the self-same actions may be lauded to the skies or looked down upon with contempt according to whether those who perform them are famous or obscure. I was sailing across our Larian Lake, when a friend, who is well on in years, pointed out to me a villa, and more especially a bedchamber which was built out over the lake. "From that window," he said, "a townswoman of ours some years ago threw herself into the lake with her husband." I asked the cause. It appears that the husband had been suffering for a long time from festering ulcers in the private parts. His wife begged him to let her see the sore, and promised that she would tell him faithfully whether or no a cure was possible. After an examination she saw there was no hope, and advised him to die, not only sharing death with him but taking the lead, inspiring him by her example, and leaving him no loophole for escape ; for she tied herself to her husband, and then they hurled themselves into the lake. Yet I never heard of this incident until just recently, although I was born in the same town ; not because her deed was less heroic than the famous deed of Arria, but because she herself was a person of less distinction. Farewell.

XXV.—TO HISPANUS.

You say that Robustus, a Roman knight of distinction, travelled as far as Oriculum in the company of my friend Atilius Scaurus, and from that point nothing has been heard of him, and you ask that Scaurus may come, and, if possible, put us on the track of the missing man and help in the search. He certainly shall, but I am afraid that he will do little good; for I suspect that Robustus has met something like the same fate which befell some years ago Metilius Crispus, a fellow-townsmen of mine. I had obtained for him a military appointment, and on his departure had presented him with 40,000 sesterces towards the purchase of his arms and accoutrements, but I never afterwards heard from him, nor did I ever get news of his death. Whether he was waylaid by his servants, or whether the latter perished with him, no one knows; for certainly neither he nor any of his slaves have ever been seen since. I pray Heaven that we may not find that Robustus has met a like fate! However, let us hasten Scaurus's arrival. That is the least I can do in answer to your entreaties, and the very proper entreaties of the excellent young man who is showing such remarkable filial love and sagacity in trying to find his father. I do hope he may be as successful in finding him as he was in discovering in whose company he was travelling. Farewell.

XXVI.—TO SERVIANUS.

I AM delighted to congratulate you on having betrothed your daughter to Fuscus Salinator. He comes of a patrician family, his father was a most honourable man, and his mother was equally universally respected, while he himself is devoted to study, well read and even learned, with the frankness of a boy, the pleasant manners of a youth, and the gravity of old age. Nor do I let my love for him bias my judgment. It is true that my affection is very great, and he deserves it for the attentions and respectful regard he has shown me, but I still retain my powers of judgment, and exercise them the more keenly the more my love for him grows. So I speak as one who knows every feature of his character, and I can assure you that you will have for a son-in-law one whose superior you could not imagine, even if your dearest hopes were fulfilled. I only hope that he may soon make you a grandfather, and present you with grandchildren like himself. Happy indeed will be the day when I shall be able to lift off your knees his children and your grandchildren—or rather my children or grandchildren—and embrace them as though they were my very own. Farewell.

XXVII.—TO SEVERUS.

YOU ask me to think out for you the heads of the speech you will deliver as consul-designate in praise of the

Emperor. It is no difficult matter to find what to say, but it is difficult to know what to choose, for his virtues afford such wide scope for an address. However, I will write as you require, or—as I should prefer—will tell you in private conversation, as soon as I have shown you my chief reason for hesitating to do so. For I am doubtful whether I ought to persuade you to make the same sort of speech that I did. When I was consul-designate I carefully refrained from everything which looked like adulation, even though it was not, not so much to prove my independence and resolution as to show that I fully understood our Emperor's worth, for I saw that it would redound most to his praise if I avoided the appearance of being obliged to propose the honours I did. I even recalled the fact that honours had been showered on the very worst princes, from whom our excellent prince could not better be distinguished than by a different form of addressing him in the Senate, and my reason for not passing over this point in silence was to prevent his thinking that it was forgetfulness on my part rather than my settled opinion. Such was the course I took ; but the same line of argument does not please or suit all speakers. Moreover, not only do men differ, but circumstances and times change, and the wisdom of following or not following a certain course of action depends entirely on these mutations of men and things. The recent achievements of our most noble Emperor offer a new, abundant, and justifiable theme for panegyric. For these reasons, as I said before, I am not sure whether to

recommend you to adopt the line which I took, but I am quite sure that it was my duty to lay before you the method which I pursued, in order to help you to a decision. Farewell.

XXVIII.—TO PONTIUS.

I KNOW the reason which prevented your being able to welcome me on my arrival in Campania, but though you were absent you still managed to make your way there and your influence felt. So abundant were the supplies of town and country produce offered me in your name, and I was unconscionable enough to accept them all! For your people begged me to do so, and I was afraid you would be cross both with them and me if I did not. For the future, however, unless you set some bounds to your hospitality, I shall have to, and I have even warned your people that, if they bring such a load of things again, I shall send them all back. You will say that I ought to help myself to your property as though it were my own. Quite so, but I do so as sparingly as though it were mine. Farewell.

XXIX.—TO QUADRATUS.

AVIDIUS QUIETUS, who loved me like a brother, and—what was equally gratifying to me—approved my general

conduct, used to quote a number of the sayings of Thræsea, with whom he was on terms of intimacy. Among them was this maxim—a favourite one of his—that a pleader ought to undertake either the causes of his friends, or those which others refused to touch, or those which were likely to be quoted as precedents. No explanation is needed why one should espouse the cause of one's friends, while the second class of causes should be undertaken as the best means of proving one's resolution and humanity, and the third class because it is a matter of the highest importance whether a good or bad precedent is created. Personally, though it may seem rather ambitious on my part, I should add to these separate classes a fourth—viz., causes which are distinguished and eminent in themselves. For it is only right that a pleader should sometimes work for glory and fame—that is to say, should plead his own cause. As you have asked my advice, these are the bounds which I should set to your dignity and modesty. I do not forget that practice both is and is considered to be the best teacher of the art of pleading, and I see many persons who, with little natural ability and absolutely no literary skill, have by constant practice acquired the art of speaking well. None the less, I find that the saying of Pollio, or the saying which is attributed to him, is perfectly true: "By pleading well I obtained great practice, but my great practice made me plead less well"—for the truth is, that if we practise too much we acquire fluency rather than point, and develop rashness rather than confidence.

It did not stand in the way of Isocrates being considered a consummate orator that his voice was so weak and his timidity so great as to prevent his speaking in public.

So my advice is—Read, write, and study all you can, so that you may be able to speak when you desire to, and you will then only speak when you ought to desire to. I myself have kept to this rule; sometimes I have bowed to necessity, which itself ranks as a reason. For I have undertaken certain causes at the bidding of the Senate, among them being some which would fall into the class described by Thræsea as cases which were likely to form precedents. I appeared for the Bætica against Bæbius Massa, when the question was whether their request for an examination into their charges should be allowed. It was allowed. I appeared for the same clients against Cæcilius Classicus, when the question was whether the provincials ought to be punished as partners and ministers of the pro-consul's in his crimes. They were punished. I accused Marius Priscus, who, on being condemned for extortion, was availing himself of the clemency of the law, though the magnitude of his offences more than merited the severest punishment to which he was liable under the terms of that law. He was banished. I defended Julius Bassus, as one who had been grossly careless and off his guard, but without a thought of deliberate malice. His demand to be tried by judges was granted, and he retained his place in the Senate. Lastly, I spoke on behalf of Varenus, who asked permission that he too should be allowed to bring witnesses

from his province. Permission was given. For the future, I hope when I am ordered to take up a case it may always be one which it would become me to have taken up on my own initiative. Farewell.

XXX.—TO FABATUS.

I REALLY must keep your birthday as strictly as my own, since the happiness of mine depends upon yours, and it is thanks to your diligence and forethought that we are cheerful here and have no anxieties in our other home. Your Camillan villa in Campania is rather the worse for wear and age, but the more valuable portions of it are still quite sound, or but slightly damaged. So I am looking after its being put in a state of thorough repair. I appear to have a multitude of friends, but hardly one of the kind which you care for, and that the business in hand really requires. For they are all persons of quality and city men, while to look after a country estate one wants a country-bred person of a rougher type, who will not think the work onerous, or the duties beneath his dignity, or the quiet of the country depressing. Your good estimate of Rufus is quite sound and just, for he was an intimate friend of your son. But whether he can fulfil the duties for you out there I don't know, though I feel confident he is all anxiety to do his best. Farewell.

XXXI.—TO CORNELIANUS.

I WAS greatly delighted when our Emperor sent for me to Centum Cellæ—for that is the name of the place—to act as a member of his Council. For what could be more gratifying than to be privileged to witness the justice, dignity, and charming manners of the Emperor in his country retreat, where he allows these qualities the freest play? There were a variety of cases to be heard, and they were of a kind to bring out the virtues of the judge in different ways and forms.

Claudius Ariston, the leading citizen at Ephesus, a man of great generosity, and who had won popularity by innocent means, pleaded his own case. His popularity had made people envious of him, and some of his enemies, who were utterly unlike him in character, had suborned a man to lay information against him. So he was acquitted, and his reputation vindicated. On the following day was taken the case of Galitta, who was accused of adultery. She was the wife of a military tribune, who was about to stand for public office, and she had compromised her own reputation and her husband's by intriguing with a centurion. The husband had reported the matter to the consular legate, and the latter had reported it to Cæsar. After carefully examining the proofs, the Emperor degraded the centurion, and even banished him. Still the punishment was not complete, for adultery is an offence in which two persons are necessarily concerned, but the husband's affection for

his wife, whom he allowed to remain in his house even after discovering her adultery—content as it were to have got his rival out of the way—led him to delay the prosecution, in spite of the scandal to which his forbearance gave rise. He was summoned to carry the charge through, and did so against his will. However, it was necessary that she should be condemned, even though her accuser did not wish her to be, and she was declared guilty, and sentenced to the punishment inflicted by the Julian Law. Cæsar affixed to the sentence both the name of the centurion and a statement of the rules of military discipline on the point, lest people should think that he reserved the right to hear all such cases himself.

On the third day began the inquiry into the will of Julius Tiro, a case which had been greatly talked about, and had given rise to conflicting reports, inasmuch as it was known that the will was genuine in part, and in part a forgery. The accused were Sempronius Senecio, a Roman knight, and Eurythmus, one of Cæsar's freedmen and agents. When the Emperor was in Dacia, the heirs had written a joint letter, asking him to undertake an inquiry into the will, and he had consented. On his return he appointed a day, and when some of the heirs were in favour of letting the accusation drop, as though out of consideration for Eurythmus, he very finely said, "Eurythmus is not Polyclitus, and I am not Nero." Yet at their request he favoured them with a postponement, and when the day had at length arrived, he took his seat to hear the case. On the

side of the heirs only two put in an appearance, and they demanded that as all had joined in the accusation, they should all be forced to go on with the action, or else that they too should be allowed to withdraw. Cæsar spoke with great gravity and moderation, and when the advocate for Senecio and Eurythmus remarked that the accused would be left open to suspicion unless they were heard in their own behalf, he said, "I don't care whether they are left open to suspicion or not, I certainly am myself." Then turning to us, he said: "Consider what we ought to do; for these people want to complain that they were not allowed to prosecute." Subsequently, in accordance with the advice of his Council, he ordered that all the heirs should be instructed either to go on with the case, or that each should come and state sufficient reasons for not doing so, warning them that unless they did that he would go so far as to pronounce sentence against them for bringing false charges.

You see in what a strictly honourable and arduous manner we spent our days, though they were followed by the most agreeable relaxations.¹ Every day we were summoned to dine with the Emperor, and modest dinners they were for one of his imperial position. Sometimes we listened to entertainers, sometimes we had delightful conversations lasting far into the night. On the last day, just as we were setting out, Cæsar sent us parting presents—such is his thoughtfulness and courtesy. As for myself, I delighted in the importance of the cases heard, in the

honour of being summoned to the Council, and in the charm and simplicity of his mode of life, while I was equally pleased with the place itself. The villa, which is exquisitely beautiful, is surrounded by meadows of the richest green; it abuts on the sea-shore, in the bight of which a harbour is being hastily formed, the left arm having been strengthened by masonry of great solidity, while the right is now in course of construction. In the mouth of the harbour an island rises out of the sea, which by its position breaks the force of the waves that are carried in by the wind, and affords a safe passage to ships on either side. The island has been artificially constructed, and is not a natural formation, for a broad barge brings up a number of immense stones, which are thrown into the water, one on top of the other, and these are kept in position by their own weight, and gradually become built up into a sort of breakwater. The ridge of stones already overtops the surface, and when the waves strike upon it, it breaks them into spray and throws them to a great height. That causes a loud-resounding roar, and the sea all round is white with foam. Subsequently concrete will be added to the stones, to give it the appearance of a natural island as time goes on. This harbour will be called—and indeed it already is called—after the name of its constructor, and it will prove a haven of the greatest value, inasmuch as there is a long stretch of shore which has no harbour, and the sailors will use this as a place of refuge. Farewell.

XXXII.—TO QUINTILIAN.

ALTHOUGH you yourself are most modest in your requirements, and you have brought up your daughter to be the same—as indeed was becoming in a daughter of yours and a granddaughter of Tutilius—yet as she is about to marry a man of such position as that held by Nonius Celer, who is bound to keep up a certain style owing to his civic offices, she ought to have a trousseau and a staff of servants to tally with her husband's position. For though these things will not add to her worth, yet they do set off and enhance her virtues. I know that you are exceedingly rich in mental endowments, but that your means are limited, and so I have taken upon myself to discharge part of the expenses, and make a present of 50,000 sesterces to her whom I consider to be my daughter as well as yours. I would give more, but I know your modesty to be such that the smallness of the present will be the only inducement to you not to refuse to accept it. Farewell.

XXXIII.—TO ROMANUS.

“AWAY with it all,” cried Vulcan, “and cease the task you have begun.” Whether you are writing or reading, bid your people take away your pens and books, and receive this speech of mine, which is as divine as the arms made by Vulcan. Could conceit go further? But frankly, I think

it is a fine speech, as compared with my other efforts, and I am satisfied to try and beat my own record. It is on behalf of Attia Viriola, and is worth attention owing to the lady's high position, the singular character of the case, and the importance of the trial. She was a person of high birth, was married to a man of prætorian rank, and was disinherited by her octogenarian father within eleven days after he had fallen violently in love, married a second time, and given Attia a step-mother. She sued for her father's effects in the Four Courts. A hundred and eighty judges sat to hear the case, for that is the number appointed for the Four Chambers ; there was a crowd of advocates on both sides, and the benches were packed, while there was also a dense ring of people standing many deep around the whole spacious court. Moreover, the tribunal was closely filled, and even in the upper galleries of the hall men and women leant over both to see and hear what was going on, the former being easy but the latter difficult of accomplishment. Fathers, daughters, and step-mothers were on the tip-toe of expectation. The fortunes of the day varied, for in two courts we were victorious, and in two we were beaten. It seemed an extraordinary and remarkable thing, that with the same judges and the same advocates there should be such different verdicts at one and the same time, and that this should be due to chance, though it did not so appear to be. The step-mother, who had been made heir to a sixth of the property, lost, and so too did Suberinus, who, in spite of having been disinherited by his own father, had

the amazing impudence to claim the property of some one else's father, but did not dare to claim that of his own.

I have entered into these explanations, in the first place to acquaint you by letter of certain facts which you could not gather from the speech, and secondly—for I will be frank, and tell you my little tricks—to make you the more willing to read the speech, by leading you to imagine that you are not merely reading it, but are actually present at the trial. Though the speech is a long one, I am in some hope that it will meet with as kind a reception as a very short one. For the interest is constantly renewed by the fulness of the subject-matter, the neat way in which it is divided, the number of digressions, and the different kinds of eloquence employed. Many parts of it—I would not venture to say so to any one but yourself—are of sustained dignity, many are controversial, many are closely argued. For constantly, in the midst of my most aggressive and lofty passages, I was obliged to go into calculations, and almost had to call for counters and a table to carry them through, the consequence being that the court of law was suddenly turned into a sort of private counting-house. I gave free play to my indignation, to my anger, to my resentment, and so I sailed along, as it were, in this long pleading, as though I were on a vast sea, with a variety of winds to fill my sails. In fine, to say what I said before, some of my intimate friends repeatedly tell me that this speech of mine is as much above my previous efforts as Demosthenes' speech on behalf of Ctesipho is above his others. Whether

they are right in their judgment you will have no difficulty in deciding, for your memory of all my speeches is so good that by merely reading this one you can institute a comparison with them all. Farewell.

XXXIV.—TO MAXIMUS.

YOU did quite right in promising a gladiatorial display to my clients at Verona, for they have long loved you, looked up to you, and honoured you. You took from that city your dearly loved and most estimable wife, and you owe to her memory some public work or festival, and a gladiatorial show is most suitable for a funeral honour. Besides, as the people were so unanimous in asking for that form of entertainment, you would have appeared boorish rather than consistent had you refused. Whereas now it stands to your credit that you were not only lavish in giving the show, but were easily persuaded to do so, and it is in matters such as these that magnanimity is disclosed. I wish that the numerous African panthers you had bought had turned up by the appointed day, but it may be that they were detained by stress of weather. At any rate you have deserved the fullest credit for them, for it was not your fault that the exhibition was not complete. Farewell.

BOOK VII.

BOOK VII.

I.—TO GEMINUS.

I AM alarmed to hear that your complaint is so obstinate, and, though I know you to be a man of the most temperate habits, I am afraid lest your ill-health should to some extent weaken the strictness of your manner of living. Let me advise you, therefore, to bear up against it patiently, for therein lies the road to praise and the road to health. Human nature concedes the soundness of my advice. For my own part, when I am well and strong, I talk to my people in the following strain. "I hope," I tell them, "that if ever I fall ill, I shall ask for nothing that will make me ashamed of myself afterwards, and nothing I shall subsequently regret; but if my ill-health should get the better of my judgment, then I warn you not to give me anything I may ask for, except with the permission of the doctors, and I wish you to understand that, if you do give it to me, I shall make you answer for your complaisance as others would make you answer for your refusal." I remember once, when I was consumed with a raging fever, and had at last got a little better and had been anointed, I was just taking a cooling drink from the doctor, when I stretched

out my hand and bade him feel my pulse, and set down the cup which had been put to my lips. Subsequently, on the twentieth day of the fever, while I was being prepared for the bath, I suddenly noticed the doctors whispering among themselves, and asked them why they were doing so. They replied that it might perhaps be safe for me to take a bath, but that they had some doubts on the matter. "Then what necessity is there for me to bathe?" I asked, and so, without making the slightest fuss, I gave up my hope of the bath, which I had seemed to be already on the point of entering, and resigned myself to do without it with the same composure of mind and features as I had prepared myself to take it. I have told you this incident, first, that I might give you a personal example as well as advice, and, secondly, to tie myself down for the future to practise the same self-control, inasmuch as this letter is a sort of bond and pledge that I will do so. Farewell.

II.—To JUSTUS.

How can you reconcile your statement that you are kept constantly busy by your never-ceasing engagements, with your request for something of mine to read, when, as a rule, it is all I can do to get people with plenty of leisure to waste time over my writings? I will therefore let the summer go by, when you are always busy and have no time to yourself,

and as soon as winter comes—when I suppose you will at least have some leisure at nights—I will look among my trifles for something suitable to lay before you. In the meantime, I shall do well if my letters do not bore you, but, as that is inevitable, they shall be as brief as possible. Farewell.

III.—TO PRÆSENS.

How is it that you persist in spending so much time first in Lucania and then in Campania? “Oh,” you say, “I belong to Lucania, and my wife to Campania.” That is a sound reason for a rather protracted absence, but not for always being away. You really must come back to town, the only place where you can gain office, and dignities, and friendships, both with the great and the small. How long will you play the country despot, waking and sleeping at your own imperial will? How long will you leave your dress shoes unworn? How long will you go on wearing your holiday gown? How long must you have all your days to yourself? It is high time you came back to look us up at our daily grind, if for no other reason than this, to prevent your pleasures from cloying from your having too much of them. Come and pay court to others for a little time, that you may get additional pleasure from some one paying court to you; come and be hustled in the crowds here, that your solitude may charm you the more! But how foolish of me

to scare away the bird I am trying to coax to come to me ! For very likely my reasons only persuade you to wrap yourself up the tighter in the leisure which I wish you to forego for a while, but not to break with altogether. If I were to entertain you at dinner, I should mingle sharp and piquant dishes with the sweet ones, that the edge of your appetite, when blunted by the latter, might be whetted again by the former, and similarly now I heartily recommend you to season your present joyous mode of existence by an occasional dash of what I may term the bitters of life. Farewell.

IV.—TO PONTIUS.

YOU say you have read my hendecasyllabic verses, and you ask how it was that I began to write poetry—I, who seem to you such a staid person, and I am bound to say I do not consider myself a trifler. Well, to go back to the very start, I have always been partial to poetry, for, when I was only fourteen years old, I composed a Greek tragedy. If you ask me what kind of a tragedy it was, I cannot tell you—at any rate I called it one. Subsequently, when on my return from military service, I was detained by contrary winds in the island of Icaria, I wrote some Latin elegiacs, with the sea and the island for my theme. I have also occasionally tried my hand at heroics, but this was my first essay at

hendecasyllables, and the occasion of my doing so was as follows.

The volumes of Asinius Gallus, in which he institutes a comparison between his father and Cicero, were being read to me at my Laurentine villa, and in them occurs an epigram written by Cicero upon his friend Tiro. Then, when I retired at mid-day—for it was summer-time—for my usual nap and sleep refused to come to me, I began to turn over in my mind the fact that the greatest orators had not only amused themselves with *jeux d'esprit* of this kind, but had also set great store on their achievements therein. I applied myself to the task, and, much to my surprise—inasmuch as I had not dabbled in verse for a long time—I dashed off in a very few minutes these verses on the subject which had tempted me to write:—"While I was reading the books of Gallus, in which he dared to take the palm of glory from Cicero and give it to his father, I discovered a sportive trifle from Cicero's pen, which is worth regard for the genius with which he has dropped serious subjects and shown that the minds of even great men take delight in the wit and playful sallies which please mankind. For he complains that Tiro cheated his lover by a base deceit, and failed to pay the few kisses that he owed him after dinner. On reading this, I ask: 'Why should I conceal my love, why should I be nervous at proclaiming my feelings or confessing that I too am aware of the deceits of my Tiro, and his treacherous endearments, and his thefts, which add new fuel to my flame?'" I then tried my hand at elegiacs, and

rattled them off just as quickly ; then I added to their number, for the facility with which I wrote them lured me on.

Subsequently, when I returned to Rome, I read them to my friends, and they expressed approval of them. Whenever I had any leisure, especially when I was travelling, I essayed a variety of metres. Finally I made up my mind, as many others have done before me, to finish off a volume of hendecasyllables separately, and I do not regret having done so. The verses are read, copied, and even set to music, and the Greeks who have been induced to learn Latin by their admiration of this volume are now adapting them to the harp and the lyre. But why do I go on in this boastful strain? Still, after all, poets have a licence to be furiously vain, and I am not quoting my own opinion of the value of my verses but that of others. Their criticism, whether right or wrong, certainly pleases me. I only hope that posterity may show the same excellent judgment, or the same want of it. Farewell.

V.—TO CALPURNIA.

You would scarcely credit how much I miss you and long to see you again. My love for you is the primary cause of this longing, and the fact that we have not been used to be away from each other is the second. Hence it is that I spend a great part of my nights awake and thinking of you,

and regularly at the hours when I used to visit you I find my feet carrying me—in the literal sense of the term—towards your room, and then, sick and sad at heart, and feeling as though I had been refused admittance, I turn to quit the empty threshold. At one time only am I free from these tormenting pangs, and that is when I am in court and busy pleading for my friends. Imagine, I pray you, how wretched is my life, when I find my rest in hard work, and my solace in being harassed and anxious, Farewell.

VI.—TO MACRINUS.

THE suit against Varenus has come to an unusual and remarkable conclusion, and the issue is even now open to doubt. People say that the Bithynians have withdrawn their accusation against him, on the ground that they entered upon it without adequate proofs. That, I repeat, is what people are saying. However, the legate of the province is in Rome, and he has laid the decree of the Council before Cæsar, before many of the leading men here, and even before us who are acting for Varenus. None the less our friend Magnus, as usual, persists in his opposition, and he still keeps worrying that estimable man Nigrinus. He pressed the consuls, through Nigrinus, to force Varenus to produce his official accounts.

I was standing by Varenus in a friendly way, and had made up my mind to say nothing, for nothing would have

damaged his prospects so much as for me, who had been appointed by the Senate to act on his behalf, to begin defending him, as though he were on his trial, when the great thing was to prevent him being put on his trial at all. However, when Nigrinus had concluded his demand, and the consuls looked towards me to say something, I remarked: "You will see that I have just grounds for saying nothing as soon as you have heard the true legates of the province." "To whom were they sent?" broke in Nigrinus. "To me as well as to others," I answered; "I have the decree of the province in my possession." "You may think so," said he. "Yes," I retorted, "and if you think otherwise, surely I too may take what view I think fit." Polyænus, the legate, then explained why the accusation had been abandoned, and demanded that the case should not be prejudged before Cæsar undertook his investigation into it. Magnus replied, and Polyænus spoke again, while I too made a few brief remarks, though I took care to say nothing on the main points, for I have learned by experience that there are times when silence rather than speech makes the real orator, and I can call to mind several instances in which I have done my clients, who were accused on capital charges, more good by not saying anything than I could have done by the most finished address.

In one instance, a mother who had lost her son—for there is no reason why I should not recall some of my old cases, though this was not my motive in writing this letter

—accused his freedmen—who were also co-heirs to the estate—of having forged the will and poisoned their master. She brought the matter to the notice of the Emperor, and obtained permission for Julius Servianus to act as judge. I defended the accused in a crowded court, for the case was a regular *cause célèbre*, and there were the best counsel of the day engaged on both sides. The hearing was decided by the evidence of the slaves, who were submitted to torture, and their answers were in favour of the accused. Subsequently, the mother appealed to the Emperor, declaring that she had discovered fresh proofs. Suburanus was instructed to give her a hearing, though she was reopening a *chose jugée*, provided that she brought forward new evidence. Julius Africanus appeared for the mother—a grandson of the orator of whom Passienus Crispus said after listening to his speech: “Excellent, by Jove, excellent; but what is the point of your excellent address?” The grandson is a youth of talent but not particularly smart, and after he had gone on at some length and had come to the end of his allotted time, he remarked, “I hope, Suburanus, you will allow me to add one word more.” Thereupon I, as everybody was looking towards me for a lengthy reply, simply said: “I should have replied if Africanus had added that one word more, for I don’t doubt that it would have contained all the new evidence spoken of.” I can hardly remember an occasion in which I got as much applause for my pleading as I then received for declining to plead.

It has been much the same in the present case, and my policy in saying just what I did on behalf of Varenus and nothing more has been greatly approved. The consuls, as Polyænus desired, have left the Emperor an entirely free hand, and I am waiting for him to hear the case, with much anxiety; for, when he does, the issue of the day will either free us, who are on Varenus's side, from all trouble and make our minds perfectly easy, or it will entail our setting to work again and a new period of anxious worry. Farewell.

VII.—TO SATURNINUS.

I THANKED our friend Priscus quite recently, but thanked him a second time in accordance with your request, and was very pleased to do so. It is very gratifying to me that two men of your merits, and both good friends of my own, should have such a cordial attachment to one another and consider that you are under mutual obligations. For Priscus too declares that he finds the greatest possible pleasure in your friendship, and he is vying with you in the noblest form of rivalry—that of mutual love, which will grow stronger as time goes on. I am really sorry to hear that you are so full of business, because it will make it impossible for you to go on with your studies. But if you finish one of your cases by handing it over to a judge, and as you say you have already finished the other, you will

begin to enjoy a little leisure where you are, and then will return to us when you have had enough of it. Farewell.

VIII.—To PRISCUS.

I CANNOT tell you how delighted I am that our friend Saturninus sends me letter after letter conveying his best thanks to you. Go on as you have begun, and let your affection for that worthy man be as intimate as possible. You will find his friendship to be full of charm, and that it will stand wear. For while he abounds in all the virtues, the virtue in which he abounds most is constancy in love. Farewell.

IX.—To FUSCUS.

You ask me how I think you ought to arrange your studies in the retirement you have long been enjoying. I think the most useful plan—and many others give the same advice—is to translate from Greek into Latin, or from Latin into Greek. By practising this you acquire fitness and beauty of expression, a good stock of metaphors, and the power of saying what you mean, whilst, by imitating the best models, you fall into the way of finding thoughts similar to theirs. Those points again which may have slipped your memory as you read are retained therein as you translate, and you gain thereby in intelligence and

judgment. When you have read an author sufficiently to master his subject and treatment, it will do you no harm to try and rival him, as it were, and write your version out, and then compare it with the book, carefully considering where the original is better expressed than your copy, and *vice versâ*. You may justly congratulate yourself if in a few places yours is the superior, and you may be heartily ashamed of yourself if his beats yours at every point. Occasionally, you may with profit select some very well-known passages and try to improve even on them. This may be a daring contest for you to enter, but it will not be presumptuous on your part, as you will do it in secret, though it is to be remembered that many have emerged from such contests with great *éclat* to themselves, and have shown themselves superior—owing to their not despairing of success—to those whom they thought it would have been sufficient honour to themselves to follow. You will also be able to handle the whole theme again after it has passed out of your mind, to retain some passages, to reject even more, to interpolate and re-write others. That is a laborious task, I know, and very tedious, but the very fact of its being difficult makes it remunerative—in that you feel your enthusiasm kindling afresh, and return to the charge anew after your energies had failed altogether or become languid. Then finally you graft new limbs, as it were, on to the finished trunk and without disturbing the original formation.

I know that at the present time your principal study is

that of oratory, but I am far from advising you to be for ever cultivating that controversial and, I might say, bellicose branch of letters. For just as our fields gather fresh strength from a change and variety in the crops we sow, so our minds are refreshed by change and variety of study. Occasionally I should like you to take some passage of history, and I would have you to pay considerable attention to letter-writing; for it often happens that a speaker finds it imperative to be able to explain certain points he may be making, not only with a historical, but also with a poetical touch, and by writing letters one acquires a terse and clear style. It is advisable too to dabble in poetry, not by composing long continuous poems—for they can never be finished except one has abundant leisure—but short epigrammatic verse, which gives you an air of distinction, no matter how serious and responsible may be your profession. Verses like these are spoken of as mere interludes, yet they sometimes win a man as much reputation as his serious occupations. And therefore—for why should I not break out into poetry as I am urging you to write verses?—"As wax is admired, if it be soft and yielding to the touch of deft fingers and in obedience thereto becomes a work of art, stamped either with the form of Mars or chaste Minerva, or representing either Venus or Venus's son; as hallowed streams do more than stay the path of fire, and often refresh the flowers and meadows green—so the intellect of man should be moulded and led through the plastic arts and be trained to become mobile."

Hence it is that the noblest orators—and the noblest men too—used to exercise or amuse themselves in this way, or I should rather say amused and exercised themselves, for it is remarkable how these trifles sharpen a man's wits and at the same time give relaxation to the brain. For they range over love, hatred, anger, pity, mirth—every feeling, in a word, that meets us in everyday life, in the forum, or in the Courts. They serve the same useful purpose as other verses, for as soon as we are freed from the exigencies of metre, we take pleasure in fluent prose and our pens run on with greater zest when we have tried both and comparison tells us which is the easier. I have perhaps gone into greater detail than you asked me to, but there is still one point I have omitted, for I have not told you what I think you ought to read, though in one sense I did when I told you what you ought to write. You must bear in mind to choose carefully authors of all styles, for there is an old proverb that a man should read much but not read a multitude of books. Who those authors are is too well known and approved to need further explanation, and, besides, I have let this letter run to such unconscionable length that, while advising you how you ought to study, I have robbed you of time to study. However, pick up your writing-pad again, and either start on one of the subjects I have suggested or carry through the work on which you have already begun. Farewell.

X.—TO MACRINUS.

I HAVE a way, as soon as I know the beginning of a case, of wanting to be able to add on the conclusion from which it seems to be torn asunder, and so I dare say that you too would like to hear the sequel to the case of Varenus and the Bithynians. Polyænus spoke on the one side and Magnus on the other, and, when the pleadings were concluded, Cæsar said: "Neither party shall have cause for complaint on the score of delay: I will take upon myself to find out the wishes of the province." In the meanwhile, Varenus has scored heavily, for how can people help feeling doubtful whether he was justly accused when it is by no means certain that he is accused at all? We can only hope that the province will not again decide in favour of a course which it is said to have condemned, and will not repent of its former repentance.

XI.—TO FABATUS.

You say you are surprised that my freedman Hermes should have sold to Corellia the lands which I have inherited and which I had ordered to be put up for sale, without waiting for them to be offered at auction, and that he should have taken for my five-twelfths share 700,000 sesterces. You add that they might have fetched 900,000, and are

therefore the more curious to know whether the sale has received my sanction. It has, and I will tell you why, for I am anxious to approve my conduct to you and satisfy my co-heirs that, in disagreeing with them, I am only obeying what I consider to be a clear call of duty. I have the greatest respect and affection for Corellia, first, because she is the sister of Corellius Rufus, whose memory is especially sacred to me, and, secondly, because she was the intimate friend of my mother. Besides, her excellent husband, Minicius Justus, and myself are old friends, and I had the closest ties with her son, so close, indeed, that during my prætorship he presided at my games.

The last time I was in Corellia's company, she hinted to me that she was desirous of owning some place near our Larian villa. I offered her what she required and as much as she required from my own estates, only excepting such lands as had belonged to my father and mother, for these I would not part with even to please Corellia. Consequently, when I came in for the inheritance in question, of which the acres you speak of formed part, I wrote to her saying they were for sale. Hermes took the letter, and when she pressed him to assign over to her my share of the property, he did so. So you may judge how I am bound to sanction the bargain made by my freedman, when he acted precisely as I should have done myself. I only hope that my co-heirs will not be annoyed that I should have sold apart from them what I need not have sold at all had I been so minded. They are not forced to follow my example, for they have

not the same obligations to Corellia as I have. So they may merely consult their own financial interests, as I could have done, only that I preferred to satisfy the claims of friendship. Farewell.

XII.—TO MINICIUS.

HERE is the little volume which I have constructed on the plan you suggested to me, in order that your friend—or rather our friend, for have we not all things in common?—might make use of it if occasion demanded. I have purposely delayed in sending it to you that you might not have time to emend it, or rather pull it to pieces. Yet you will have time after all, but whether to emend or pull it to pieces I do not know, for you master critics always strike out the finest passages. However, even if you do, I shall turn it to good account, for I shall later on take an opportunity of appropriating your criticisms as if they were my own, and I shall benefit and gain applause for the niceness of your taste, as I shall do for the passages you will find with notes against them in the margin and those which have an alternative version written in above them. For wherever I fancied that you would consider a passage rather high-faluting—owing to its being couched in a lofty and swelling strain—I thought it would be as well to prevent you beating your breast by at once adding a version of a terser and less ornate character, which would commend

itself to your judgment, though to me it seems to want spirit and is much inferior to the other. I don't see why I should not make game of you and attack you for your poverty-stricken ideas of style. I have written in this strain to give you the chance of a laugh in the midst of your press of work, but here is a point on which I am serious. Take care you do not fail to remit to me the expense, to which I have put myself, of hiring a special messenger, though I know very well that when you read this you will condemn not only a few passages, but the whole volume itself, and will declare that it is not worth a brass farthing when you are asked to pay its expenses. Farewell.

XIII.—TO FEROX.

YOUR letter is at once a clear indication that you are studying and not studying. That is a riddle, you say, and so it is until I tell you more clearly what I mean. Well, I mean this. You say in your letter that you are not studying, but the letter was so polished that it could only have been written by a student. If not, you must be a supremely lucky person to be able to turn out such a finished production in your hours of idleness and ease. Farewell.

XIV.—TO CORELLIA.

It is really most handsome on your part to not only request but also to insist so strongly that I should authorise my people to receive from you, as the price of that estate, not the 700,000 sesterces which you arranged to pay my freedman for it, but 900,000, according to the rate which you paid the revenue officers for the twentieth part. But in my turn I also request and insist that you should consider not only what is becoming for you, but also what is becoming for me, and that in this one particular you should allow me to decline to accede to your wishes with the same *empressement* that I usually display to obey them. Farewell.

XV.—TO SATURNINUS.

You ask me how I am spending my time. Just in the old way you know of ; I am very busy ; I do what I can for my friends, I occasionally find time for study, and I should be much happier, though I do not say I should be better employed, if my studies were my constant and invariable, instead of only being my occasional, employment. As for yourself, I should be grieved to think you were engaged in a round of uncongenial work, did I not know that you were most honourably employed ; for there is no more laudable occupation than to look after the business of one's country

and to arbitrate on the differences of one's friends. I felt sure that you would find our friend Priscus a charming companion. I knew what an unaffected, courteous man he was, and now I find that he is also most grateful, inasmuch as you say that he has pleasant recollections of the services I have done him. That was a trait in his character with which I was less familiar. Farewell.

XVI.—TO FABATUS.

I HAVE a very intimate regard for Calestrius Tiro, who is bound to me by close personal and official ties. We served in the army together, and were colleagues in the quæstorship under Cæsar. As he had children, he took precedence of me in the tribuneship, and I succeeded him in the prætorship, when Cæsar excused me a year in the age-limit. I frequently went to stay in his country houses, and he has often passed his days of convalescence under my roof. He is now on the point of journeying to his province of Bætica, as proconsul, and will pass through Ticinum. I hope, indeed I am confident, that I can easily prevail upon him to turn off the main road and visit you, if you desire to give full freedom to the slaves whom you recently manumitted in the presence of your friends. You need not have the slightest fear that this will cause Tiro inconvenience, for to do me a favour he would not think it too far to tramp round the entire earth. So lay aside that

excessive modesty of yours and just consult your own wishes. Tiro will be as charmed to do what I wish him as I shall be to carry out your injunctions. Farewell.

XVII.—TO CELER.

EVERY author has his own reasons for giving recitals; mine, as I have often said before, is that I may discover any slip I may have made, and I certainly do make them. So I am surprised when you say that some people have found fault with me for giving recitals of speeches at all, unless, indeed, they think that speeches are the only kind of composition which requires no emendations. I should be very glad if they were to tell me why they allow—if they do allow it—that history is a proper subject for recitation, seeing that history is written not for display but in the interests of strict truth, or why they should consider a tragedy a fit subject, seeing that it requires not an audience room but a stage and actors, or lyric verses, which need not a reader but the accompaniment of a chorus and a lyre. Perhaps they will say that long established custom sanctions the practice. Then is the originator thereof to be blamed? Besides, not only our own countrymen but the Greeks as well have constantly read speeches. But, they say, it is a waste of time to give a reading of a speech which has already been delivered. So it would be if the speech remained identically the same, and you read it to the same

audience and immediately after its delivery; but if you make a number of additions, if you recast numerous passages, if you have a new audience, or if the audience be the same and yet a considerable time has elapsed, why should one hesitate more about giving a reading of an already delivered speech than about publishing it? It may be argued that it is difficult to make a speech convincing when it is read. True, but that is a point connected with the difficulty of reciting, and has no bearing on the argument that a speech should not be read at all.

For my own part I desire applause, not when I am reciting but when other people are reading my book, and that is why I let no opportunity of emending a passage escape me. In the first place, I go carefully over what I have written again and again; then I read it to two or three friends; subsequently I pass it on to others to make marginal criticisms, and, if I am in doubt, I once more call in a friend or two to help me in weighing their value. Last of all, I read it to a large audience, and it is then, if you can credit the statement, that I ply my blue pencil most keenly, because the greater my anxiety to please, the more diligent I am in application. But the best judges of all are modesty, respect, and awe. Consider the matter in this light. If you are going to enter into conversation with some one person, however learned he may be, are you not less flurried than you would be if you were entering into conversation with a number of people or with persons who know nothing? Is not your diffidence the greatest just at

the moment when you rise to plead, and is it not then that you wish not only a large part of your speech but the whole of it were cast in a different mould? Especially is this the case if the scene of the encounter is a roomy one and there is a dense ring of spectators, for we feel nervous even of the meanest and commonest folk who crowd there. If you think your opening points are badly received, does it not weaken your nerve and make you feel like collapse? I fancy so, the reason being that there exists a considerable weight of sound opinion in mere numbers simply, and though, if you take them individually, their judgment is worth next to nothing, taken collectively, it is worth a great deal.

Hence it was that Pomponius Secundus, who used to write tragedies, was in the habit of exclaiming, "I appeal to the people," whenever he thought that a passage should be retained, which some one of his intimate friends considered had better be expunged, and so he either stuck to his own opinion or followed that of his friend, according as the people received the passage in silence or greeted it with applause. Such was the high estimate he formed of the popular judgment; whether rightly or wrongly does not affect me. For my custom is to call in, not the people, but a few carefully selected friends, whose judgment I respect and have confidence in, and whose faces I can watch individually, yet who are numerous enough collectively to put me in some awe. For I think that the saying of Marcus Cicero, "Fear is the keenest critic in the world,"

applies even more to the fear of speaking in public than to writing. The very fact that we keep thinking we are going to give a reading sharpens our critical taste, so too does our entry into the audience-hall, so too do our pale looks, anxious tremors, and our glances from side to side. Hence I am far from repenting of my practice, which I find of the greatest value to me, and so far am I from being deterred by the foolish tattle of my critics that I beg of you to point out to me some additional method of criticism in addition to those I have enumerated. For though I take great pains I never seem to take enough. I keep thinking what a serious matter it is to place anything in the hands of the public for them to read, nor can I persuade myself that any work of mine, which you are always anxious should get a welcome everywhere, does not stand in need of constant revision by myself and a number of my friends. Farewell.

XVIII.—TO CANINIUS.

You ask me how the money which you have given to our fellow-townsmen for an annual feast may be secured after you are dead and gone. It is quite right of you to consult me on such a subject, but it is not easy to give an answer. If you hand over the money in a lump sum to the community, the danger is that it may be squandered, and if you give it in the form of land it will be neglected as all public lands are. For my own part, I can find no more satisfactory

plan than that which I followed myself. For instead of paying down the 500,000 sesterces which I had promised as an endowment for the education of free-born boys and girls, I transferred some land of mine, which was worth considerably more, to the State agent and received it back from him, after he had fixed a rent for it, the arrangement being that I should pay 30,000 sesterces a year. By this plan the principal is secured to the community and the interest is also safe, while the land in question will always find a tenant to keep it in good order, as it is worth much more than the rent put upon it. Of course I am aware that the transaction has cost me more than the sum which people think I have given, for the selling price of that fine bit of land has been diminished by the obligation to pay the reserved rent. However, we ought to prefer public interests to private ones, and interests which will go in perpetuity to those which perish with us, and we should give much more careful consideration to our benefactions than to merely growing rich. Farewell.

XIX.—TO PRISCUS.

I AM really troubled at the ill-health of Fannia. She contracted her disease by nursing Junia, one of the Vestal Virgins, a duty she undertook at first voluntarily—for Junia is a relative of hers—and then at the bidding of the high-priests. For when the Vestal Virgins are obliged to

leave the temple of Vesta through serious ill-health, they are committed to the care and custody of matrons. And it was while Fannia was busily engaged in this charitable office that she fell into her present dangerous condition. She cannot shake off the fever, her cough is growing worse, she is terribly emaciated, and subject to great exhaustion. Yet her mind and spirit are wonderfully strong, quite worthy of Helvidius her husband and Thrasea her father, but in all other respects she is losing ground, and the sight fills me not only with apprehension but with positive pain ; for it grieves me to think of so excellent a woman being torn from all of us, who will never, I fear, see her like again.

What a pure, upright life she has led ! How dignified she was, and how loyal ! Twice she followed her husband into exile, and was herself banished the third time on her husband's account. For when Senecio was put on his trial for having written a Life of Helvidius, and said, in the course of his defence, that he had been requested to do so by Fannia, Metius Carus with a threatening gesture asked her whether she had made such a request. "I did request him," was the answer. "Did you give him materials to write from?" he went on. "I did give them." "Did your mother know?" "She did not know." Not a word did she utter to show that she shrank from the perils which threatened her. More than that, though the Senate had passed a decree—under compulsion and owing to the dangers of the times—that the volumes in question should

be destroyed, she took care to preserve and keep them after her goods had been confiscated, and she even carried them with her into the exile of which they were the cause. Again, what a delightful and charming woman she was, commanding not only deep respect, but love, as but few women can! Will there ever be another whom we can point to as a pattern to our wives? or another from whom even we men may take a lesson in personal courage—one who inspires us when we see and hear her with the admiration we feel for the heroines of history about whom we read? To my mind, it seems as though the whole house were tottering, and about to be torn from its foundations and fall in ruins, in spite of the fact that she has children. For what virtues they will have to display, and what noble deeds they will have to do to convince us that in Fannia's death there did not perish the last of her house!

Personally, I am tormented and grieved by the thought that I seem to be once again losing her mother, that worthy mother of so distinguished a daughter—for I can give her no higher praise than that. Fannia was her mother over again, and we seemed to have Arria restored to us in her; but soon she will again take her from us, and the thought tears open an old wound and makes a fresh one. I revered them both, and I loved them both. I could not say which I revered and loved the more, nor did they like any distinction to be made. They had my services at command, both in prosperity and adversity. I comforted them in their exile; I avenged them on their recall. But I

have not yet paid off all the debt I owe them, and it is for this reason that I long for Fannia to be preserved to us, that I may still have time to pay in full. Such is the anxiety of mind with which I write to you, and if any deity will turn my anxiety to joy I will not complain of my present apprehensions. Farewell.

XX.—TO TACITUS.

I HAVE read your book and taken the greatest possible pains in marking the passages which struck me as requiring alteration or excision. I speak frankly, for it is my custom to tell the truth and yours to hear it without annoyance. Besides, it is just those people who most deserve praise who take criticism with the least impatience. Now I am looking forward to receiving my book from you with your critical notes. To me this is a most gratifying and even beautiful interchange of compliments. I am really charmed to think that if those who come after us are interested in us at all, the tale will everywhere be told of how you and I lived together as devoted, frank, and loyal friends. It will be thought as uncommon as it is remarkable that two men of nearly the same age and dignities, who had achieved some distinction in the world of letters—for I am bound to speak rather sparingly in your praise as I am associating myself with you—should mutually admire and encourage one another to write. When I was quite a young man, and

you had already won reputation and glory for yourself, it was my earnest wish to follow in your footsteps, and be next to you and recognised as next to you, though the interval between us was great. There were many men of genius in those days, but the similarity of our natures compelled me to regard you as the one whom I could best imitate, and the one most worthy of such imitation. So I am the more delighted to find that, whenever the conversation turns upon literature, our names are mentioned together, and that, when people speak of you, my name immediately occurs to their minds. There are, it is true, some who are preferred to both of us. But so long as our names are coupled together I care not whose is placed first, because, in my opinion, he who is placed next to you is easily first. Moreover, you must have noticed this in the wills where our names have occurred, for we invariably receive the same legacies, and in equal shares, unless it so happens that the maker of the will is the particular friend of one of us. All these things point to the moral that we should increase the affection we bear one another, since we are linked together by so many ties, by our literary tastes, characters, and reputations, and above all, by the final judgments of dying men. Farewell.

XXI.—To CORNUTUS.

I AM obedient to your commands, my dear colleague, and I really am taking care of my eyes according to your instructions. For on my way hither I travelled in a closed carriage, and was as much shut out from the light as though I had been in my bedchamber, and now that I am here, I am not only keeping off writing, but reading too. It is a hard matter, but I obey, and I study only with my ears. By drawing the curtains I darken my bedchamber without absolutely excluding all light, while by shutting the lower windows of the gallery it is about equally light and dark. By these means I am gradually schooling myself to bear the light. I take my bath because it is good for me, and I take wine, though very sparingly, because it does me no harm. This has been my general custom, and I have a keeper to look after me. I was delighted to receive the chicken you sent me. Weak as my eyes are, they were yet sufficiently strong to discover that it was a plump one. Farewell.

XXII.—To FALCO.

You will be the less surprised that I have been in such haste to ask you to bestow a military tribuneship on my friend when I tell you who and what sort of a man he is. But I can give you his name and describe him to you now,

as I am sure of your promise. He is Cornelius Minicianus, and an ornament to my district, both in dignity and morals. He is of high birth, very well-to-do, but with a love of letters such as you would expect in a poor man. As a judge he is the soul of honour, and he is a powerful pleader and a thoroughly loyal friend. You will think that it is you who have received the favour when you get to know him intimately, and he is worthy of any honour and distinction in the world. I could say more, but I do not wish to sing the praises of so modest a man in a more extravagant tune. Farewell.

XXIII.—TO FABATUS.

I AM delighted that you feel strong enough to meet Tiro at Mediolanum, but in order that you may continue to feel so well, I beg that you will not tax your years by imposing such fatigue upon yourself. Nay, I positively insist that you shall await his coming at your own home and inside the house, and that you shall not so much as cross your bedroom threshold. For, though I love him as a brother, he must not expect from one whom I look upon as a parent the attentions which he would not have expected his own father to show him. Farewell.

XXIV.—TO GEMINUS.

UMMIDIA QUADRATILLA has died just before reaching her eightieth year. Right up to her last illness she was hale and hearty, for she was physically so strong knit and robust as to be quite an exception to her sex. She died after making a will which does her great credit, as she left two-thirds of her property to her grandson, and the remaining third to her granddaughter. I hardly know the latter, but I am on terms of close friendship with the grandson, a young man of exceptional qualities, who challenges the affection of others besides those who are related to him. In the first place, he is particularly handsome, but he passed through boyhood and youth without a breath of scandal. He married when in his twenty-fourth year, and would now have been a father had Providence permitted.

He lived under his grandmother's roof, yet, though she was a woman of luxurious tastes, he never gave way to excesses, and still managed to obey her every whim. She used to keep a troupe of pantomimic artistes, and showed them an extravagant favour which hardly became a lady of her rank. Yet Quadratus never used to witness their performances, either in the theatre or in her house, and she did not require that he should. I have heard the old lady say, when commending her grandson's literary compositions to my notice, that though she, with a woman's love of indolence, had been in the habit of amusing herself by

playing draughts and watching the performances of her troupe, she had always urged her grandson to go away and study whenever she intended to amuse herself in either of these two ways. I think she did so from a feeling of shame that her grandson should see her thus engaged, quite as much as from the love she bore him. 'This will surprise you, as it certainly surprised me. At the last pontifical games, when, after the pantomimic troupe had appeared on the stage and given their performance, Quadratus and I were leaving the theatre, he said to me: "Do you know that to-day is the first time that I have seen my grandmother's freedmen dance?" Such is the grandson. Yet a number of men, who were in no way related to her, were running into the theatre in honour of Quadratilla—I am ashamed to use the word in such a connection, and will rather say, in order to flatter her—and were clapping, applauding, admiring, and then copying the peculiar gestures of their mistress with snatches of song. These creatures will now receive from the heir, who never witnessed their conduct, a very trifling legacy as a *douceur* for their buffooneries.

I give you these details because I know you like to hear any news that is stirring, and besides, it is a pleasure to me to renew my gratification by writing and telling it to you. For I am delighted at the affection shown by the deceased, at the honour in which this excellent young man is held, and I am pleased to think that the house, which once belonged to Caius Cassius—the Cassius who was the

founder and principal of the Cassian school—will have another equally distinguished man to rule over it. My friend Quadratus will worthily fill it and be a credit to it, and will restore to it its old dignity, fame, and glory, when he, who is as great an orator as Cassius was a jurisconsult, is daily seen to leave its doors. Farewell.

XXV.—To RUFUS.

ALAS! how many learned men there are who are buried out of sight and lost to fame either through their own modesty or their retiring habits. Yet, when we are about to make a speech or give a reading we are nervous only of those who parade their learning, while those who say nothing appear to great advantage just because they show their respect for an important literary work by receiving it in silence. I am basing this judgment of mine on actual experience. Terentius Junior, who had gone through his term of military service as a member of the equestrian order, and had also acted as procurator of the province of Gallia Narbonensis without a stain on his character, betook himself to his country estate, and preferred a life of quiet leisure to the dignities which might have been his for the asking. I used to regard him as a good head of a household and as a careful farmer, and so, when he was entertaining me as his guest, I turned the conversation on to the topics in which I thought he was most at home. But

he recalled me from them to the field of literature, and his conversation showed the most profound learning. How crisp his judgments were, and how polished both his Latin and Greek! He has obtained such a mastery over both languages that he seems to excel most in the one in which he happens to be speaking. His reading has been very wide, and he has an amazing memory. You would fancy he lived at Athens and not in a country house. But why say more? He has intensified my nervousness and made me just as afraid of the good people who live in the country and seem to be mere country squires as of those whom I know to be men of deep learning. So let me warn you too, for, if you look closely, you will find that, not only in the army, but in the world of letters, the best equipped, the best armed, and the keenest wits are often concealed under a rough exterior. Farewell.

XXVI.—TO MAXIMUS.

I HAVE just been reminded by the illness of a friend of mine that we mortals are most virtuous when we are in bad health. For where is there a sick man who is tempted by either avarice or lust? He is no longer a slave to his passions; he does not grasp at distinctions; he pays no heed to riches, and however small his fortune may be, he reckons it enough, as he will have to leave it behind him. It is then that he remembers the gods, and that he is mortal; he envies no

one ; he admires no one ; he despises no one. He pays no heed to malicious gossip and gets no pleasure from it ; his visions are of the baths and the fountains. They are his one care, the one thing he longs for, and he plans for the future, if so be that he shall recover, a gentle and easy life, one in which he shall do no one any harm and enjoy perfect happiness. So the lesson, which the philosophers try to teach us in a multitude of words and a multitude of volumes, I can sum up in brief for your edification and mine—and it is this, that we should continue to live when we are in good health as we vow that we will live when we are ill. Farewell.

XXVII.—TO SURA.

THE leisure we are both of us enjoying gives you an opportunity of imparting, and me an opportunity of receiving, information. So I should very much like to know whether in your opinion there are such things as ghosts, whether you think they have a shape of their own and a touch of the supernatural in them, or whether you consider they are vain, empty shadows and mere creatures of our fears and imaginations. For my own part, I feel led to believe that they have a real existence, and this mainly from what I hear befell Curtius Rufus.

In the days when he was still poor and obscure, he had attached himself to the person of the governor of Africa. One evening at sundown he was walking in the portico,

when the figure of a woman—but taller and more beautiful than mortal woman—presented itself before him and told Rufus, who was terrified with fright, that she was Africa and could foretell the future. She declared that he would go to Rome and hold high offices of state, and that he would also return with plenary powers as governor to that same province, and there meet his death. All these details were fulfilled. Moreover, when he was entering Carthage and just stepping out of his ship, the same figure is said to have met him on the beach. Certain it is that when he was attacked by illness, he interpreted the future by the past, and his coming adversity by his present prosperity, and, though none of his people were despairing of his recovery, he cast aside all hope of getting better.

Now I want you to consider whether the following story, which I shall tell you just as I heard it, is not even more terrifying and no less wonderful than the other. There stood at Athens a spacious and roomy house, but it had an evil reputation of being fatal to those who lived in it. In the silence of the night the clank of iron and, if you listened with closer attention, the rattle of chains were heard, the sound coming first from a distance and afterwards quite close at hand. Then appeared the ghostly form of an old man, emaciated, filthy, decrepit, with a flowing beard and hair on end, with fetters round his legs and chains on his hands, which he kept shaking. The terrified inmates passed sleepless nights of fearful terror, and following upon their sleeplessness came disease and then death as their fears

increased. For every now and again, though the ghost had vanished, memory conjured up the vision before their eyes, and their fright remained longer than the apparition which had caused it. Then the house was deserted and condemned to stand empty, and was wholly abandoned to the spectre, while the authorities forbade that it should be sold or let to any one wishing to take it, not knowing under what a curse it lay.

The philosopher Athenodorus came to Athens, read the notice board, and on hearing the price hesitated, because the low rent made him suspicious. Then he was told the whole story, and, so far from being deterred, he became the more eager to rent it. When evening began to fall, he ordered his people to make him up a bed in the front of the house, and asked for his tablets, a pen, and a lamp. Dismissing all his servants to the inner rooms, he applied mind, eyes, and hand to the task of writing, lest by having nothing to think about he might begin to conjure up the apparition of which he had been told and other idle fears. At first the night was just as still there as elsewhere, then the iron was rattled and the chains clanked. Athenodorus did not raise his eyes, nor cease to write, but fortified his resolution and closed his ears. The noise became louder and drew nearer, and was heard now on the threshold and then within the room itself. He turned his head, and saw and recognised the ghost which had been described to him. It stood and beckoned with its finger, as if calling him; but Athenodorus merely motioned with his hand, as if to bid it wait a little.

and once more bent over his tablets and plied his pen. As he wrote the spectre rattled its chains over his head, and looking round he saw that it was beckoning as before, so, without further delay, he took up the lamp and followed. The spectre walked with slow steps, as though burdened by the chains, then it turned off into the courtyard of the house and suddenly vanished, leaving its companion alone, who thereupon plucked some grass and foliage to mark the place. On the following day he went to the magistrates and advised them to give orders that the place should be dug up. Bones were found with chains wound round them. Time and the action of the soil had made the flesh moulder, and left the bones bare and eaten away by the chains, but the remains were collected and given a public burial. Ever afterwards the house was free of the ghost which had been thus laid with due ceremony.

I quite believe those who vouch for these details, but the following story I can vouch for to others. I have a freed-man who is a man of some education. A younger brother of his was sleeping with him in the same bed, and he thought he saw some one sitting upon the bed and applying a pair of shears to his head, and even cutting off some hair from his crown. When day broke, his hair actually was cut at the crown, and the locks were found lying close by. A little time elapsed, and a similar incident occurred to make people believe the other story was true. A young slave of mine was sleeping with a number of others in the dormitory, when, according to his story, two men clothed in white

tunics entered by the window and cut his hair as he slept, retiring by the way they came. Daylight revealed that his hair had been cut and the locks lay scattered around. No incident of any note followed, unless it was that I escaped prosecution, as I should not have done if Domitian, in whose reign these incidents had taken place, had lived any longer than he did. For in his writing-desk there was discovered a document sent in by Carus which denounced me. This gives rise to the conjecture that, as it is the custom for accused persons to let their hair go untrimmed, the fact that the hair of my slaves was cut was a sign that the peril overhanging me had passed away.

I beg of you to bring your erudition to bear on these stories. The matter is one which is worth long and careful consideration, nor am I altogether undeserving of your imparting to me your plentiful knowledge. I will let you follow your usual habit of arguing on both sides of the case, but be sure that you take up one side more strongly than the other, so that I may not go away in suspense and uncertainty, when the reason I asked your advice was just this—that you should put an end to my doubts. Farewell.

XXVIII.—TO SEPTICIUS.

YOU say that certain persons have found fault with me in your presence, on the ground that I never lose an opportunity of extravagantly praising my friends. Well, I plead

guilty, and I am proud to do so. For what can be more honourable to a man than to be charged with an excess of good nature? Who are they who profess to know my friends better than I do, and, if they do know them better, why should they grudge me so happy a delusion? Even though my friends are not all my fancy paints them, still I am to be congratulated that they appear to be so in my eyes. So let these good people—and I am sure there are not many of them—who think it shows good judgment to carp at their friends, transfer their malignant zeal to others. They will never persuade me into thinking that I love my friends too well. Farewell.

XXIX.—TO MONTANUS.

YOU will first laugh, then feel annoyed, and then laugh again, if ever you read something which you will think almost incredible, unless you see it with your own eyes. I noticed the other day, just before you come to the first milestone on the Tiburtine Road, a monument to Pallas bearing this inscription:—"To him, because of his loyal services to his patrons, the Senate decreed the honourable distinctions of prætorian rank together with five million sesterces, but he was content to take the distinctions alone." Well, for my own part, I have never been much surprised at gifts which are more often bestowed by Fortune than by deliberate judgment, but this inscription, more than anything else,

convinced me how unreal and empty are the distinctions which are sometimes thrown away on such vile and disreputable rascals as Pallas. Yet the scoundrel had the audacity to accept the one, refuse the other, and then parade it before posterity as a proof of his moderation! But there, why should I lose my temper? It is better to laugh at it, lest those who have by sheer good fortune arrived at such a pinnacle as to become laughing-stocks should think that they had reached a dignified position. Farewell.

XXX.—TO GENITOR.

I AM much concerned at your loss of a pupil who, as you say, showed the greatest promise. I am sure that his illness and death must have interfered with your studies, for do I not know that you never lose a chance of looking after a friend, and that those whom you esteem you love with heart and soul? As for myself, I cannot escape even here from being as busy as though I were in town, for some one is always nominating me to act as judge or arbitrator. Besides, there are the country people and their squabbles, and they keep pouring into my ears their rights and wrongs, after my long absence, as they think they have a right to do. Again, I am never free from the exceedingly troublesome task of letting my farms, so difficult is it to meet with suitable tenants. Hence my studies are precarious, but yet I do study, for I write a little as well as read. It is when I read

that I feel by comparison how badly I write, although you put fresh heart into me by comparing my treatise in vindication of Helvidius with the speech of Demosthenes against Meidias. To tell you the truth, when I was composing my own work, I kept turning over the pages of that oration, not in the hope of rivalling it—for only a coxcomb or a fool would do that—but to imitate it and follow in the same strain as far as the differences in our genius—the infinitely great and the infinitely little—and the dissimilarity of the subject-matter would allow. Farewell.

XXXI.—To CORNUTUS.

CLAUDIUS POLLIO is desirous of gaining your affection, and he deserves to gain it: first, because he desires it, and secondly, because he himself has a high regard for you. Nor does any one—or but very rarely—seek the friendship of another unless he has for him a certain regard. In other respects, he is a man of upright life, strict principles, and quiet tastes, and if there can be such a thing as being over modest, Pollio might be called so. When we were serving in the army together, I saw a good deal of him, and that not merely as a brother officer. He commanded one of the wings, and when I was ordered by the consular legate to examine closely into the military accounts of the wings and the cohorts, I discovered in several cases that there had been rapacity and carelessness going on to an enormous

and scandalous extent, but, in the case of Pollio, I found that not a penny was missing, and his accounts showed that the greatest pains had been taken with them to prevent defalcations. Subsequently, when he was promoted to some of the most important positions in the revenue department, he never on any single occasion fell a victim to temptation, or swerved from the passion for integrity which was deep rooted in his character. He never let prosperity make him lose his head; he never, in all the various offices which he held, lost for a moment his reputation for large-heartedness; and he displayed the same resolution in carrying out his duties as he now displays in his retirement. Greatly to his credit, he willingly interrupted and laid aside that retirement for a little time, when our friend Corellius chose him as his assistant in parcelling out and allotting the lands which were given to the State by the generosity of the Emperor Nerva. What glory does not a man deserve when he is picked out by a person of such excellence as Corellius, who had such a wide range of selection?

Moreover, you can judge how scrupulously and loyally he serves his friends, by the numbers of people whose last wills and testaments show the opinion they formed of him, as, for example, Annius Bassus, one of our most respected citizens, whose memory Pollio preserves and keeps alive with such grateful thanks and warmth that he has published a biography of him, for he is just as devoted to letters as he is to other honourable professions. That was a charming act as well as a rare mark of kindness, and he deserves credit for

it, for most people only bear the dead in remembrance sufficiently to find fault with them. So take my advice, and accept the friendship which Pollio so eagerly offers you; grapple him to you; nay, do you make the first overtures, and show him the affection you would if you were returning an act of kindness. For in the offices of friendship he who makes the first step does not lay himself under any obligations save those of thanks. Farewell.

XXXII.—To FABATUS.

I AM delighted that the visit of my friend Tiro was so agreeable to you, but I was immensely pleased to read in your letter that you had taken advantage of the fact that your visitor was a proconsul to give a number of your slaves their freedom. For while I am anxious that our native district should grow richer in all good things, I am specially anxious that the number of its citizens should increase, as that is the soundest distinction of which a town can boast. I was also pleased, though not of course in the way of courting favour, when you went on to say that they had joined my name with yours in returning thanks and acknowledging your kindness. As Xenophon remarks, praise is the sweetest thing a man can hear, especially if he thinks he deserves it. Farewell.

XXXIII.--TO TACITUS.

I VENTURE to prophesy—and I know my prognostics are right—that your histories will be immortal, and that, I frankly confess, makes me the more anxious to figure in them. For if it is quite an ordinary thing for us to take care to secure the best painter to paint our portrait, ought we not also to be desirous of getting an author and historian of your calibre to describe our deeds? That is why—though it could hardly escape your careful eye, as it is to be found in the public records—I bring the following incident before your notice, and I do so in order to assure you how pleased I shall be, if you will lend your powers of description and the weight of your testimony to setting forth the way I behaved on an occasion when I reaped credit, owing to the dangers to which I exposed myself.

The Senate had appointed me to act with Herennius Senecio on behalf of the province of *Bætica* in the prosecution of *Bæbius Massa*, and, when *Massa* had been sentenced, it decreed that his property should be placed under public custody. Senecio came to me, after finding out that the consuls would be at liberty to hear petitions, and said: “We have loyally acted together in carrying through the prosecution laid upon us, now let us approach the consuls together and petition them not to allow those who ought to take care of the property to embezzle any of it.” My answer was this: “As we were appointed by the Senate to

prosecute, don't you think that we have fully carried out our duties as soon as the Senate has finished the hearing of the case?" He replied: "Well, you may fix what limit you like to your duties, as the only ties you have with the province are those arising from the kindness you have shown it, and they are of very recent date. But I was born there, and acted as quæstor there." So I said: "Well, if you have quite made up your mind, I will follow your lead, to prevent any odium which may arise out of this falling entirely upon your shoulders." We went to the consuls; Senecio laid the case before them, and I added just a few words. We had scarcely finished when Massa complained that Senecio had stepped beyond the loyalty he owed to his clients, and was importing into the case the bitterness of a private enemy, and he impeached him for disloyalty. Every one was horror-struck, but I remarked: "I am afraid, most noble consuls, that Massa by his silence has insinuated a charge of collusion against me, in that he has not also impeached me." The remark was immediately taken up, and, for years afterwards, it was often spoken of and commended. The late Emperor Nerva, who, even when he was a private individual, used to take strict notice of all honourable public actions, sent me a letter couched in the most complimentary terms, in which he not only congratulated me, but also the age in which I lived, for having had the privilege to witness an example that was worthy of the good old days. Such were the terms he used.

My conduct on this occasion, whatever its worth may have been, will be made even more famous, more distinguished, and more noble if you describe it, although I do not ask of you to go beyond the strict letter of what actually occurred. For history ought never to transgress against truth, and an honourable action wants nothing more than to be faithfully recorded. Farewell.

BOOK VIII.

BOOK VIII.

I.—TO SEPTICIUS

I TRAVELLED here comfortably enough except for the fact that certain of my servants have suffered more or less severely through the intense heat. Eucolpus, indeed, one of my readers, and a favourite of mine whether my mood be grave or gay, has found the dust very trying to his throat, and has brought up blood. It will be a sad blow to him and a bitter disappointment to me if he becomes incapacitated for study, seeing that study is his chief accomplishment. Who will read my books and take such an interest in them as he used to do? Where shall I find another whose reading was so pleasant to listen to? However, the gods hold out hopes of better things. He no longer brings up blood, and his pain is now relieved. Moreover, he is very careful of himself, we are all solicitous for his welfare, and the doctors take great pains. Then, too, the health-giving properties of the climate here, the retirement and the repose, promise not only enjoyment but restoration to health. Farewell.

II.—TO CALVISIUS.

OTHER people go to their estates to return richer than they went ; I go to come back the poorer. I had sold my vintage to the dealers who bid against one another for the purchase, tempted by the prices quoted at the time and the prices which they thought would be quoted later on. However, their expectations were disappointed. It would have been a simple matter to make certain remissions to all in equal proportions, but it would hardly have met the justice of the case, for it seems to me to be an honourable man's first duty to practise a strict rule of justice, both at home and out-of-doors, in small things as well as in great, and in dealing with one's own as with other people's property. For if, as the Stoics say, all offences are equally serious, all eulogies should be equally warm. Consequently, in order that no one should go away without a present from me, I remitted to each an eighth part of the price at which he had bought, and then I made separate additional remissions for those who had been the largest buyers, inasmuch as they had benefited me more than the others had, and had themselves sustained the greater loss. So to those who had paid more than 10,000 sesterces for their share, I remitted a tenth of the sum paid above 10,000 sesterces, in addition to the other remission of an eighth of the total sum which I had made to all indiscriminately.

I am afraid I have not expressed this quite clearly, so I will explain my system more fully. Those, for example, who had purchased 15,000 sesterces' worth of the vintage had remitted to them an eighth of the 15,000 and a tenth of 5,000. Besides this, it struck me that some had actually paid over a considerable share of the purchase money, while others had only paid a fraction, and others none at all, and I thought it was not fair to deal as generously in the matter of remission with the latter as with the former, and place those who had loyally paid up on a level with those who had not. So to those who had paid I remitted a further tenth of the sums paid over. By so doing I made a neat recognition of my acknowledgment of each man's honourable conduct on the old deal, and I also offered them all a bait to make future deals with me, and not only purchase, but pay ready money. This reasonable or generous—whichever you like to call it—conduct on my part has put me to considerable expense, but it was well worth it, for throughout the entire district people are warmly approving this new method of making remissions. As for those whom I graded and classified, without, so to speak, lumping them all together, the more honourable and upright they were, the more devoted to me were they on leaving, since they had discovered that I was not one of those people who hold in equal honour the good and the bad. Farewell.

III.—TO SPARSUS.

YOU hint to me that the book I sent you last pleases you more than any of my previous works. A very learned friend of mine is of precisely the same opinion, and that makes me think that neither of you is mistaken, for it is hardly possible that you both are wrong. Then again, I like to flatter myself you are right, for it is my wish that people should think my last book is always the most perfect, and for that reason I even now prefer—in comparison with the book I sent you—the speech which I lately published, and which I shall send on to you as soon as I find a trustworthy messenger. I have raised your expectations to such a pitch that I am afraid the speech will disappoint you when you pick it up to read, but in the meantime look out for its coming, as though it were sure to please you. After all, perhaps it will. Farewell.

IV.—TO CANINIUS.

YOU are doing quite right to get together materials for a history of the Dacian War. For what subject is more fresh or affords more abundant materials and scope, or, in a word, is more fitted for poetic treatment? for, though it reads like a fable, it is strictly and literally true. You will describe how rivers have been turned into new channels, how new bridges have been thrown over the rivers, how

precipitous mountains have been levelled to form camping places, and how a king was driven from his palace and even from life itself and yet kept an undaunted front. Moreover, you will describe the two triumphs we have celebrated, one of which was the first ever won over that unconquered race, while the other was gained over its last death-struggle.

Notwithstanding your genius, which soars to its highest flights and shines most brilliantly when engaged on a noble theme, you will find a difficulty, and it will be a very great one, in the arduous and immense task of giving an adequate description of these mighty deeds. Moreover, additional trouble will be entailed by the fact that their barbarous and savage names—especially that of the king himself—cannot be made to scan in Greek verse. But there is no difficulty which cannot be, if not entirely overcome, at any rate considerably lessened by art and diligence. Besides, if licence was given to Homer to contract, lengthen, and deflect the soft syllables of the Greek tongue to suit the easy flow of his verse, why should a similar licence be denied to you, especially as in your case it would arise not from any fastidious caprice, but from sheer necessity? Well, then, invoke the gods to your assistance—as you gods have prescriptive right to do—not forgetting that deity whose achievements, work, and counsels you are about to sing; let go the ropes, spread sail, and now if ever let the full tide of your genius carry you along! Why should I not write to a poet in a poetic strain?

I only make one stipulation, and that is that you send on to me the very first part of the poem as soon as it is finished, or even before you have finished it, just as it is, fresh from your pen, in the rough, and, as it were, but newly born. You will tell me that a few patches cannot give the same pleasure as the finished whole, and that an incomplete work is not so satisfactory as a complete one. I know that, and so I shall only judge them as beginnings; I shall regard them as dismembered limbs, and they will lie in my writing-desk waiting for your final corrections. Do let me have this additional pledge of your regard for me, which I should value above all others—that of being entrusted with secrets which you would not like any one else to know. To put the matter in a nutshell—while it is possible that I should approve and applaud your writings the more if you send them to me in less haste and after deeper consideration, the more haste and want of consideration you show in forwarding them to me, the more I shall love and applaud you as a friend. Farewell.

V.—TO GEMINUS.

OUR friend Macrinus has received a^a terrible blow. He has lost his wife, who, even if she had lived in the good old days, would have been considered a most exemplary woman. They lived together for thirty-nine years with never a quarrel or disagreement. What deference she showed to her

husband, though she herself deserved that the utmost deference should be shown to her! How wonderfully she exemplified in herself in due proportion the special qualities of girlhood, womanhood, and age! It is true that Macrinus finds great solace in the thought that he enjoyed his treasure for so many years, though, now he has lost her, this only adds an additional pang to his grief, for the pain of being deprived of a source of pleasure grows more poignant the more we enjoy it. So I shall be intensely anxious for my dear friend until the time arrives when he finds himself able to endure some relaxation from his grief and grows reconciled to his wound, and nothing hastens that day so much as the sense of inevitableness, lapse of time, and satiety of sorrow. Farewell.

VI.—To MONTANUS.

You must by this time be aware from my last letter that I just lately noticed the monument erected to Pallas, which bore the following inscription:—"To him, because of his loyal services to his patrons, the Senate decreed the honourable distinctions of praetorian rank together with five million sesterces, but he was content to take the distinctions alone." Subsequently I thought it worth while to look up the actual terms of the decree, and I found it couched in such exaggerated and fulsome language as to make even that pompous inscription on the monument look modest and

humble by comparison. I won't speak of the ancient worthies, like the Scipios with their titles of Africanus, Achaicus and Numantinus; but if those who lived nearer our times, to go no farther back, like Marius, Sulla and Pompeius, were rolled into one, their eulogies would still fall short of those showered upon Pallas.

Well, then, am I to consider that those who decreed these extravagant praises were merely gratifying his vanity or were acting like abject slaves? I should say the former if such a spirit were becoming to a Senate, and the latter but that no one is such an abject slave as to stoop to such servilities. Are we to ascribe it then to a desire to curry favour with Pallas, or to an insane passion to get on in the world? But who is so utterly mad as to wish to get on in the world at the price of his own shame and the disgrace of his country, especially when living in a state where the only advantage of holding the most honourable position was that the holder had the privilege of taking precedence in the Senate in singing the praises of Pallas? I say nothing of the fact of prætorian distinctions being offered to such a slave, for they were slaves who offered them; I say nothing of their desire that he should not only be urged, but even compelled, to wear the golden rings, for if a man of prætorian rank wore iron ones he would be lowering the dignity of the Senate. These are trifling details which call for no remark, but what does demand notice is the fact that it was in the name of Pallas—and the Senate-house has never yet been purged of the disgrace

--it was in the name of Pallas, I repeat, that the Senate returned thanks to Cæsar for having made honourable mention to them of Pallas, and for having given them an opportunity of testifying to the good-will they bore him. For what could be more honourable to the Senate than that they should show that they were properly grateful to Pallas?

Then come the following words:—"That Pallas, to whom every one heartily confesses his obligations, may enjoy the rewards for his matchless industry which he has so abundantly deserved." Why, you would fancy that the bounds of the Empire had been carried forward by him, or that he had safely brought back the armies of the State. But there is more to come:—"The Senate and Roman people will never obtain a more welcome opportunity of showing their generosity than now that a chance is afforded them of assisting the financial position of the most trustworthy and scrupulously honest guardian of the Imperial finances that Emperor ever had." So this was the height of the Senate's ambition, this was the passionate wish of the people, this was the most welcome opportunity for showing liberality—to be able to make Pallas richer by depleting the public purse! Now listen to what follows:—"It was the wish of the Senate to pass a decree giving him five million sesterces from the treasury, and the more averse his inclinations were from hankering after such a sum, the more assiduously did the Senate implore the Father of the State to compel Pallas to accede to the Senate's wishes."

The one thing they did not do was to address Pallas in their official capacity and beg him to give way to the Senate's wishes, and make Cæsar their advocate to induce him to reconsider his insolent refusal and get him not to scorn the five millions. But scorn them he did, and, considering the handsomeness of the offer and the fact that it was made by the State, his refusal showed greater arrogance than acceptance would have done, and he took the only step open to him to show it. Yet the Senate with a tone of reproachfulness lauded even this refusal with eulogies. Here are the words:—"But whereas our most excellent Emperor and parent of the State has, at the request of Pallas, desired us to erase that portion of our decree which relates to the giving of five million sesterces from the treasury to Pallas, the Senate hereby bears witness that their proposal to bestow that sum upon Pallas was freely undertaken as one of the list of honours worthily bestowed for loyal and faithful service, yet, at the same time, as on no occasion does the Senate think it right to run counter to the Emperor's will, so now does it defer to his wishes."

Just picture to yourself Pallas interposing his veto, as it were, upon the Senate's decree, setting a limit to the honours to be paid him, and refusing as too much the offer of five millions, after accepting, as though it were a lesser gift, the distinctions of prætorian rank! Just imagine Cæsar deferring to the entreaties, or rather to the imperious command, of a freedman in the presence of the Senate, for it is tantamount to a command when a freedman makes 'a request of

his patron in the Senate-house! Just think of the Senate declaring that, in proposing to decree this five millions among the other distinctions, they acted of their own free will, and were doing no more than Pallas deserved. Fancy them declaring that they would have persevered with their determination, but for the deference due to the wishes of the Emperor, which, on every conceivable occasion, ought to be law with them! In other words, to prevent Pallas taking those five millions out of the treasury it was necessary that Pallas should be modest and the Senate obsequious, and even then they would not have shown that obsequiousness if they had thought there could be an occasion on which it was lawful for them to refuse obedience. Do you think that was all? Just wait and hear what is yet to come, even worse than what went before:—"And whereas it is to the public interest that the benignity of the Emperor, which is ever ready to lavish praises and rewards on those who deserve them, should be published as widely as possible, and especially in those places where persons entrusted with the affairs of state may be incited to follow such an excellent example, and where the well-proved loyalty and virtue of Pallas may stir up others to honourable rivalry, it is hereby decreed that the Emperor's speech delivered in full meeting of the Senate on the tenth day of the Kalends of February ultimo, and the decrees of the Senate passed on that occasion, shall be engraved on a brazen tablet, and the tablet itself be set up near the statue of the divine Julius in full armour."

So it was not enough that the Senate-house should be

witness of such scandalous proceedings; no, a much more frequented site was chosen, where the disgraceful inscription could be read by those of our own and later generations. It was further resolved that all the honours that had been heaped upon this fastidious ex-slave should be engraved upon the tablet, both those which he had declined and those which he had accepted, as far as those who decreed them had it in their power to confer them. The prætorian distinctions of Pallas were chiselled and cut upon a memorial that will last for ages, as though they were ancient treaties or hallowed laws. Such was the—what shall I say? I am at a loss for a word—of the Emperor, of the Senate, and of Pallas himself, as though they wished to be pilloried before the eyes of all men, Pallas as a monument of insolence, Cæsar of complaisance, and the Senate of servility. Nor did they feel a sense of shame in trying to veil their baseness by justifying it, by putting forward such an amazing and wonderful pretext as that others, when they saw the rewards heaped upon Pallas, might be stirred up to an honourable rivalry. So cheap were the honours they bestowed—even those which Pallas did not scorn to accept. Yet there were found men of honourable extraction who strove to attain distinctions which they saw bestowed on a freedman and promised to slaves!

How happy I am that my life did not fall in those evil times, which make me blush for shame as though I had lived in them! I have not the least doubt that they affect you as they do me. I know how sensitive and honourable

your disposition is, and that you will have no difficulty therefore in thinking my resentment to be under rather than over the mark, although in some passages perhaps I have let my indignation run away with me further than I ought to have done in a letter. Farewell.

VII.—TO TACITUS.

It was not as one master to another, nor as one pupil to another, that you sent me your book—though you say it was the latter—but it was as a master to his pupil, for you are the master and I am the pupil, and whereas you summon me back to school, I am for extending the holidays. There—could I possibly have written a more involved sentence than that? Does it not absolutely prove that, so far from being worthy to be called your master, I do not deserve to be even called your pupil? None the less, I will put on the master's gown, and I will exercise the right of correcting your book which you have granted me, and will do so all the more freely because, in the meanwhile, I shall not send you any book of mine upon which you may take your revenge. Farewell.

VIII.—TO ROMANUS.

HAVE you ever seen the spring at Clitumnus? If not—and I think you have not, or else you would have told me about it—go and see it, as I have done quite recently. I only

regret that I did not visit it before. A fair-sized hill rises from the plain, well wooded, and dark with ancient cypress trees. From beneath it the spring issues and forces its way out through a number of channels, though these are of unequal size. After passing through the little whirlpool which it makes, it spreads out into a broad sheet of pure and crystal water, so clear that you can count the small coins and pebbles that have been thrown into it. Thence it is forced forward, not because of any declivity of the ground, but by its own volume and weight. So what was just before a spring now becomes a broad, noble river, deep enough for ships to navigate, and these pass to and fro and meet one another, as they travel in opposite directions. The current is so strong that a ship going down-stream moves no faster if oars are used, though the ground is dead level, but in the opposite direction it is all the men can do to row and pole their way along against the current. Those who are sailing for pleasure and amusement find it an agreeable diversion, just by turning the ship's head round, to pass from indolence to toil or from toil to indolence. The banks are clad with an abundance of ash and poplar trees, which you can count in the clear stream, for they seem to be growing bright and green in the water, which for coldness is as cold as the snows, and as transparent in colour.

Hard by is an ancient and sacred temple, where stands Jupiter Clitumnus himself clad and adorned with a prætexta, and the oracular responses delivered there prove that the deity dwells within and foretells the future.* Round about

are sprinkled a number of little chapels, each containing the statue of a god. There is a special cult for each and a particular name, and some of them have springs dedicated to them, for in addition to the one I have described, which may be called the parent spring, there are lesser ones separated from the chief one, but they all flow into the river, which is spanned by a bridge that marks the dividing line between the sacred and public water. In the upper part you are only allowed to go in a boat, the lower is also open to swimmers. The people of Hispellum, to whom the place was made over as a free gift by Augustus, have provided a public bath and accommodation; there are also some villas standing on the river bank, whose owners were attracted by the charming scenery. In a word, there is nothing there but what will delight you, for you may study and read the numerous inscriptions in praise of the spring and the deity which have been placed upon every column and every wall. Most of them you will commend, a few will make you laugh. But stay, I am forgetting that you are so kind-hearted that you will laugh at none. Farewell.

IX.—TO URSUS.

It seems ages since I took up a book or a pen, and ages since I knew what it was to do nothing, and rest and enjoy that lazy but delightful *farniente* state where you hardly know you exist. I have been so busy with my friends'

business that I have had no time for leisure or study. For no study is so important that it warrants us in neglecting to perform the offices of friendship, since this is the duty which our studies teach us to observe most religiously. Farewell.

X.—TO FABATUS.

THE more you desire to see great-grandchildren born to you in our house, the greater will be your concern to hear that your granddaughter has had a miscarriage. In her girlish ignorance she was not aware of her condition, and therefore neglected to take certain precautions which are necessary in pregnancy, and she did some imprudent things which she ought not to have done. But she has paid a very severe penalty for her mistake, for her life was in the greatest danger. Consequently, though you will be very grieved to hear in your old age that you have been cheated, so to speak, of a great-grandchild which was on its way to you, yet you must be thankful to the gods that, though they have refused you the child for the present, they have preserved your granddaughter's life, and will repair the loss later on. Of this her recent pregnancy affords a certain hope, though in this case it had such a lamentable issue. I am using the same arguments to encourage, comfort, and console you which I employ for my own consolation, for your anxiety to have great-grandchildren cannot be keener than mine is to have children, to whom, I think, I can leave a straight road

to office—thanks to their descent from you and me—names which are well known everywhere, and a family pedigree of no mushroom growth. Only let them once be born and change our grief to joy! Farewell.

XI.—TO HISPULLA.

WHEN I think of your love for your brother's daughter—a love which is even tenderer than a mother's indulgent affection—I feel that I ought to reverse the natural order of events, and tell you first what would naturally be mentioned last, so that your immediate impressions of joy may leave you no room for anxiety. Yet I am afraid you may be somewhat terrified, even after you congratulate yourself that the worst is over, and that, though you rejoice that she is out of danger, you will also shudder to think that she has been at the brink of death. However, she is quite cheerful; I feel that she is restored to me and her own self again; she is beginning to pick up her strength, and, now that she is getting convalescent, she is measuring the crisis she has passed through. But she has been in the greatest danger—I hope I may say so without offence to Heaven—and that through no fault of hers, but owing to her inexperienced age. It was to this that her miscarriage was due, and all the lamentable results arising from ignorance of her condition. Consequently, though you will be disappointed in not being solaced for the loss of your dead brother by a nephew or

a niece, you must bear in mind that that consolation is only postponed, not denied you, inasmuch as she on whom you can build your hopes has been spared to us. At the same time make excuses to your father for the mischance, though it is one that women are more ready to make allowances for than men. Farewell.

XII.—TO MINICIANUS.

I REALLY must for once take a holiday to-day, as Titinius Capito is giving a reading, and I hardly know whether my obligation or my desire to go and hear him is the greater. He is an excellent creature, quite one of the chief ornaments of our time; he is devoted to literature, and he loves literary people, giving them assistance and a helping hand whenever he can. He is a regular harbour of refuge and patron to crowds of scribblers, all of whom look up to his guidance; and it was he who restored and gave new life to the arts and sciences when they were in rapid decline. He lends his house for recitals; he is wonderfully kind in attending readings which are held elsewhere than at his house; and he certainly never failed to put in an appearance at one of my recitals, so long as he happened to be in Rome at the time. It would be all the more disgraceful for me not to return the compliment, as I have the more honourable reasons for so doing. If I were busy in the courts, should I not consider myself obliged to a friend who appeared at the appointed time to save my bail? And so

now, when I am given up heart and soul to my studies, are my obligations the less to a person who so regularly pays me the compliment of his presence, I won't say in the only matter in which he can oblige me, but certainly in the matter which obliges me most? But even if I owed him no return, no reciprocity, so to speak, of kindness, I should yet be anxious for the success of a man gifted with such charming and splendid genius, whose style, though essentially severe, is yet rendered most attractive by the dignity of his theme. He is writing an account of the deaths of distinguished men, certain of whom were very dear friends of mine. So I seem to myself to be performing a pious duty, for though I could not be present at their obsequies, yet I can attend, so to speak, at their funeral eulogies, which are all the more likely to bear the stamp of truth from the fact that they have been so long delayed. Farewell.

XIII.—TO GENIALIS.

I AM pleased that you have read my speeches with your father at your side. It will help you vastly to get on, to have a splendid scholar to tell you which passages deserve praise, and which the reverse, and that you should be trained to make a practice of giving a true opinion. You see whom you ought to follow, and in whose footsteps you should tread. You are indeed lucky to have a living model to copy, who is one of the best of men, and also

your nearest relative; and lucky that he, whom of all others you ought to imitate, is the very person to whom Nature has willed that you should bear the greatest resemblance. Farewell.

XIV.—TO ARISTON.

As you are such a good authority on both private and public law—the latter of which includes the regulations of the Senate—I particularly wish you to tell me whether or not I made a mistake at the last meeting of that body, not, of course, for the sake of being put right with regard to a past action, which is now too late to mend, but that I may know what to do in the future, in case a similar emergency arises. You will say—"Why do you ask for information on a question with which you ought to be quite familiar?" My answer is that the servitude of the last few reigns has made men forget and lose all knowledge of the Senatorial privileges, just as it made them forget other honourable professions. For how few people have the patience to wish to learn what they will never have an opportunity of practising; and it is also to be remembered how difficult it is to bear in mind what you have learned if you never practise it. Consequently, when liberty was restored it found us inexperienced and all at sea, and we are so charmed by its sweetness that we are compelled to do certain things before we have learned the way to do them.

The old custom of Rome was for young people to learn

from their elders the proper course of conduct, by watching their behaviour as well as by listening to their spoken instructions, and they afterwards and in turn, so to speak, taught their juniors in the same way. When they were growing up, they had camp duties drilled into them without loss of time, that, by obeying, they might grow accustomed to command, and learn by following the art of leading; then, when they were standing for office, they used to haunt the doors of the Senate-house, and watch the course of public business before ever they took part therein. Each one took his parent for his guide, or, if he had no parent, he chose the noblest and most aged senator to supply the place of one. They were taught by practical examples—and that is the surest way of imparting knowledge—what were the powers of the mover of a resolution, what the regulations governing those who spoke to a motion, the powers of the magistrates, and the privileges of the ordinary members, when they ought to give way, when to show opposition and keep silence, what limits to set to their speeches, how to weigh the merits of rival propositions, how to discuss a rider tacked on to an original motion—in fact, the whole duty of a senator.

But when we were young men, although it is true that we served in the army, it was at a time when virtue was suspected, when idleness obtained promotion, when generals had no authority, and soldiers no respect for their leaders, when no one knew how to command and how to obey, when everything was in a state of chaos and disorder, and turned topsy-turvy, and when the lessons one learned deserved

rather to be forgotten than remembered. We, too, attended the Senate-house as spectators, but it was a trembling and tongueless body, for to speak your mind was perilous, and to speak against your conscience was a wretched and miserable performance. What lessons could we learn at such a time, and what profit could we get by learning them, when the Senate was only summoned to idle its time away, or to perpetrate some piece of villainy, when the meeting was prolonged, either to cover the senators with ridicule, or sentence some poor wretch to die, while the debates were never serious, though they often involved tragic consequences. When we became senators we took our place in this lamentable state of affairs, and witnessed and endured these crying scandals for many a long year. We have enjoyed but a short time—for the happiest time always appears the shortest—in which we have had the heart to learn what our powers really are, and to put those powers into execution. So I have all the better claim to ask you, first, to pardon my mistake, if indeed I made one, and then that you will put me right from your store of knowledge, inasmuch as you have always made a special study of private and public law, both ancient and modern, and are as familiar with the by-ways as with the beaten track of your subject. For my own part, I think that even the lawyers, who, by constant handling of all sorts of constitutional questions, come to know almost everything, are by no means at home with—even if they are not wholly without experience of—the kind of question which I am putting

before you. So there will be all the more excuse for me if I did make a mistake, and you will deserve all the more praise if you can set me right on a point which I doubt whether you have come across in your experience.

The motion before the Senate was concerned with the freedmen of the consul Afranius Dexter, who had come to a violent end, but it was not clear whether he had met his death at the hands of his own people, and, even supposing he had, no one knew whether they had foully murdered him, or whether he had commanded them to kill him. One proposal—if you ask “whose?” I admit it was my own, though that has no bearing on the matter—was that these freedmen should be set at liberty after being put to the question; another was that they should be banished to an island; and a third was that they should be put to death. In other words, the proposals showed such diversity of view that they could not be reconciled, and had to stand or fall singly. For what is there in common between execution and banishment? Obviously nothing more than between banishment and acquittal, though there is a nearer approximation to a sentence of banishment in a sentence of acquittal than in a sentence of execution, inasmuch as the latter robs a man of the life which is left him by the other two. However, for the time being, those who were in favour of banishment sat on the same side of the house as those who advocated execution, and by this temporary pretence of agreement adjourned, so to speak, the differences between them. I demanded that the three parties should

be counted singly, and that no two parties should join forces by a momentary truce. In other words, I strongly pressed that those who thought the freedmen should be put to death should separate themselves from those who advocated banishment, and should not crowd together to outvote those in favour of an acquittal, when they were sure to disagree among themselves a little later; my argument being that, as they were not agreed on the same policy, their agreement in disapproving a third policy was of little account. What seemed to me so extraordinary was that he who had proposed that the freedmen should be banished and the slaves put to the question should be forced to vote separately thereon, while he who was for passing sentence of death should vote on the same side as those who were for banishment. For if it were right that a separate vote should be taken on the first proposal, because it really contained two, I could not see how the proposals of those who advocated such widely different sentences could be justly joined together. Permit me, therefore, to explain to you why I held that view, as though I were in the Senate-house again; to deal with a *chose jugée*, as though no decision had yet been arrived at; and to string together, now that I am at my leisure, the reasons which then I could only urge in a disconnected way, owing to the number of interruptions.

Let us suppose that the decision of this case lies with just three judges, and that one of them is in favour of the freedmen being put to death, another advocating banishment, and the third acquittal. Will those in favour of the

first two join forces and overcome the third, or will each one of them be taken separately and have just as much weight as the other two, there being no more chance of the first and second joining forces than of the second and third? Similarly in the Senate, when men propose resolutions which are incompatible with one another, they ought not to be found on the same side when the votes are counted. If one and the same person proposes that criminals should be both put to death and banished, how are the criminals, in accordance with the sentence, to suffer both punishments? In a word, how can a sentence be reckoned as a single one when it joins together two such incompatible propositions? Similarly, when one person proposes death and another banishment, is the sentence any the more to be considered as one because it is proposed by two people, when it was not so considered on being proposed by one person? Well, then, does not the law clearly tell us that proposals for death and banishment ought to be taken separately, when it uses the following words as a formula for a division?—"All you who agree go to this side of the house, and all who are in favour of any other course go to that part of the house where others think like you." Take the words one by one and see what they mean. "All who agree"—that means all you who are for banishment. "To this side of the house"—that means to the side on which the member who advocated banishment is sitting. Hence it is clear that those who are in favour of death cannot remain on the same side. "All who are in favour of any

other course"—here you notice that the law is not content to say, "some other course," but strengthens it by saying, "any other course." Can there be any question that they who advocate death "are in favour of any other course," compared with those who advocate banishment? "Go to that part of the house where others think like you"—does not the law itself seem to call, impel, and drive those who disagree to go to the opposite side? Does not the Consul also—not only with this formula, but by a wave of the hand and gesture—point out to each where he ought to stay, or to which side he ought to cross over?

But it may be objected that if a separate vote is taken on the proposals for death and banishment, the proposal for acquittal may carry the day. Granted, but what has that to do with those who give their votes? It certainly would be a scandal if they were to strain every nerve and resort to every possible artifice to prevent the more humane sentence from being carried. Or it may be urged that those who are for death and banishment should first vote together against those who are in favour of acquittal, and afterwards vote against one another. That is to say, just as at the public games it sometimes happens that, in the drawing of the lots, a gladiator draws a bye and is put on one side to cope with the victor of an early round, so in the Senate there are first rounds and second rounds, and there may be a third proposition waiting to be pitted against the winner of other two propositions. But what of the fact that, if the first proposition is approved, the others will fall to the

ground? How can one justify the refusal to give all the propositions the same equal chances, when, after a division has taken place, the equality of chances is gone for ever? Let me sum the matter up in plainer language. My point is that, unless those who are in favour of the death sentence at once withdraw to another part of the house as soon as the proposer of the sentence of banishment makes his speech, it will be no good their disagreeing with him afterwards, when but a moment before they were agreeing with him.

But why do I write as though I were teaching you law, when my desire is to learn from you whether these propositions ought to have been split up, and separate divisions taken or not? It is true that I carried my point, but I none the less ask you whether I ought to have pressed it. But how did I carry my point? you ask. Why, the senator who proposed the death sentence—whether he was convinced by the strict legality of my demand I can't say, but its equity certainly convinced him—withdrew his proposal, and joined forces with the mover of the sentence of banishment. He was afraid, I fancy, that if the proposals were voted on separately, as it seemed probable they would be, he would be outvoted by those who were in favour of an acquittal. For there were far more in favour of this course alone than in favour of the other two put together. Thereupon those whom he had brought over to his way of thinking, on finding themselves deserted by him when he crossed over, abandoned a proposal which even its mover had turned his

back upon, and continued, as it were, to follow his lead when he changed his camp as they had done when he acted as their leader. So the three proposals dwindled to two, and one of the two remaining ones carried the day; the third one simply dropped out, for when its supporters saw that they could not overcome the other two, they took their choice to which of the other two they would submit. Farewell.

XV.—TO JUNIOR.

I HAVE laden you heavily by sending you all these volumes at once, but I have done so, first, because you asked me to, and, secondly, because you tell me that your vintage is so slight that I may be quite certain that you will have time, as the saying goes, to read a book. I am getting similar reports from my own estates, and so I shall have plenty of leisure to write compositions for you to read, if only I can find a place to buy paper. If the paper is rough or spongy I must either refrain from writing at all, or else, whatever I write, good or bad, I cannot help but smudge.

XVI.—TO PATERNUS.

I HAVE been greatly upset by illness in my household, some of my servants having died, and at an early age. I

have two consolations, which, though they are by no means equivalent to my grief, do certainly afford me comfort. One is, that I have been generous in giving them their freedom,—for I do not consider that I have lost them altogether immaturely when they died free men,—and the other is, that I allow my slaves to make, as it were, valid wills, and I preserve them as I should strictly legal documents. They lay their commissions and requests before me just as they please, and I carry them out as though I were obeying an order. They have full power to divide their property and leave donations and bequests as they will, provided that the beneficiaries are members of my household, for with slaves their master's house takes the place of commonwealth and state. But though I have these consolations to make my mind easier, I feel shattered and broken by just that same sense of common humanity which led me to grant them these indulgences. Not that I wish I were harder of heart. I am quite aware that there are other people who call misfortunes of this kind a mere pecuniary loss, and plume themselves thereon as great men and wise. Whether they are great and wise I do not know, but they certainly are not men. The true man is sensible to pain and feeling, and even while he fights against his trouble admits consolations; he is not a person who never knows the need of comfort. Perhaps I have written more than I ought, though it is still less than I desired. For there is a certain pleasure even in feeling pain, especially if your tears are falling while the arm of a friend is around

you, and he is ready to applaud or excuse them as they fall. Farewell.

XVII.—TO MACRINUS.

HAVE you, where you are, been having inclement and tempestuous weather? Here we have had nothing but storm after storm and constant deluges of rain. Tiber has deserted his proper channel and is now deep over the more low-lying banks. In spite of the drainage of the ditches constructed with great foresight by the Emperor, the river overwhelms the valleys; all the fields are under water, and wherever the ground is level there you can see only water in place of dry ground. Consequently, instead of receiving as usual the streams which flow into it and carrying off their waters mingled with its own, it places as it were a barrier in their path and checks their progress, and so covers the fields, which it does not touch itself, with an alien flood. Even the Anio, that daintiest of rivers, so dainty that it seems to be tempted to linger by the villas on its banks, has thrown down and carried off in great measure the woods which lend it their shade; it has overthrown mountains, and then, shut in by the masses of *débris*, has overturned buildings in its efforts to regain its lost channel, and raised and spread itself upon their ruins. Those who were caught by the storm upon higher ground saw everywhere around them, here the wreck of rich and splendid furniture, there the implements of husbandry, oxen and

ploughs and their drivers, mingled with herds of cattle, loose and free from restraint, with trunks of trees and cross-beams from ruined villas, all floating to and fro in wide confusion. Nor have those places which lay too high for the river to reach them escaped disaster. For, instead of being inundated by the river, they suffered from continued rains and whirlwinds, which rushed down from the rain-clouds, which tore down the hedges enclosing their rich fields, and shook the public buildings to their foundations when they did not lay them low. A number of people have been maimed, overwhelmed, and crushed by these accidents, and so their material losses have been made the heavier by their being thrown into mourning. I am much afraid that you, where you are, will have had a similar experience proportionate to the dangers of your position; and I beg of you, if you have not, to relieve my anxiety on your account as soon as possible, and if you have, that you will tell me all about it. For it makes little difference whether you actually meet with disaster or only apprehend it, except that you can put a limit to your grief, but not to your fears. Our griefs can be apportioned to what we know has befallen us, but our apprehensions rise to what may befall us. Farewell.

XVIII.—TO RUFINUS.

THOUGH it is commonly thought that a man's character can be seen in his will, as clearly almost as in a mirror, that idea

is quite a delusion. For example, there is the case of Domitius Tullus, who has shown himself to be a much better man at his death than ever he was in life; for, though he had allowed the legacy-hunters to fasten upon him, he has left as his heiress the daughter whom he shared with his brother—for she was really his brother's child, and he had adopted her. He has given his grandson a number of most acceptable legacies; nor did he forget his great-grandchild. In a word, his will was full of family affection, which was the more striking as it was entirely unexpected.

Consequently, everywhere in Rome people are talking about it, and passing very different verdicts. Some are saying that he was an ungrateful and perfidious hypocrite, though, in so attacking him, they give themselves away by confessing the baseness of their motives, inasmuch as they are finding fault with a man who was a father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, as though he had been without a relative in the world. Others again praise him loudly just because he cheated the hopes of rascals whom, as the times are what they are, it is prudent to deceive in the way he did. Moreover, they say that he was not at liberty to leave any other will at his death, and that he did not so much bequeath his riches to his daughter as restore them to her, inasmuch as it was through her that he acquired them. For Curtilius Mancius, who hated his son-in-law, Domitius Lucanus,—the brother of Tullus,—had made Lucanus's daughter, who was his own granddaughter, his heiress, only on condition that she was allowed to pass out of her father's control. Her

father therefore made her free, and her uncle adopted her, and so Mancia's will was practically evaded, the brother, who was a partner in the spoils, restoring the daughter after she had been emancipated from her father's power back to it again by the trick of adoption, and giving back at the same time her rich inheritance.

In other instances also these two brothers seemed to be fated to become rich, though that was the very last thing that those who enriched them desired. Indeed, Domitius Afer, who gave them his name by adopting them, left a will signed eighteen years before, which he disapproved to such an extent subsequently that he caused the property of their father to be confiscated. His harshness was just as remarkable as their good luck, for it was equally strange that he should be so harsh as to procure the banishment of a man whose children he had adopted, and that they should be so lucky as to find a father in the very person who had driven their father into banishment. But the property he inherited from Afer, as well as the other spoils which he and his brother acquired together, was also properly passed on to his brother's daughter, as he had made Tullus his sole heir in preference to his daughter, in order to induce his brother to be more kindly disposed to her. That makes the will the more praiseworthy, as it was inspired by feelings of family affection, loyalty, and shame, and as it contained legacies to all his relatives, according to their respective merits, besides one to his wife.

The latter came in for some very charming villas and a large

sum of money. She was an excellent wife, and had shown herself the very soul of patience, and she deserved all the more of her husband because she had been severely blamed for marrying him. For she was a woman of distinguished family, she bore a fine character, she was already well advanced in years and had long been a widow, and had had children by a previous husband. Hence it was thought that she was scarcely acting with a proper sense of what was expected of her in marrying a rich old man, who was such a confirmed invalid that he must have worn out the patience of the wife whom he had married when he was young and healthy. He was so crippled and racked in every limb that he had no other means of enjoying his great riches than by looking at them, and he could not even turn himself in bed without assistance. So weak was he that he had to get others to clean and wash his teeth for him—a pitiful detail that revolts one's imagination. He was often heard to say, when bewailing the indignities to which his weakness exposed him, that he licked every day the fingers of his own slaves. Yet he kept on living and clung to life, thanks mainly to his wife's nursing, who, by her patience, turned to praise the reproaches of those who blamed her for entering into the match.

There, I have told you all the gossip of the town, for Tullus is the universal theme. The sale of his effects is being greatly looked forward to, for he had such a store of things that on the very day on which he bought some large gardens he furnished them with a number of rare old statues.

So great was his stock of the choicest works of art which he had stored away, and to which he used to pay no attention whatever. I hope that if anything occurs in your neighbourhood that is worth writing about, you will not think it too much trouble to send me a letter, for not only is news pleasant to listen to, but we learn by concrete examples the lessons by which to mould our lives. Farewell.

XIX.—To MAXIMUS.

I FIND in study both delight and consolation. There is nothing in the world so pleasant as to give more pleasure than study can bestow, and there is no sorrow so grievous that it cannot alleviate. So while I have been sorely troubled by the illness of my wife and the ill-health of my household, some of whom even have died, I have fled to study as the one and only thing that could assuage my grief, for, while making me more sensible of my trouble, it also helps me to bear it with greater patience. But I have a habit of asking my friends to lend me their critical faculties upon any book which I am about to publish to the world, and I especially ask for yours. Will you please give special attention, closer even than you have given before, to the volume which you will receive with this letter, for I am afraid that, owing to my depression of spirit, I have hardly bestowed upon it the pains I ought. I could, indeed, master my grief sufficiently to write, but not sufficiently to write without preoccupation

of mind and sadness of heart, for while on the one hand study leads to happiness, so on the other it needs a cheerful frame of mind before one can study to best advantage. Farewell.

XX.—TO GALLUS.

THOUGH we often take long journeys and cross the seas to examine curiosities, we neglect them when they lie beneath our very eyes, either because Nature has made us prone to be heedless of what is near to our hands, and intent only upon what lies at a distance from us, or because the more easy a thing is of access the less our desire to see it becomes, or because we postpone the journey with the idea that we shall frequently pay a visit to what we can see as often as we feel the inclination thereto. But whatever the reason may be, there are many objects of interest in our city and near to it which we have not even heard of, much less seen, though if they had been located in Achaia, Egypt, Asia, or any other land which is rich in marvels and advertises them well, we should have heard of them, read of them, and examined them long ago.

I myself quite recently was told of and visited a curiosity which I had never visited or heard of before. My wife's grandfather had induced me to inspect his estates at Ameria. While I was walking round them I had pointed out to me a sheet of water called Lake Vadimon, which lay close by, and at the same time I heard some extra-

ordinary stories concerning it. I went to see it. The lake is circular in shape, exactly like a wheel lying on the ground, and it is perfectly round. There are no indentations in the side, and no irregularities; all the measurements are exactly equal, as though it were an artificial sheet of water hollowed out and cut to a plan. In colour it is clearer than azure, the tint being greener and sharper; it has a sulphurous smell and a medicinal taste, with properties that are excellent for strengthening fractured limbs. In size it is but moderate, yet large enough to feel the effects of the winds and to break into waves. No boat is allowed on its surface,—for it is sacred water,—but there are islands floating in it, all of which are covered with reeds and rushes, and with the various plants which grow in greater profusion in the marshy ground and at the extremities of the lake itself. Each island has its distinct shape and size, and all are smooth at the sides, for they are constantly driven against the shore and against one another, and the edges of each are thus worn away. They all stand at an equal height out of the water and are equally heavy, while their roots, which do not go deep down, are shaped like the keel of a ship. This form of theirs can be seen from all sides, and is just as much out of the water as in it. Sometimes the islands are joined together in a string and look like one piece of land; sometimes they are dispersed by the winds in different directions; and occasionally they float along singly and separately when the lake is perfectly still. Often the smaller islands cling alongside the larger ones, like small boats in tow of a big ship; often both

large and small seem, as it were, to choose their own course and race with one another ; or at other times they are all driven into the same corner and form an addition to the shore where they are clustered together, making the lake smaller, and then restoring it to its full size, first in one spot and then in another, and only leaving its size unaltered when they are out in the middle of it.

It is no uncommon thing* for cattle while grazing to walk on to the islands, which they take to be the edge of the shore, nor do they discover the instability of the ground upon which they are standing until they are torn from the bank, and are terrified at the lake surrounding them on all sides, as though they had been transported and set down where they find themselves. Then, when they make their escape at the point whither their island is blown by the wind, they no more know when they have set foot on land than they were aware of having stepped on to an island. This same lake finds outlet in a river which, after running above-ground for a little while, is lost to sight in a cave, and pursues its course at a great depth ; but if any object is thrown into it before it is drawn below, it preserves it and throws it up again at its outlet. I have given you these details because I fancy that they are as new to you as they were to me, for you and I are alike in this respect, that we find our greatest pleasures in the works of Nature. Farewell.

XXI.—TO ARRIAN.

As in my daily life, so in my studies I think it is most becoming as well as most natural for a man to mingle grave and gay together, lest too much gravity should result in austerity, and too much gaiety in wantonness. That is what leads me to intersperse my more serious works with trifles and playful poems. I chose the most suitable time and place for launching them, and, after having had desks placed before the couches, I called together my friends in the month of July, when law business is at its quietest, in order that my poems might get accustomed to receive a hearing from lazy people over dinner. It so happened that on that very day I was summoned to take part as counsel in a case which came on very suddenly, and this made it necessary for me to say something by way of preface. I begged that no one would think me disrespectful because I had not kept clear of the courts and business on a day when I was to give a reading, especially as my auditors were to be a select number of my friends, that is to say, people who were doubly my friends. I added that I made it an invariable rule in my writing to put business before pleasure, and take serious matter before amusements, and that my first object as I wrote was to please my friends and then myself.

My volume was a *mélange* of different subjects and metres, for those of us who are not quite sure about our genius choose variety, in order to minimise the risk of

boring our readers. The reading lasted for two days, this being necessitated by the applause of my audience; for though some people in giving a reading skip whole passages, and by so doing imply that what they skip is bad, I never pass over a word, and I even boldly acknowledge that I do not. I read every line in order that I may correct every line, and this cannot be done by those who read only selected passages. You may say that the other course is the more modest, and perhaps shows a greater regard for the audience. It may be so, but my plan is the more frank and the more friendly. For it is the man who is so sure of the affection of his audience that he is not afraid of wearying them, who is their real friend; and, besides, what are acquaintances worth if they merely come to your house to gratify themselves alone? He who prefers to listen to a good volume written by his friend rather than help to make it a good volume, is a self-indulgent fellow, who is no better than a mere stranger.

I don't doubt that you, with your usual kindness towards me, are anxious to read this book of mine, which is still quite new, as soon as possible. Well, you shall, but only when it has been carefully revised, for that was the object I had in view when I gave the reading. With parts of it, indeed, you are already familiar, but these I have subsequently changed, either for better or possibly for worse, - as is sometimes the case, when we revise long after the original was written, - and when you read them you will find that they are new to you and entirely re-written. For when we

have made a number of alterations, even the passages which have not been touched seem to have been altered too. Farewell.

XXII.—To GEMINUS.

DID you ever come across people who are themselves the slaves of all kinds of passions, yet are so indignant at the vices of others as to appear to grudge them their viciousness—people who show no mercy to those whom they most resemble in character? And this in spite of the fact that those who themselves need the charitable judgment of others ought above all things to be lenient in their judgments! For my own part, I consider the best and most finished type of man to be the person who is always ready to make allowances for others, on the ground that never a day passes without his being in fault himself, yet who keeps as clear of faults as if he never pardoned them in others. Let this be our rule, then, at home and out-of-doors, and in every department of life, to be remorseless in our judgment of ourselves, yet considerate even to those who are incapable of overlooking faults in any but themselves; let us ever keep in remembrance that favourite saying of Thræsea, who was one of the gentlest and therefore one of the noblest of men: "He who detests men's vices, detests mankind." You may ask what has moved me to write in this strain. Well, just recently a certain person—— but no; it will be better to tell you all about it when we meet, or, better still,

not to mention it even then, for I am afraid that, if I indulge in any bitter criticism and fault-finding, I shall be breaking the very rule which I have just been laying down. So let me keep my lips shut as to the identity and quality of the person in question, for to give his name would not point the moral any better, and to refrain from giving it is a much more charitable act. Farewell.

XXIII.—TO MARCELLINUS.

THE poignancy of my grief at the death of Junius Avitus has quite prostrated me. It has interrupted all my studies, cut me off from all my other duties, and robbed me of all my usual recreations. It was in my house that he first put on the laticlave; it was my interest which had helped him in all his elections for office, and he had such an affection and so much respect for me that he used to take me as his model in character, and look upon me as his teacher. Among the young men of our time there have not been many who have acted thus, for how few of them there are who show the deference proper to youth to a person of age and position! They think they are wisdom personified, and that they know everything at once; they pay respect to no one; they imitate no one; they are their own models. But it was not so with Avitus, who showed his wisdom most in recognising that others were wiser than he was, and his learning by the fact that he was always eager to learn.

He used constantly to be consulting his friends, either on some point in his studies, or on some point of social duty, and every time he went away with the consciousness of self-improvement. And improved he certainly was, either from the advice that had been given him, or from the mere fact of his having sought information. How deferential he showed himself to Servianus, that most punctilious of men ! When the latter was legate, and was passing from Germany into Pannonia, Avitus was military tribune, and he thoroughly understood his chief's character and charmed him, escorting him on his journey, not so much as a colleague in arms, but as a companion and admirer. When he was quæstor, how attentive he was to his duties, how modest in his bearing to the consuls,—and he served a considerable number,—making himself not only pleasant and agreeable, but rendering them real services ! How eager and assiduous he was to obtain the ædileship from which he has been so prematurely torn away !

It is this which makes my grief so poignant, more even than anything else, when I think of all his labour being thrown away, all his now fruitless entreaties, and the honour which he so thoroughly deserved. I call to mind his putting on the *laticlave* in my own house, and all the canvassing I did for him at his first and last elections, all our conversations and consultations. I grieve when I think how young he was, and how his relatives are left sorrowing. His father is stricken in years ; there is his wife, whom he married as a girl only a year ago ; there is his daughter, who was born to

him just before he died. To think of so many hopes and so much joy being turned to despair in a single day! Just appointed ædile-designate, but recently married and just become a father, he has left behind him his honours un-enjoyed, his mother childless, his wife a widow, his infant daughter deprived of the privilege of knowing her grandfather and father. It makes my tears flow the more to think that I was away at the time, and in ignorance of the blow that was to fall, and that I heard at one and the same moment that he was ill and that he was dead, and so had no time to grow accustomed to so terrible a shock. I am in such grief in writing this letter that I can touch on no other subject, and indeed I can neither think nor speak of anything else. Farewell.

XXIV.—TO MAXIMUS.

My affection for you is such that I feel compelled not to direct you,—for you have no need of a director,—but to strongly advise you to keep in strict remembrance certain points that you are well aware of, and to realise their truth even more than you now do. Bear in mind that you have been sent to the province of Achaia, which is the real and genuine Greece, where the humanities, literature, and even the science of agriculture are believed to have been discovered; that your mission is to regulate the status of the free cities, or, in other words, that you will have to deal

with men who are really men and free, men who have preserved the rights, given to them by nature, by their own virtues, merits, friendship, and by the ties of treaties and religious observance. Pay all due respect to the gods and the names of the gods, whom they regard as their founders; respect their ancient glory, and just that quality of age which in a man is venerable, but in cities is hallowed. Show deference to antiquity, to glorious deeds, and even to their legends. Do not whittle away any man's dignity or liberties, or even humble any one's self-conceit. Keep constantly before you the thought that this is the land which sent us our constitutional rights, and gave us our laws, not as a conqueror, but in answer to our request.

Remember that the city you are going to is Athens, that the city you will govern is Lacedæmon, and that it would be a brutal, savage, and barbarous deed to take from them the shadow and name of liberty, which are all that now remain to them. You will have noticed that though there is no difference between slaves and freemen when they are in ill-health, the freemen receive gentler and milder treatment at the hands of their medical attendants. Remember, therefore, the past of each city, not that you may despise it for ceasing to be great—no, let there be no trace of haughtiness and disdain in your conduct. Do not be afraid that people will despise you for your kindness, for is any man with full military command and the fasces despised, unless he is craven-spirited or mean, or first shows that he despises himself? It is a bad thing when a governor

learns to feel his power by subjecting others to indignities, and a bad thing again when a man makes his power respected by striking terror into those around him. Affection is a far more potent lever by which to obtain what you desire than fear. For fear vanishes when you are absent, but affection remains; and while the former turns to hate, the latter turns to reverence. You must constantly remember—for I will repeat what I said before—to bear in mind the real meaning of the title of your official position, and think what an important duty you are performing in regulating the status of the free cities. For what is more important in civil societies than proper regulations, and what is more precious than freedom? How scandalous it would be if order were to be turned into confusion, and liberty into slavery! You must also remember that you have to rival your own past record; you are burdened by the excellent reputation which you brought back from Bithynia with you after your quæstorship, by the testimonials given you by the Emperor, by your tribuneship, prætorship, and by this very mission, which was assigned to you as a sort of reward for your splendid services. So you will have to do your best to prevent people from thinking that you have shown greater humanity, integrity, and tact in a far-off province than in one nearer Rome, among slaves than among freemen, and to prevent their thinking that you were chosen for the mission by chance rather than by premeditation, and that you were an untried and unknown man, and not one of tried and proved experience. More

over, as you have often heard and read, it is much more disgraceful to lose a good reputation than to fail to win one.

As I said at the outset, I want you to take these words as those of a friend who is advising and not directing you, although I do direct you also, for I have no fear—such is my affection for you—of going beyond the limits of propriety. There is no danger of transgressing where the limits ought to be unbounded. Farewell.

BOOK IX.

BOOK IX.

I.—TO MAXIMUS.

I HAVE often advised you to publish at the earliest possible opportunity the speeches which you composed either in your defence or against Planta, or, I should rather say, in your defence and against Planta, for so the subject-matter required. Now that I hear of his death, I do most earnestly beg and advise you to publish them. For though you have read them to a number of people and lent them to others, I should not like any one to think that you had not begun to write them until after his death, when they were already finished during his lifetime. Take care to preserve your reputation for firmness of character, as you will if you make it known both to your friends and enemies that you did not wait until your antagonist was dead before plucking up confidence enough to write, but that the edition was already prepared, and that he died before it could be published. By so doing, you will also escape the odium of glorying over the dead, which, as Homer says, is not seemly. For what has been written about a man in his lifetime may, if it be issued without delay, be published against him after he is dead, just as though he were still alive. If, therefore,

you have any other work on your hands, postpone it for the time being, and carry through the publication of the speeches in question, which seemed to us who read them to be quite finished long ago. I hope you will now take the same view of it, for the matter is one which calls for no delay; indeed, the circumstances are such as to demand expedition. Farewell.

II.—TO SABINUS.

It is very kind of you to press me to write to you as many letters as possible, and as long as possible. I have been chary in so doing, partly because I was afraid you were very busy, and partly because I myself have been kept going with dull, dreary work, which not only abstracts, but deadens one's energies. Besides, I have not really had anything to write about at greater length. For my position is vastly different from that of Marcus Tullius, whom you exhort me to take as my model. He not only had abundant wit, but his wit was kept well supplied with a variety of all-important subjects on which to exercise it. Whereas you can see for yourself, without my telling you, within what narrow limits I am confined, unless, indeed, I choose to send you letters full of points of philosophy and mere exercises of the study. But I fancy that would be scarcely suitable, when I think of you in your armour, living in camp, with the military horns and trumpets sounding round you, amid the sweat and dust, and heat of the sun. That,

I consider, is a valid excuse for me, but I don't know whether I quite want you to think it valid. For when a man has a strong affection for his friends, he is apt to refuse all excuses for their letters being short, though he knows that their apologies are perfectly reasonable. Farewell.

III.—TO PAULINUS.

WHATEVER view other people may take, I think he is the happiest man who enjoys in his lifetime the certain knowledge that his fame is good and lasting, and, sure of the judgment of posterity, lives and enjoys the glory that will be his in time to come. Had I not this reward of immortality before my eyes, nothing would please me more than a life of luxurious and profound repose. For I think that all men ought to consider that their reputation may be either imperishable or perishable; that those who desire the former ought to live laborious days, and the latter take things easily and slackly, and not worry their short lives with work that is bound to crumble away, as I see so many men do, who, after wasting their energies in a miserable and thankless kind of industry, only come to realise that their work is worthless. I am speaking to you as I speak to myself every day, though I may change my tone of converse with myself if you disagree with me. However, I know you will not, for you are for ever scheming out some noble and immortal work. Farewell.

IV.—TO MACRINUS.

I SHOULD be afraid of your thinking the speech which you will receive with this letter to be of undue length, were it not one of those which seem to be constantly beginning afresh and coming to new terminations. For each accusation may be considered a fresh subject. So, wherever you begin and wherever you leave off, you will be able to take up the thread of what follows as though you were commencing anew and it all hung together; and, though the work as a whole may seem very long, its separate parts are very short. Farewell.

V.—TO TIRO.

You are doing splendidly,—you see I make inquiries about you,—and I hope you will continue to commend your love of justice to the provincials with courtesy and kindness to all. One of the principal tokens of justice is to make friends of all persons of merit, and to acquire the affection of your inferiors, while securing for yourself that of your superiors. There are many people who, in their anxiety not to appear to be standing too well with those in power, acquire a reputation for stand-offishness and sour temper. That is a fault from which you are far removed, I know; but I cannot refrain, in expressing my approval of your conduct, from urging you to be careful to recognise distinctions of

class and rank, for, if they be confused, and mixed up, and jumbled together, nothing can be more unequal than the appearance of equality which is thus produced. Farewell.

VI.—TO CALVISIUS.

I HAVE been spending all my time here among my tablets and books as quietly as I could wish. "How is that possible," you ask, "in Rome?" Well, the Circensian games have been on, and that is a kind of spectacle which has not the slightest attraction for me. There is no novelty, no variety in it, nothing which one wants to see twice. Hence I am the more amazed that so many thousands of men should be eager, like a pack of children, to see horses running time after time, and the charioteers bending over their cars. There might be some reason for their enthusiasm if it was the speed of the horses or the skill of the drivers that was the attraction, but it is the racing-colours which they favour, and the racing-colours that fire their love. If, in the middle of the course and during the race itself, the colours were to be changed, their enthusiasm and partisanship would change with them, and they would suddenly desert the drivers and the horses, whom they recognise afar and whose names they shout aloud. Such is the influence and authority vested in one cheap tunic, I don't say with the common crowd,—for that is even cheaper than the tunic,—but with certain men of position; and when I

consider that they can sit for so long without growing tired, looking on at such a fruitless, cheerless, and tedious sport, I really feel a sort of pleasure in the thought that what they take delight in has no charm for me. Thus it is that I have been only too glad to pass my leisure time among my books during the race-meeting, while others have been wasting their days in the most idle occupations. Farewell.

VII.—TO ROMANUS.

You tell me that you are building. That is well, and gives me the countenance I wanted, for I shall be able to justify my building, now that we are both in the same boat. Moreover, there is this further similarity, that while you are building by the sea-side, I am building by the Larian Lake. I have several villas on its shores, but there are two in particular which are special favourites of mine, and at the same time exercise my mind a good deal. One is situated on a rocky spur and overlooks the lake, like the villas at Baïæ, and the other is on the margin of the lake, equally after the Baïæ fashion. I like to call the one "Tragedy" and the other "Comedy," because the former is supported, as it were, by the buskin, and the latter by the sock. Each has special charms of its own, and each seems the pleasanter when one lives in it by reason of its dissimilarity from the other. The one has a closer, the other a more extensive view of the lake; the one commands a single

gently-curving bay, the other, perched on its lofty ridge, lies between two bays; in the one there is a long, level exercise ground stretching along the shore, in the other there is a spacious terrace with an easy slope; the one does not feel the contact of the waves, the other breaks their progress; from the one you can look upon the people fishing, from the other you can fish yourself, and may throw your line from your bedroom, and almost from your bed, as though you were in a small boat. Such are the reasons which lead me to build on to these villas the additions they require, just because they are so charming as they are. But why should I give you a reason, when the fact that I am following your example is reason sufficient for you? Farewell.

VIII.—TO AUGURINUS.

IF I begin to sing your praises after the way you have sung mine, I am afraid you will fancy that I am merely returning the compliment and not saying what I really think. Well, I must risk that, for I consider all your writings are most charming, especially those in which you refer to myself. And this comes about for one and the same reason, for you are at your best when you are writing about your friends; and I, as I read, think you write best when you refer to me. Farewell.

IX.—TO COLONUS.

I quite understand and appreciate how deeply you are cut up by the death of Pompeius Quintianus, so much so that your sense of his loss seems to make the dead man all the dearer to you. You are not like the majority of people, who only love the living, or rather pretend that they love them, and do not even make that pretence, unless they see that their friends are prosperous, for they forget the unfortunate just as they forget the dead. But your loyalty is abiding, and your love is so constant that it can only be ended by your death. Then again, Heaven knows how well Quintianus deserved to be loved just as he loved others. He loved his friends in their prosperity; if they were in trouble, he protected them; when they died, he missed them sorely. How you could read his honesty in his face; how carefully he weighed his words in conversation; how evenly he mingled gaiety and gravity of demeanour! An earnest student, a man of ripe judgment, with what filial affection he lived with a father whose character was the very opposite of his, and yet his excellence as a son did not prevent people acknowledging his excellences as a man. But why do I make your trouble harder to bear? Yet, after all, your love for this young man was such that you would prefer me to write as I have done rather than say nothing about him, me of all people, inasmuch as you think that a few words of praise from me

will be an ornament to his life, will help to perpetuate his memory, and will restore to him the youth from which he has been snatched away. Farewell.

X.—TO TACITUS.

I AM anxious to obey your injunctions, but there is such a scarcity of wild boars that it is quite impossible for me to pay equal attention, as you say I ought, to both Minerva and Diana. And so I needs must serve Minerva alone, but in a dainty way, as it is summer time and I am holiday-making. On my journey hither I wrote a few light pieces, fit only to be torn up at once, in the bubbling strain with which people gossip together in a carriage. I have added some others here in my country house when I had nothing else to do. And so the poems which you think ought to be finished off to best advantage amid the groves and woods are taking a rest. I have revised one or two little speeches, though that is not an agreeable or charming class of work, and more resembles the hard labour of the country than its pleasures. Farewell.

XI.—TO GEMINUS.

I RECEIVED your letter, which afforded me great pleasure, especially as you say that you wish me to write you some-

thing to be inserted in your books. I shall find a subject, either the one you suggest or some other, for there are certain objections to yours, as you will see if you look around you. I did not think that there were any book-sellers at Lugdunum, and I am delighted to hear from you that my books are being sold there, for it is gratifying to find that they retain in foreign parts the popularity they have won at Rome. I begin to think that they must be fairly perfect when there is such unanimity about their merits in lands so far apart and in the judgment of persons so dissimilar. Farewell.

XII.—TO JUNIOR.

A FRIEND of mine was thrashing his son for spending money too lavishly in buying horses and dogs. When the youth had gone, I said to the father: "Come now, did you never commit a fault, for which your father might have reproved you? Why, of course you have. Do you not now and then still commit actions for which your son would equally severely reprimand you, if your positions were suddenly changed, and he became the father and you the son? Are not all men liable to make mistakes? Does not one man indulge himself in one way and another in another?" I was so struck with this man's undue severity that I have written and told you about it, out of the affection we bear one another, so that you may never act with undue

bitterness and harshness towards your son. Remember that he is a boy and that you have been a boy yourself, and in exercising your parental authority do not forget that you are a man and the father of a man. Farewell.

XIII.—To QUADRATUS.

THE more carefully and closely you have read the books I composed to vindicate the character of Helvidius, the more anxious, you say, you are for me to write an account of the whole affair from beginning to end, which you were too young to take any part in, giving you details which do not appear in my volumes as well as those which do. When Domitian was put to death, I took counsel with myself and came to the conclusion that there was now a splendid and glorious opportunity for prosecuting the guilty, vindicating the oppressed, and at the same time bringing myself into prominence. It seemed to me that of all the many crimes committed by that crowd of wretches, there was none more atrocious than that a senator should have laid violent hands upon another senator in the Senate-house, that a man of prætorian should have assaulted a man of consular rank, and a judge an accused person. Besides, Helvidius and I were friends, so far as friendship was possible with one who, owing to the terrorism that prevailed, tried to conceal his illustrious name and equally illustrious virtues in strict retirement; and I was also a friend of Arria and Fannia, the

former of whom was the step-mother of Helvidius, and the latter the mother of Arria.

But it was not so much my feelings as a friend, but my sense of public duty, my indignation at what had taken place, and the importance of the precedent, which stirred me. For the first few days after liberty had been restored each man was busy in his own interests impeaching his own private enemies—at least the more unimportant of them—and at once obtaining their condemnation, but all was being done with uproar and turbulence. I considered it would show greater modesty and boldness not to overthrow the worst criminal of them all on the general odium against the practices of the late reign, but to attack him on a specific charge, after the first furious outburst had worn itself out and the general rage was daily abating, and when men were beginning again to think of what was just. So, though I was in great distress at the time, for I had just recently lost my wife, I sent to Anteia—who was the wife of Helvidius—asking her to come and see me, as the bereavement I had recently suffered kept me still confined to my house. When she came, I said: “I have made up my mind not to let the death of your husband pass unavenged. Tell Arria and Fannia”—they had already returned from exile—“of my resolve. Take counsel with yourself and them and decide whether you desire to be associated with a performance in which I do not need the assistance of a second, though I do not wish to be so greedy for my personal glory as to grudge you a share in it.” Anteia took my message and

they lost no time in complying, and it fortunately happened that the Senate met three days afterwards.

It was my unfailing practice to consult Corellius on all matters, for I looked upon him as the most far-seeing and the wisest man of our time; but in this business I was satisfied with my own judgment, for I was afraid that he would try and dissuade me from my design, as he was always rather prone to hesitation and caution. However, I could not make up my mind to refrain from giving him a hint, when the day came, of what I was going to do, though I did not ask his advice as to whether I should proceed with my intention, for I have found by experience that, when you have decided on a course of action, it is a mistake to consult as to its wisdom those whose advice you ought to follow when once you ask them for it.

I entered the Senate; I craved permission to address the house, and for a little time every one agreed with what I said. But when I began to touch upon the charge I was bringing and foreshadow whom I was accusing—though I had not yet named him—there were loud cries of dissent from all sides. One exclaimed, "Let us know who it is that you are denouncing out of order?"; another, "Who is it that is being put on his trial before he has been impeached?"; another, "Let us who survive remain in security." I listened without fear or trepidation, sustained by the righteousness of the cause I had undertaken, while it always materially contributes to one's confidence or fear whether one's audience is merely unwilling to hear your case or actively

disapproves of it. It would be tedious to relate all the exclamations which were flung from side to side, but at last the consul said: "Secundus, you will be given an opportunity of saying what you wish to say when it comes to your turn to speak." To that I replied: "That will be a favour which you grant to every one." Then I sat down, and other business was transacted. In the meantime one of my friends, a man of consular rank, came and had a private and earnest conversation with me. He thought that I had plunged rashly and recklessly into the fray and most strenuously urged me to desist, adding that I should make myself a marked man with future emperors. "Be it so," said I, "so long as they are bad ones." No sooner had he left me than a second friend came up, saying, "What rashness is this of yours? Whither are you rushing? To what perils are you exposing yourself? What confidence can you have in the present when you do not know what the future may bring forth? Remember you are provoking a man who is at this moment prefect of the treasury and will soon be consul, and, besides, think what influence he possesses and what friends he has to back him up!" Then he named a certain person who at the time was in the East, in command of a splendid army, but whose loyalty was the subject of much grave suspicion. To this I replied: "I have foreseen all you say, and I have fully weighed it in my mind, nor do I fear, if so chance wills it, to pay the penalty for a most honourable deed, so long as I take vengeance on a most consummate rascal."

By this time the time for recording opinions had arrived. Among the speakers were Domitius Apollinaris, the consul-designate, Fabricius Veiento, Fabius Maximinus, Vettius Proculus, the colleague of Publicius Certus, who was the subject of debate, and the father-in-law of the wife whom I had just lost. After these Ammius Flaccus spoke. They all defended Certus, just as if I had already named him, which I had not, and took up and defended his cause, though the charge had been left vague. I need not tell you the substance of their speeches, for you have them in my books, just as I took them down in their own words. They were opposed by Avidius Quietus and Cornutus Tertullus. Quietus urged that it was most unjust to refuse to hear the complaints of the aggrieved persons, and, therefore, Arria and Fannia ought not to be robbed of their right to lodge a complaint. It did not matter, he said, what class a person belonged to, the point was whether his case was just. Cornutus said that he had been appointed guardian by the consuls to the daughter of Helvidius at the request of her mother and step-father, and that he could not think of failing in his duties at such a moment. However, he would set a limit to his own personal resentment and only support the very moderate request of these excellent ladies, who would be satisfied with bringing before the notice of the Senate the crime-stained servility of Publicius Certus, and asking that, though the penalty for his most iniquitous crime might be foregone, he might at least be branded with some mark of disgrace similar to being officially degraded by the

censors. Satrius Rufus followed with a temporising speech, the meaning of which was by no means clear. "I consider," he said, "Publicius Certus will be wronged unless he is acquitted; he has been impeached by the friends of Arria and Fannia, and by his own friends. Nor ought we to be anxious on his account, for we, who think well of him, are also to act as his judges. If he is innocent, as I hope and prefer to think he is, and as I shall continue to believe until something is proved against him, you will be able to acquit him." Such were the sentiments delivered, in the order in which the speakers were severally called upon to speak.

Then my turn came; I rose to my feet, and opening my remarks as you will find in my book, I replied to all, one by one. It was wonderful to notice with what attention and applause all my points were received by those who a little before were shouting me down. This sweeping change of view was due either to the importance of the subject under debate, or to the success of my speech, or to the boldness of the speaker. At length I concluded; Veiento began to answer me, but no one suffered him to speak; he was greeted with such interruptions and clamours that he exclaimed, "I beg of you, conscript fathers, not to force me to appeal to the tribunes for protection." Immediately the tribune Murena broke in with, "I permit you, most honourable Veiento, to speak." At that the tumult broke out again. In the pauses between the outcries the consul read over the names and took the votes by a division, and then adjourned the House, leaving Veiento still on his feet and struggling to

deliver his speech. He complained bitterly of the indignity—as he called it—which had been shown him, quoting the line from Homer: “Old man, the young fighters wear thee down.” There was hardly a member of the Senate who did not embrace and kiss me and vie with his friends in heaping praises upon my head for having restored the custom, which had long fallen into disuse, of consulting for the public good by undertaking the protection of private persons who had been wronged, and for having freed the Senate from the strong odium into which it had fallen with the other orders of society, which complained that, while the Senate was severe in the punishment of other people, it invariably spared a senator by mutual agreement, as it were, among its members.

Certus was not present when all this took place, either owing to his having some suspicion of what was about to happen, or else he was ill, which was the reason he assigned for his absence. It is true that Cæsar never referred to the Senate the inquiry into Certus’s crimes, yet I gained the point for which I had striven. For it was a colleague of Certus who gained the consulship, and Certus’s place was taken by some one else, and so the sentence at the close of my speech was fulfilled, where I said, “Let him give back, now that we have a model Prince to reign over us, the prize which was conferred upon him by the worst of emperors.” Subsequently, I recalled the speech to my memory as best I could, and added a good deal. By a coincidence, which looked rather more than a coincidence,

Certus was taken ill and died a very few days after I published my book. I have heard people say that he was haunted by a phantom which was for ever presenting itself to his mind and gaze, and that he thought he saw me threatening him with a sword. I should not like to say that this actually was the case, but it adds to the moral that it should be considered as true. Well, I have written you a letter which, judged by the standard length of a letter, is about as long as the books you have read, but you have only yourself to blame, inasmuch as you were not content with the published books. Farewell.

XIV.—TO TACITUS.

THOUGH you never praise your own work, I, for my part, never write with such confidence as when I am writing about you. I don't know whether posterity will trouble itself about us, but we assuredly deserve that it should pay us some attention, I will not say because of our genius,—for that would hardly be modest,—but because of our studies, our hard work, and the respect we have always shown to the generations which will succeed us. So let us go on in the old way, which has certainly lifted a number of people out of the gloom and silence of obscurity, though it may only have brought a few into the full light of a great reputation. Farewell.

XV.—TO FALCO.

I TOOK refuge on my Tuscan estate, thinking to pass my days just as I pleased, but I find that this is not possible even here in Tuscany, for I am for ever being disturbed by shoals of appeals from the country people round about, each of whom has his special grievance. I read them even more unwillingly than I do my own papers, and these latter are irksome enough. For I am revising certain minor pleadings of mine, which is a very chilly and uncongenial task, considering the time which has elapsed since they were delivered. My business accounts are being as much neglected as they would be if I were away. Occasionally I mount a horse and to that extent play the roll of a pater-familias, in that I ride round some part of my estate, but I do so only to obtain exercise. As for yourself, I hope you will keep up your custom of writing and telling all the news of the town to us down here, who are living this clodhopping existence. Farewell.

XVI.—TO MAMILIANUS.

I AM not surprised that you have been immensely pleased with your sport, considering how productive it was, for you are like the historians when they say that the number of the slain was beyond all computation. Personally, I have neither time nor inclination for sport; no time, because

the vintage is now on, and no inclination, because it is a poor crop. However, I am drawing off some new verses instead of new must, and as soon as I see that they have fermented I will send them to you, as you have very kindly asked for them. Farewell.

XVII.—TO GENITOR.

I HAVE received your letter in which you complain how offensive to you a really magnificent banquet was, owing to the fact that there were buffoons, dancers, and jesters going round from table to table. Ah! will you never relax that severe frown of yours even a little? For my own part, I do not provide any such entertainments like those, but I can put up with those who do. Why then do I not provide them myself? For this reason, that if any dancer makes a lewd movement, if a buffoon is impudent, or a jester makes a senseless fool of himself, it does not amuse me a whit, for I see no novelty or fun in it. I am not giving you a high moral reason, but am only telling you my individual taste. Yet think how many people there are who would regard with disfavour, as partly insipid and partly wearisome, the entertainments which charm and attract you and me. When a reader, or a musician, or a comic actor enters the banqueting-room, how many there are who call for their shoes or lie back on their couches just as completely bored as you were, when you endured

what you describe as those monstrosities! Let us then make allowances for what pleases other people, so that we may induce others to make allowances for us! Farewell.

XVIII.—TO SABINUS.

YOUR letter proves how attentively, how studiously, and with what powers of memory you have read my books, but you are only bringing work upon your own shoulders when you coax and invite me to send on to you as many of my compositions as I possibly can. I will do so, and will forward them in portions and piecemeal, so to speak, so that I may not fatigue that memory of yours, to which I am so much indebted, by throwing upon it too frequent or too heavy a load. I don't wish to compel you, when you are staggering under the burden, to quit each particular portion for the whole and leave the beginning in hastening on to what follows. Farewell.

XIX.—TO RUFO.

YOU say that you have read in one of my letters that Verginius Rufus ordered the following inscription to be placed on his tomb:—"Here lies Rufus, who, after overthrowing Vindex, claimed the supreme rule, not for himself, but for his country." You find fault with him for giving

such an order, and you go on to say that the conduct of Frontinus was better and nobler, who gave instructions that no monument at all should be erected to his memory. Then, at the close of your letter, you ask me for my opinion on both men. Well, I had a strong affection for both, but of the two I had a higher admiration for the one with whom you find fault; in fact, my admiration for him was such that I did not think he could be praised sufficiently, though now I have to undertake his defence. Personally, I consider that all men who have accomplished any great and memorable deed are not only to be excused, but even praised in the highest degree, if they seek to secure the immortality they have deserved, and, in their certainty of undying fame, strive to perpetuate still further their glory and renown by the inscriptions on their monuments. Nor, I think, would it be easy for me to find any one but Verginius who showed as much modesty in speaking of his achievements as those achievements were glorious.

I, who enjoyed his intimate regard and approval, can bear witness that only on one occasion did he in my presence refer to his own actions, and that came about in the following way:—He and Cluvius were in conversation and Cluvius remarked: "You know, Verginius, how scrupulously accurate history ought to be, and so, if you find anything in my histories which is not quite what you would have it, I must ask you to forgive it." Verginius replied: "Why, don't you know, Cluvius, that I acted as I did just to enable you historians to write what you

please?" However, be that as it may, let us compare Frontinus with Verginius on this very point—that the former seems to you to have shown greater reticence and modesty. He forbade the erection of a memorial, but in what words? "The cost of a memorial is waste of money; if my life has been such as to deserve remembrance, men will not forget me." Do you think it shows greater modesty for a man to write down for all the world to read that his memory will endure, than to record your achievements in two verses on one particular spot? However, my point is not to find fault with Frontinus but to defend Verginius, yet how can I better defend his conduct before you than by comparing him with the man whom you prefer? In my judgment, neither is to be blamed, for both of them have equally striven for glory, though they adopted different means, the one by asking for the inscription, which was his due, and the other by professing to make men think he had despised it. Farewell.

XX.—TO VENATOR.

YOUR letter was all the more agreeable to me on account of its length, and because it referred throughout to my books. I am not surprised that they please you, inasmuch as you extend the love you bear me to my writings. I am at present chiefly occupied in getting in my vintage, which, though light, is still more plentiful than I had expected—if

you can describe as getting in a vintage the plucking of an occasional grape, a visit to the wine-press, a taste of the must from the vat, and surprise visits to the domestics I brought from the city, who are now superintending my country servants and have left me to my secretaries and readers. Farewell.

XNI.—TO SABINIANUS.

THAT freedman of yours, with whom you told me you were angry, came to me and begged for my pardon, as earnestly as he would have done from you. He shed many tears; he made many entreaties, and, at times, he kept a discreet silence—in fine, he convinced me of his penitence. I really and truly believe that he has turned over a new leaf, because he is conscious of having done wrong. I know you are angry, and I also know you are justly angry, but clemency deserves most praise just when the cause of anger is most unimpeachable. You have in the past entertained some affection for the man, and I hope you will again; in the meantime, it will be enough for you to allow yourself to be won over to forgiveness. Make some consideration for his youth, for his tears, and make some also for your own good nature; do not keep him on the rack any longer, nor yourself either. I am afraid that, if I join my entreaties to his, you will think that I am not so much asking as forcing you to forgive, yet join them I will, and the more fully and unreservedly as I have sharply and

severely reprimanded him and given him a plain warning that I will never ask such a favour again. That is what I told him,—for it was necessary to frighten him,—but, of course, I do not use the same language to you, for it may be that I shall repeat my present request. Indeed, I certainly shall, provided that the case be one in which it is becoming for me to ask and for you to grant the favour. Farewell.

XXII.—TO SEVERUS.

I HAVE been terribly anxious about the ill-health of Passennus Paullus, and that for a host of excellent reasons. He is a splendid fellow, the soul of integrity, and devotedly attached to me, and, besides, he not only rivals the ancient authors, but recalls and brings them back to life again for us, especially Propertius, from whom he claims descent and is indeed truly descended, inasmuch as the similarity is greatest in the points wherein Propertius chiefly excelled. If you take up his elegies and read them you will find the workmanship is polished, smooth, and full of charm, and the poems were obviously written by one belonging to the family of Propertius. Just recently, he has been experimenting with lyrics, in which he as successfully reproduces Horace as he did Propertius in his elegiacs. You would fancy that he was also related to Horace, if relationship is of any value in literary matters. There is plenty of variety and abundant movement. The love passages ring true and

sincere; there is most passionate grief, most genial praise, and most sparkling playfulness; in short, he depicts all feelings as perfectly as he does any one of them. The illness of such a true and so accomplished a friend has occasioned me as much mental trouble as it gave him bodily pain, but at length he is restored to me and I am restored to myself. Congratulate me and congratulate literature also, to which his dangerous illness threatened as much peril as his recovery promises glory. Farewell.

XXIII.—TO MAXIMUS.

WHEN I have been pleading, it has often happened that the Centumviri, after strictly preserving for a long time their judicial dignity and gravity, have suddenly leaped to their feet *en masse* and applauded me, as if they could not help themselves but were obliged to do so. I have often again left the Senate-house with just as much glory as I had hoped to obtain, but I never felt greater gratification than I did a little while ago at something which Cornelius Tacitus told me in conversation. He said that he was sitting by the side of a certain individual at the last Circensian games, and that, after they had had a long and learned talk on a variety of subjects, his acquaintance said to him: "Are you from Italy or the provinces?" Tacitus replied: "You know me quite well, and that from the books of mine you have read." "Then," said the man,

"you are either Tacitus or Pliny." I cannot express to you how pleased I am that our names are, so to speak, the property of literature, that they are literary titles rather than the names of two men, and that both of us are familiar by our writings to persons who would otherwise know nothing of us. A similar incident happened a day or two before. That excellent creature, Fadius Rufinus, was dining with me on the same couch, and next above him was a fellow-townsmen of his who had just that day come to town for the first time. Rufinus, pointing me out to this man, said, "Do you see my friend here?" Then they spoke at length about my literary work, and the stranger remarked, "Surely, he is Pliny." I don't mind confessing that I think I am well repaid for my work, and if Demosthenes was justified in being pleased when an old woman of Attica recognised him with the words, "Why, here is Demosthenes," ought not I too to be glad that my name is so widely known? As a matter of fact, I am glad and I say so, for I am not afraid of being considered boastful, when it is not my opinion about myself but that of others which I put forward, and especially when you are my confidant—you who grudge no one his fair praise, and are constantly doing what you can to increase my fame. Farewell.

XXIV.—TO SABINIANUS.

You have done well to take back into your household and favour, on the intercession of my letter, the freedman who

was once dear to you. This will afford you pleasure, and it certainly pleases me, first, because I see that you are so tractable that, even when you are angry, you are open to guidance, and, secondly, because you pay me the handsome compliment either of yielding to my influence or of indulging my requests. That is why I applaud your conduct, and thank you. At the same time I advise you for the future to be ready to pardon the faults of your household, though there be no one to deprecate your wrath. Farewell.

XXV.—TO MAMILIANUS.

You complain that your camp duties keep you exceedingly busy, yet, as though your time were all your own, you read my sportive trifles, approve them, ask for more, and spur me on with great importunity to compose others like them. I am beginning to seek not only amusement from this kind of literary work, but fame as well, now that I read your verdict on them, considering the weight of your judgment and learning, and, above all, your character for truth. At present I have some law cases which take up not my entire time, but a considerable part of it; when they are finished, I will send some more products of the same Muses to your kindly lap. You will give my little sparrows and doves leave to fly among your eagles, if such is their pleasure and yours; but, if they fail to please you, you will see to it that they are confined with a cage or a nest. Farewell.

XXVI.—TO LUPERCUS.

WHEN referring to a certain orator of our own times, who was a straightforward and level-headed speaker, but lacked the grand manner and ornateness, I said, rather neatly in my opinion, "He has no faults, except it be a fault that he has none." For an orator ought to soar to great heights and be carried away by his feelings, and, on some occasions, he ought to rage and storm, and frequently get near the brink of a precipice, for precipices usually lie near high and exalted places. One travels more safely along level ground, but the road is low and undistinguished, and those who run are more likely to stumble than those who creep, yet the latter get no credit for not falling, while the former, despite their fall, often do. It is exactly the same with oratory as with other arts; it is the difficulty of the task which makes the credit of the achievement. You may notice how the tight-rope walkers, who are struggling along at a great height, evoke the loudest applause just when they seem to be on the point of falling, for those events create most wonder which are least expected, most hazardous, and, as the Greeks still better express it, are most recklessly daring. The skill of a helmsman is by no means so great when he is sailing on a smooth sea as when a tempest is raging; in the former case, there is no one to wonder at his skill as he enters the harbour unheeded and without applause; it is only when the ropes are creaking, and the mast is bent, and the helm

is groaning, that the pilot appears in all his glory, and seems most like one of the deities of the sea.

I am writing in this strain, because I think you have marked some passages in my works as turgid which I consider lofty, and others, as indiscreet and overdone, which seem to me to be boldly and adequately dealt with. But it makes all the difference whether the marks you have made signify your disapproval of a passage, or merely that it is a striking one. For anything which stands out conspicuously catches the eye, but it requires careful attention to decide whether it is out of proportion or cast on a grand scale, whether it is lofty or disproportionately high. But let me refer to Homer for examples, for who can fail to notice the extreme differences of style between "The great heaven trumpeted around," "His lance rested on the clouds," and all the passage beginning, "Not so loud thunders the wave of the sea"? One needs the most delicate pair of scales to decide whether these are empty marvels, which no one should credit, or magnificent and divinely inspired passages. I do not, of course, say that I have ever uttered parallel passages to these, or that I ever could utter them. I am not so mad as all that, but the point I do wish to make is that sometimes eloquence must be given a free rein, and that the rush of genius must not be restrained within too narrow a circuit.

But, you will say, there is one rule for orators, and another for poets. Still, Marcus Tullius showed just the same daring as Homer—and yet I will say no more about Tullius, for, with

respect to him, there is no possibility of dispute. However, take the case of Demosthenes, who is the pattern and model of all orators. Does he rein and curb himself in that well-known passage, "These scoundrels, flatterers, and polluted wretches," or again, "Not with walls of stone or brick did I fortify the city," or again, "Did I not set Eubœa to be a bulwark to Attica on the side of the sea"? or again, "For my own part, men of Athens, I swear I think he is intoxicated by the vastness of his own achievements"? What could be more daring than the fine digression beginning, "For a disease——" or than this passage, shorter than those I have quoted above, but equally bold, "Then indeed I resisted the audacity of Python's eloquence, which was rushing like a tide upon you"? In the same style he writes: "When any one rises to power, as Philip has done, by avarice and villainy, at the first pretext and little slip he makes the horse throws him and destroys him utterly." In a similar vein he speaks of a person as "roped off from all the just men in the city," and in another place he says: "You, Aristogeiton, have cast on one side, or rather have utterly destroyed your sense of compassion for such offences as these; do not, therefore, think of anchoring for safety in harbours which you have yourself blocked up and choked with rocks." Again he says: "I do not see that he can get a foothold on any one of these places, for all round him there are precipices, yawning gulfs, and abysses." He goes on: "I am afraid that some people will think that you specially train in villainy any citizen who seems set on

being a villain," and further he adds: "For I don't think that your ancestors built these law courts in order that you might graft such people as these in them." Or again: "But if he is a dealer in villainy and retails it over again, and hucksters it from one customer to another," etc. There are a thousand other instances, not to speak of the phrases which Æschines said were not "words" but "fireworks."

I am arguing against my argument, and you will say that Demosthenes is censured for these extravagances of his. But just notice how much finer Demosthenes is than his critic, and finer just because of his extravagances. Elsewhere, he shows his force, in these passages he shows how much he towers above others. Besides, did Æschines abstain from the faults which he carped at in Demosthenes? What about this sentence: "For the orator and the law ought to speak with the same voice. And when the law speaks with one voice, and the orator with another——"? Or again: "He then clearly reveals his intentions in broad daylight——" And again: "But taking your seats and places in the assembly, drive him to speak contrary to the laws." This phrase pleased him so much that he repeats it: "But, as though you were sitting watching the horse races, you drive him into the very track of the matter." Again, is this couched in a more reserved and less swelling vein: "But you rip up old sores," or "Seizing him as a pirate in full sail through the commonwealth"? I might instance other examples as well. I quite expect that you will set against certain passages in this letter, such as "the

helm groans," and "most like one of the cities of the sea," the same marks as those about which I am now writing. For I find that while seeking to excuse myself for earlier faults, I have fallen into the very ones which you have set your marks against. Well, you may mark away to your heart's content, provided that you will appoint a day when we may have a talk together and argue out the points in question. For either you will make me more timid, or I shall make you more inclined to be rash. Farewell.

XXVII.—TO PATERNUS.

I HAVE often felt the dignity, the majesty, and, in a word, the divine splendour of history, and quite lately I had another proof thereof. A certain person had given a reading of a book, which he had compiled with the greatest devotion to truth, and he had reserved part of it for another day. When lo and behold! the friends of a certain other party begged and implored him not to read the remainder; such was the shame they felt at hearing a recital of their deeds, though they had felt none at committing actions which they blushed to hear spoken of. He granted their request, as he was perfectly entitled to do. But the book remains just as it was written, and will remain so, and it will always find readers, the more so because it was not immediately published, inasmuch as delay only sharpens the curiosity of men to know. Farewell.

XXVIII.—TO ROMANUS.

AFTER a long delay I have received your letters, but the three came together. All were charmingly written in a most affectionate strain, and they were just the kind of letters that ought to have come from you, especially when I had looked for them for so long. In one of them you lay upon me the very pleasant duty of sending on your letter to that model of women, Plotina. It shall be forwarded as you desire. In the same one you commend to my good will Pompilius Artemisius. I immediately granted his request. You tell me also that your vintage has been but a poor one; I can join you in your grumble in this respect, though we live so wide apart. In another letter you announce that you are now dictating and writing a good deal, and by so doing you recall me to your remembrance. I am much obliged, and should be more so, if you had been good enough to let me read what you are writing or dictating. It is only fair that you should let me read your compositions, as I let you read mine, even though they relate to some other person than myself. At the close of your letter you promise that, when I give you a more exact account of the way I am spending my time, you will play truant from your own domestic duties and at once fly to see me, and I warn you that I am even now forging chains to hold you, which you will find impossible to break through. Your third letter mentions that you have received my speech in defence of

Clarius, and that it seems to you to contain more matter than it did when I read it before you. That is so, for I subsequently inserted many passages. You add that you have sent me other letters over which you took greater pains than usual, and you ask whether I have received them. I have not, but I am exceedingly anxious to. So send them on to me at the earliest possible opportunity with interest for the delay, which I shall reckon at twelve per cent., for I really cannot let you off more lightly. Farewell.

XXIX.—TO RUSTICUS.

JUST as it is preferable to do one thing really well than many things only fairly well, so it is better to attain moderate proficiency, if one cannot produce a masterpiece. That is the principle I have gone on in experimenting with various kinds of literary studies, owing to the fact that I do not feel sure of myself in any one of them. So, when you read either one piece or another, I hope you will judge each leniently, remembering that I have written many more. In other arts, excuses are made for failure, when a number of examples are produced, and surely there ought not to be any harder standard in literature, especially as success is more difficult of accomplishment in that art than in any other. But why do I talk about making allowances, like a thankless, ungrateful person? If you receive my last volume as kindly as you did my previous ones, I ought rather to hope for

praise than beg you to make allowances for shortcomings. However, I shall be quite content with the latter. Farewell.

XXX.—To GEMINUS.

WHEN you are with me, and now again by letter, you often praise your friend Nonius to me for the generosity he has shown to certain persons, and I myself join in those praises, provided that these are not the sole recipients of his bounty. For I like a man who is really generous to show that virtue to his country, to his neighbours, to his relations, and his friends, that is to say to his poor friends, unlike the people who are most ready to give to those who can best return their gifts. Presents of that sort are, in my judgment, mere bird-lime and baited hooks; they are not offers of one's own substance so much as tricks to catch the substance of others. Very similar in point of character to these are the people who take from one person to give to another, and thus seek a reputation for generosity by practising greed. But a man's first duty is to be content with what he has, and his second is to go round the circle of his friends, and give assistance and help to those whom he knows to need it most. If Nonius observes all these rules, he deserves unqualified praise; if he observes only one of them, he deserves some praise, but not so much. So rare is it to find a model even for imperfect generosity, for the greed of possession has so seized upon men that

they seem rather to be possessed by their wealth than to be the possessors of it. Farewell.

XXXI.—TO SARDUS.

AFTER I had left you I enjoyed your society just as much as when I was with you, for I read your book, and perused it again and again, especially those passages—for I won't tell you any fibs—in which you have written about me. In these you have let your pen run freely on. How fully, yet with what variety, you have handled the same theme, and have avoided repetition, though the points made are the same! Should I praise as well as thank you for this? I cannot do either sufficiently for your deserts, and, even if I could, I should be afraid of seeming to be a coxcomb, if I were to applaud you for the passages for which I thank you. I will add only one word more, and that is to say that the whole book appeared to me to deserve extra praise for the charm with which it is written, and that its charm has been increased by the fact that it merits so much praise. Farewell.

XXXII.—TO TITIANUS.

How do you spend your time? What are your plans? For my own part, I am leading a most delightful existence,

that is to say, I am enjoying complete idleness. Hence it is that I am disinclined to write letters of any length, while very much inclined to read such letters from my friends; the former showing my self-indulgence, the latter my laziness. For there is nothing more lazy than a self-indulgent creature, and no one is more curious than a man with nothing to do. Farewell.

XXXIII.—TO CANINIUS.

I HAVE fallen upon a true story—though it sounds very like a fable—which is quite worthy of engaging the attention of a mind so happy, so lofty, and so poetical as yours, and I came across it at the dinner-table, while the guests were telling various marvellous tales. The author is a man you can implicitly credit, though what has a poet to do with fact? Yet I can assure you that the narrator was one whom you would have trusted, even if you were going to write history.

There is in Africa a colony called Hippo, quite close to the sea, while hard by is a navigable expanse of water, out of which flows a channel like a river, which, according as the tide is either ebbing or flowing, is carried into the sea or borne back into the stagnant sheet of water. In this place the people of all ages are devoted to fishing, sailing, and swimming, especially the boys, who are tempted thereto by having nothing to do, and by their love of play. They

think it a fine thing to show their pluck by swimming out as far as possible, and he is looked upon as the champion who swims the longest way out and leaves the shore and those who are swimming with him farthest behind. While engaged in one of these contests a certain boy, more daring than the rest, kept swimming on and on. A dolphin met him, and first swam in front of the boy, then behind him, then round him, then came up beneath him, put him off, and again came under him, and carried the lad, who was much afraid, first to the open sea, and then, turning to the shore, restored him to dry land and to his playmates. The story spread through the colony, and every one flocked to the spot to gaze upon the lad, as though he were a marvel, to ask him questions, hear the tale, and tell it over again.

On the following day they crowded to the shore, and scanned the sea and the sheet of water. The boys began to swim, and among them was the hero of the adventure, but he showed less daring than before. Again the dolphin returned at the same time and approached the boy, but he fled with the rest. As though inviting him to approach, and calling him to return, the dolphin leaped out of the sea, then dived and twisted and turned itself into various shapes. This was repeated on the next day, and the day after, and on subsequent days, until the men, who had been bred to the sea, began to be ashamed of being afraid. They approached the dolphin, played with him, and gave him a name, and, when he offered himself to their touch, they stroked and handled him. Their boldness grew as they got

to know him. In particular, the boy who was the hero of the first adventure with him, leaped on his back as he swam about, and was carried out to sea and brought back again, the boy thinking that the dolphin recognised and was fond of him, while he too grew attached to the dolphin. Neither showed fear of the other, and thereby the boy grew bolder, and the dolphin still more tame. Moreover, other boys swam with them on the right hand and on the left, urging and encouraging them on, and, curiously enough, another dolphin accompanied the first one, but only as a spectator of the fun, and for company's sake, for he did not follow the other dolphin's example, and would not allow any one to touch him, but merely led the way for its companion out to sea, and back again, as the boy's playmates did for him.

It is almost incredible, but yet every whit as true as the details just given, that the dolphin which thus carried the lad on his back and played with the boys, used to make his way up from the sea on to dry land, and, after drying himself on the sand and getting warm with the heat of the sun, would roll back again into the sea. It is well known too that Octavius Avitus, the proconsular legate, moved by some absurd superstition, poured a quantity of unguents upon the dolphin as he lay on the shore, and that the fish fled for refuge from this novel treatment and the smell of the unguent out to the deep sea, and only appeared again at the end of several days, in a limp and melancholy condition. Afterwards, however, it recovered its strength, and resumed its former playfulness and attendance upon the boy.

All the magistrates flocked to see the sight, and, as they came and stayed, the finances of the little state were seriously embarrassed by its new expenses, while the place itself began to lose its peaceful and retired character. So it was decided to put to death secretly the object which drew the people thither.

I can imagine how you will regret this sad ending, how eloquently you will bewail it, and adorn and magnify the tale. Yet there is no need to add a single fictitious incident, or work it up; all it requires is that none of the true details shall be omitted. Farewell.

XXXIV.—TO TRANQUILLUS.

PRAY help me out of my dilemma. I am told that I read badly, at least verses. Speeches I can read fairly well, but my reading of poetry is much inferior. I am thinking therefore, as I am about to give a reading to some intimate friends, of trying the experiment of having one of my freedmen to read for me. The fact that I have chosen one who reads, not perhaps well, but certainly better than I can, will show that I am treating my audience as old friends, provided that he is not flurried, for he is as used to reading as I am to poetry. For my own part, I do not know what I ought to do while he is reading, whether I should sit glued to my seat, without opening my lips like an idle spectator, or whether, as some people I know do, I should

follow the words he utters with my lips, eyes, and hands. But in that case I fancy I should not accompany him any better than I should read. So I ask you again to help me out of my dilemma, and write and tell me truly whether it is better for me to read execrably badly, or whether or not I ought to do as I propose. Farewell.

XXXV.—TO ATRIUS.

I HAVE received the book you sent me, and I am much obliged for it, but just for the present I am exceedingly busy. So I have not yet read it, though I am most anxiously looking forward to do so, but such is the respect due both to your letters and to your writings that I should think it a crying shame if I took it up when my mind was not free to give it undivided attention. I have nothing but praise for the minuteness with which you revise your work, yet there are limits to revision, inasmuch as too much nicety rather impairs than improves, and then again revision takes us away from an up-to-date subject, and neither allows us to finish off an old theme, nor begin a new one. Farewell.

XXXVI.—TO FUSCUS.

You ask me how I spend the day on my Tuscan villa in summer time. Well, I wake at my own sweet will, usually about the first hour, though it is often before, and rarely

later. I keep my windows shut, for it is remarkable how, when all is still and in darkness, and I am withdrawn from distracting influences and am left to myself, and free to do what I like, my thoughts are not led by my eyes, but my eyes by my thoughts; and so my eyes, when they have nothing else to look at, only see the objects which are present before my mind. If I have anything on hand, I think it over, and weigh every word as carefully as though I were actually writing or revising, and in this way I get through more or less work, according as the subject is easy or difficult to compose and bear in mind. I call for a shorthand writer, and, after letting in the daylight, I dictate the passages which I have composed, then he leaves me, and I send for him again, and once again dismiss him.

At the fourth or fifth hour, according as the weather tempts me,—for I have no fixed and settled plan for the day,—I betake myself to my terrace or covered portico, and there again I resume my thinking and dictating. I ride in my carriage, and still continue my mental occupation, just as when I am walking or lying down. My concentration of thought is unaffected, or rather is refreshed by the change. Then I snatch a brief sleep and again walk, and afterwards read aloud a Greek or Latin speech, as clearly and distinctly as I can, not so much to exercise the vocal organs as to help my digestion, though it does at the same time strengthen my voice. I take another walk, then I am anointed, and take exercise and a bath. While I am at dinner, if I am dining with my wife or a few friends, a book is read to us, and after-

wards we hear a comic actor or a musician; then I walk with my attendants, some of whom are men of learning. Thus the evening is passed away with talk on all sorts of subjects, and even the longest day is soon done.

Sometimes I vary this routine, for, if I have been lying down, or walking for any length of time, as soon as I have had my sleep and read aloud, I ride on horseback instead of in a carriage, as it takes less time, and one gets over the ground faster. My friends come in from the neighbouring towns to see me, and monopolise part of the day, and occasionally, when I am tired, I welcome their call as a pleasant relief. Sometimes I go hunting, but never without my tablets, so that though I may take no game, I still have something to bring back with me. Part of my time too is given to my tenants—though in their opinion not enough—and their clownish complaints give me a fresh zest for my literary work and my round of engagements in town. Farewell.

XXXVII.—TO PAULINUS.

YOU are not one of those people who require ceremonial attendance and public attention from their intimate friends when it is inconvenient for them to give it, and my regard for you is too strong for me to fear that you will take it amiss if I fail to wait upon you as soon as you are elected consul on the Kalends, especially as I am detained here because I find it absolutely necessary to let my farms on

longer leases than usual, and have to make arrangements accordingly, which will require me to form new plans. For during the last five years the arrearages have increased in spite of the great abatements I have made, and for that reason, many of my tenants are now not taking the slightest trouble to reduce their obligations, inasmuch as they despair of being able to meet the whole of them. They even seize and consume the produce of their farms, as though they had quite made up their minds not to stint themselves in any respect. I must therefore grapple with this evil, which is growing worse daily, and find some remedy for it. One way of so doing would be to let the farms not for rent but for a proportion of the produce, and in that case, I should have to appoint some of my household as overseers to see the work was done and to take care of my share of the produce. I think there can be no juster form of rent than the produce of the soil, the climate, and the seasons. This would require great honesty, sharp eyes, and many pairs of hands, but the experiment has to be made, and now that the disease has taken a firm hold, some change in the treatment must be tried. You will see that it is no self-indulgent reason which prevents me from greeting you on the first day of your consulship, but I promise you that I will celebrate the day here, as though I were with you in Rome, with prayers for your prosperity and with joyous congratulation. Farewell.

XXXVIII.—TO SATURNINUS.

OUR friend Rufus has won my praise, not because you asked me to praise him, but because he so richly deserved it. For I read his book, which was a perfectly finished production, and the affection he bears me made me still more pleased with it. However, I judged it quite impartially, for it is quite a mistake to suppose that it is only those who read a book with spiteful motives who give a critical estimate of it. Farewell.

XXXIX.—TO MUSTIUS.

I HAVE been warned by the aruspices to put into better repair and enlarge the temple of Ceres, which stands on my estate, as it is very old and cramped for room, and on one day in the year attracts great crowds of people. For on the Ides of September all the population of the country-side flocks thither; much business is transacted, many vows are registered and paid, but there is no place near where people can take refuge either from storm or heat. I think, therefore, that I shall be showing my generosity, and at the same time display my piety, if I rebuild the temple as handsomely as possible and add to it a portico, the former for the use of the goddess, the latter for the people who attend there. So I should like you to buy me four columns of any kind. |

of marble you think fit, as well as sufficient marble for the pavement and walls. I shall also have to get made or buy a statue of the goddess, for the old one, which was made of wood, has lost some of its limbs through age. As for the portico, I don't think there is anything that I need ask you for at present, unless it be that you should sketch me a plan to suit the situation of the place. The portico cannot be carried all round the temple, inasmuch as on one side of the floor of the building there is a river with very steep banks, and on the other there runs a road. Beyond the road, there is a spacious meadow which would be a very suitable place to build the portico, as it is right opposite the temple, unless you can think of a better plan—you who make a practice of overcoming natural difficulties by your professional skill. Farewell.

XI.—To FUSCUS.

You say that you were very pleased to receive my letter describing how I spend my leisure time in summer at my Tuscan villa, and you ask what changes I make in my routine in winter time at my Laurentine house. None at all, unless it be that I do without a sleep at midday and steal a good deal of the night, either before daybreak or after sunset, and if, as often happens in winter, I find I have some urgent business on hand, then I forego listening to a comic actor or music after dinner, and instead, I revise

again and again what I have dictated, and at the same time improve my memory by making frequent corrections. So now you know my routine both in summer and winter, and to these you may add the spring and autumn, which come between the two other seasons. During these I take care to lose nothing of the days, and also nibble a little bit off the nights. Farewell.

BOOK X.

BOOK X.

I.—TO TRAJAN.

YOUR filial piety, most sacred emperor, prompted your desire to succeed your father as late as possible, but the immortal gods have hastened to bring your talents to the guidance of the state which has fallen to your care. I pray therefore that prosperity may wait upon you, and through you upon the human race—in other words, I pray that whatever befalls may be worthy of your reign. It is my earnest wish that both in public and private life strength and cheerfulness, most excellent emperor, may be yours.

II.—TO TRAJAN.

WORDS fail me to express the pleasure you have given me, Sire, in that you have thought me worthy of the privileges which belong to those who have three children. For although in this case you have granted the prayers of that excellent man, Julius Servianus, who is your devoted servant, I still gather from your rescript that you indulged

his wishes all the more willingly because it was for me that he asked the favour. I seem therefore to have attained the summit of my ambition now that at the beginning of your most auspicious reign you have allowed me to win this peculiar mark of your regard, and I desire children of my own all the more now, when I even wished to have them in the late terrible régime, as you can judge from my having married twice. But the gods have decreed a better fate for me, and have reserved all my good fortune intact to be granted by your bounty. I should much prefer to become a father at a time like this, when my future happiness and prosperity are assured to me.

III.—TO TRAJAN.

THE moment, Sire, I was promoted by your kindness to be præfect of the Treasury of Saturn, I resigned all my other duties, which, I may add, I never performed in a promiscuous fashion, in order that I might be able to apply myself wholeheartedly to the office bestowed upon me. Hence, when the provincials desired me to champion their case against Marius Priscus, I asked to be excused the honour, and my petition was granted. But subsequently, when the consul-designate proposed that representations should be made to us, whose excuses had already been accepted, to get us to consent to allow the Senate to direct us as it pleased and our names to be thrown into the urn, I judged it most likely |

to conduce to the tranquillity of your reign that I should not oppose the wishes of that noble order, especially as they were expressed with such moderation. I trust that you consider that I was justified in giving way, for I wish to test every act and word of mine by the conscientious standard which guides your conduct.

IV.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

You acted the part of a good citizen and a good senator in thus obeying the injunctions of that noble order, which it was perfectly justified in laying upon you. I trust that you will continue to play that part according to the loyalty you have already shown me.

V.—TO TRAJAN.

THE kindnesses, most excellent of emperors, which I have received at your hands have been so manifold that I am encouraged to dare to seek your interest on behalf of my friends, among whom Voconius Romanus has deserved, perhaps, the first place. He has been my schoolfellow and companion from my earliest years. For that reason I petitioned the late emperor, your father, to promote him to the senatorial order. However, the granting of my prayer has been left over for your goodness to accomplish, because the mother of Romanus had omitted some legal technicalities

in handing over the liberal sum of 400,000 sesterces which she had promised in a document addressed to your father to confer upon her son. Nevertheless, she has subsequently, by my advice, made good the omissions, for she has not only conveyed the farms over to him, but has carried out all the legal requirements necessary in making such a conveyance. Now that is finished which delayed my hopes, I have the fullest confidence in pledging my word to you for the character of my friend Romanus, a character which is adorned by his liberal education and his striking filial piety, thanks to which he has deserved this act of generosity on his mother's part, the inheritance he came in for from his father, and his adoption by his step-father. All these qualities are set off by the splendour of his family and the wealth of his parents, and I trust also that even my entreaties on his behalf will add to these separate commendations to your kindness. I pray you therefore, Sire, that you will enable me to receive the congratulations I most desire to obtain, and that since my wishes are honourable—as I hope they are—I may be able to boast of your favourable regard not only towards myself alone but also towards my friend.

VI.—TO TRAJAN.

LAST year, Sire, when I was in serious ill-health and was in some danger of my life I called in an ointment-doctor, and I can only adequately repay him for the pains and interest

he took in my case if you are kind enough to help me. Let me, therefore, entreat you to bestow on him the Roman citizenship, for he belongs to a foreign race and was manumitted by a foreign lady. His name is Harpocras, his patroness being Thermuthis, the daughter of Theon, but she has been dead for some years. I also beg you to give the *jus Quiritium* to the freedwomen of Antonia Maximilla, a lady of great distinction, Hedia, and Antonia Harmeris. It is at the request of their patroness that I beg this favour.

VII.—TO TRAJAN.

I THANK you, Sire, for having so promptly granted my request and for your bestowal of the *jus Quiritium* on the freedwomen of a lady who is my intimate friend, and the Roman citizenship upon Harpocras, my ointment-doctor. But though I gave particulars, in accordance with your wishes, of his age and financial position, I have been reminded by those more skilled in such matters than I am that as Harpocras is an Egyptian, I ought first to have obtained for him the Egyptian citizenship before asking for the Roman. For my own part, I thought that no distinction was drawn between Egyptians and all other foreigners, and so was satisfied with merely informing you that he had received his freedom at the hands of a foreign lady, and that his patroness had been dead for some time. I do not regret my ignorance in this matter, inasmuch as it has

enabled me to owe you a deeper debt of gratitude for the same individual. So I beg that you will bestow upon him both the Alexandrine and the Roman citizenship, that I may lawfully enjoy the full extent of your kindness. I have sent particulars of his age and income to your freedmen, according to your instructions, so as to prevent any further accidental delay of your goodness.

VIII.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

I MAKE a practice of following the rules of my predecessors in not making promiscuous grants of the Alexandrine citizenship, but since you have already obtained the Roman citizenship for Harpocras, your ointment-doctor, I cannot very well refuse this further request of yours. You must let me know to what district he belongs, so that I may write to my friend Pompeius Planta, who is præfect of Egypt.

IX.—TO TRAJAN.

WHEN, Sire, your late father, both by a very fine speech and by setting them a most honourable example himself, urged every citizen to deeds of liberality, I sought permission from him to transfer to a neighbouring township all the statues of the emperors which had come into my possession by various bequests and were kept just as I had received them

in my distant estates, and to add thereto a statue of himself. He granted the request and made most flattering references to myself, and I immediately wrote to the decurions asking them to assign me a plot of ground upon which I might erect a temple at my own cost, and they offered to let me choose the site myself as a mark of appreciation of the task I had undertaken. But first my own ill-health, then your father's illness, and subsequently the anxieties of the office you bestowed upon me, have prevented my proceeding with the work. However, I think the present is a convenient opportunity for getting on with it, for my month of duty ends on the Kalends of September and the following month contains a number of holidays. I ask, therefore, as a special favour, that you will allow me to adorn with your statue the work which I am about to begin; and secondly, that in order to complete it as soon as possible, you will grant me leave of absence. It would be alien to the frankness of my disposition were I to conceal from your goodness the fact that you will, if you grant me leave, be incidentally aiding very materially my private finances. The rent of my estates in that district exceeds 400,000 sesterces, and if the new tenants are to be settled in time for the next pruning, the letting of the farms must not be any further delayed. Besides, the succession of bad vintages we have had forces me to consider the question of making certain abatements, and I cannot enter into that question unless I am on the spot. So, Sire, if for these reasons you grant me leave for thirty days, I shall owe to your kindness the speedy fulfil-

ment of a work of loyalty and the settlement of my private finances. I cannot reduce the length of leave I ask for to narrower limits, inasmuch as the township and the estates I have spoken of are more than a hundred and fifty miles from Rome.

X.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

You have given me an abundance of private and all the public reasons I could desire for asking leave of absence, but, personally, I should have been quite content to accept the mere expression of your wish, for I have not the slightest doubt that you will return as early as you possibly can to resume your busy post. I give you permission to erect a statue of mine in the place you ask,—although I am very loath to accept such honours,—so as to avoid appearing to check the flow of your loyalty towards me.

XI.—PLINY TO TRAJAN.

I CANNOT express, Sir, in words the joy I experienced when I received your letter telling me that you had granted the Alexandrine as well as the Roman citizenship upon my ointment-doctor Harpocras, although you have made it a rule to follow the practice of your predecessors and not grant it promiscuously. I beg to inform you that Harpocras belongs to the district of Memphis. Let me beg of your

great kindness, Sire, to send me a letter, as you promised, for your friend Pompeius Planta, the præfect of Egypt. As, Sire, I shall come to meet you that I may enjoy the pleasure at the earliest moment of welcoming you on your long-hoped-for return, I pray that you will permit me to join you on the road as far out from Rome as possible.

XII.—PLINY TO TRAJAN.

MY late illness, Sire, laid me under great obligations to Postumius Marinus, my doctor, and I shall only be able to fully repay him if you are kind enough to grant, with your usual goodness of heart, the request I have to make. I beg you, therefore, to give the citizenship to his relations, to Chrysippus the son of Mithridates, and to the wife of Chrysippus, Stratonica the daughter of Epigonus, and also to the children of the same Chrysippus, Epigonus and Mithridates, with the proviso that they may be placed under the potestas of their father, and may preserve their rights as patrons towards their freedmen. I also beg you to bestow the *jus Quiritium* upon Lucius Satrius Abascantus, Publius Cæsius Phosporus, and Pancharia Soteris, whose patrons are quite willing for them to receive the favour.

XIII.—TO TRAJAN.

I KNOW, Sire, that you have not lost sight of the requests I put forward, for your memory never forgets an opportunity for conferring a kindness. Nevertheless, as you have often indulged me in this manner, I would at the same time most earnestly entreat and recommend you to see fit to promote Attius Sura to the prætorship when a vacancy arises. He is a most unambitious man, but he is encouraged to entertain hopes of this office by the splendour of his family, by his remarkable integrity of conduct during his years of poverty, and, above all, by the happy days on which he has fallen, which incite and encourage those of your subjects who have good consciences to hope for the enjoyment of your kindness.

XIV.—TO TRAJAN.

As I am convinced, Sire, that the best testimonial to and appreciation of my character is to receive marks of distinction from so upright an emperor as yourself, I beg you to add to the dignity to which you have so kindly advanced me either the augurship or the Septemvirate, now that they are vacant, so that by virtue of my priesthood I may publicly entreat the favour of the gods for you which now I implore in my private devotion.

XV.—TO TRAJAN.

I CONGRATULATE you, best of emperors, on your most remarkable, magnificent, and illustrious victory in your own name and that of the State, and I pray the immortal gods that an equally happy result may attend all your plans, that so the glory of your empire may be renewed and increased by your conspicuous virtues.

XVI.—TO TRAJAN.

It is because I feel sure, Sire, that you will be interested to hear that I send you news that I have rounded Cape Malea and have made my way with all my retinue to Ephesus. Though I have been delayed by contrary winds, I am now on the point of setting out for my province, travelling part of the way by coasters and part by land carriage, for the prevailing Etesian winds are as great an embarrassment in journeying by sea as the overpowering heat is by land.

XVII.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

You have done well to send me news, my dear Pliny, for I am exceedingly interested to hear what sort of a journey you are having to your province. You are doing wisely to make use of coasters and land carriage alternately, according to the difficulties of the various districts.

XVIII.—TO TRAJAN.

THOUGH I had a very favourable passage by sea as far as Ephesus, Sire, when I started from that city and began to make my way along by land carriage I was greatly troubled by the intense heat and some slight attacks of fever, and halted at Pergamus. Then again, when I embarked on coasting vessels, I was detained by contrary winds and did not reach Bithynia until considerably later than I had expected—that is to say, until the 17th of September. However, I cannot complain of the delay, for I was enabled after all, most luckily, to be able to celebrate your birthday in the province. I am now engaged in examining into the expenditure, revenue, and debts of the people of Prusa, and the more I look into them the more necessary I find it. For a number of sums of money are being detained on various pretexts by private individuals, and certain of the items paid out of the public funds are far from being legitimate. I am writing this, Sire, immediately upon my entry.

XIX.—TO TRAJAN.

I ENTERED the province, Sire, on September 17th, and I found the people as obediently and loyally disposed towards you as you deserve that the whole human race should be. You might consider, Sire, whether you think

it necessary to send a public surveyor, for I think that considerable sums of money might be recovered from the contractors for the public works, if an honest survey were made. I am convinced of that from the public accounts of the people of Prusa, which I am examining with the greatest care.

XX.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

I WISH it had been possible for you and your companions to reach Bithynia without the slightest inconvenience or illness, and that you could have had as pleasant a journey by water from Ephesus as you had as far as that city. However, I have learned from your letters, my dear Pliny, the date of your arrival in Bithynia, and I trust the people of the province will understand that I have had an eye to their interests, for you too will do what you can to make it clear to them that you were specially selected to be sent to them as my representative. The examination of their public accounts must be one of your first duties, for it is tolerably evident that they have been tampered with. I have scarcely enough surveyors for the public works which are in progress at Rome or the immediate district, but surely there are trustworthy persons to be found in every province, and therefore you too will be able to find some, provided you take the trouble to make a careful search.

XXI.—TO TRAJAN.

I BEG, Sire, that you will give me the guidance of your advice. I am doubtful whether I ought to guard the prisons by means of the public slaves of the various states—which has been the custom hitherto—or by means of soldiers. For I am afraid that the public slaves are not to be depended upon as guards, and, on the other hand, this duty would take up the time of a very considerable number of soldiers. Meanwhile, I have added a few soldiers to the public slaves, but I see there is some danger of such a course making both negligent, so long as each section feels confident of being able to throw the blame of a fault both have committed upon the other.

XXII.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

THERE is no necessity, my dear Pliny, to employ more soldiers in guarding the prisons. Let us continue to observe the custom of your province which utilised the public slaves for that purpose, for it depends upon the severity and attention you show whether they will perform their duties faithfully. As you say, the chief danger to be apprehended, if you mix soldiers with the public slaves, is that they will grow more careless, for each will trust to the other. So let this be our standing rule, to withdraw as few soldiers as possible from the standards.

XXIII.—TO TRAJAN.

GABIUS BASSUS, Sire, the præfect of the coast of Pontus, has come to me in a most respectful and dutiful manner, and has spent several days in my company. So far as I can read his character, he is an excellent man and worthy of your favour. I told him that you had given orders that he should be content with ten privileged soldiers, two horsemen, and one centurion, out of the cohorts which you desired me to command. His answer was that this number was quite inadequate, and that he would himself write to you. That is the reason why I did not think it proper to at once recall from his command those above the assigned number.

XXIV.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

I TOO have had a letter from Gabius Bassus, in which he says that the force assigned to him by my orders is inadequate. I have ordered the reply which I sent him to be enclosed with this letter, to acquaint you with its contents. It makes all the difference whether such a request is due to the exigencies of the situation or merely to a man's personal ambition. However, we ought to consider primarily the public interest and to take care, as far as possible, that soldiers are not absent from the standards.

XXV.—TO TRAJAN.

THE people of Prusa, Sire, have a public bath which is in a neglected and dilapidated state. They wish, with your kind permission, to restore it; but I think a new one ought to be built, and I reckon that you can safely comply with their wishes. The money for its erection will be forthcoming, for first there are the sums I spoke of which I have already begun to claim and demand from private individuals, and secondly there is the money usually collected for a free distribution of oil which they are now prepared to utilise for the construction of a new bath. Besides, the dignity of the city and the glory of your reign demand its erection.

XXVI.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

IF the construction of a new bath will not cripple the finances of Prusa, we can indulge their wishes, only it must be understood that no new imposts are to be raised to meet the cost, and that their contributions for necessary expenses shall not show any falling off.

XXVII.—TO TRAJAN.

YOUR legate, Sire, Servilius Pudens, reached Nicomedia on November 24th, and has freed me from the suspense entailed by waiting so long for his arrival.

XXVIII.—TO TRAJAN.

YOUR kindness to me, Sire, has cemented the friendship between Rosianus Geminus and myself, for he was my quæstor when I was consul, and I found him most remarkably devoted to my interests. Since the expiration of my consulship he has shown me extraordinary deference, and he is constantly renewing the pledges of our official friendship by the private attentions he pays me. I beg, therefore, that you yourself will favourably entertain my request for his advancement, for if you follow my advice you will bestow upon him your warmest favour. He will do his best in any commission you may give him to deserve still higher posts. I feel compelled to be less lavish in my praise than I might be from the fact that I trust his honesty, uprightness, and industry are already well known to you, not only from the office he has held under your eyes in Rome, but from his service with you in your army. However, I must repeat yet again the request which I fear I have not sufficiently urged upon you,—at least, so my affection makes me fancy,—and I beg you, Sire, that you

will as early as possible see your way to let me rejoice in the advancement of my quæstor's dignity, and in the advancement of my own dignity through his.

XXIX.—TO TRAJAN.

MAXIMUS, Sire, your freedman and procurator, assures me that he absolutely requires some soldiers in addition to the ten privileged soldiers whom you ordered me to pass over to that worthy man Gemellinus. I thought it better to leave some of these in attendance upon him as I found them so engaged, especially as he was going into Paphlagonia to collect stores of corn. I also added two horsemen for additional security at his urgent request. I beg of you to write and let me know what arrangements you would like for the future.

XXX.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

As my freedman Maximus is on the point of setting out to collect stores of corn you did right to give him a guard of soldiers, for he was engaged on an extraordinary errand. But when he returns to his old duties, the two soldiers you assigned him and two more from Virdius Gemellinus, my procurator, whom he is assisting, will be quite sufficient for him.

XXXI.—TO TRAJAN.

SEMPRONIUS CÆLIANUS, who is an excellent young officer, has sent me two slaves who were discovered among the recruits, and I have postponed their punishment in order to consult you, who are at once the founder and upholder of military discipline, as to the penalty I should inflict. What makes me specially doubtful in the matter is, that though the two men had subscribed to the military oath, they had not been assigned to any company of the legions. So I beg you, Sire, to write and tell me what course I ought to adopt, the more so as the case promises to be a precedent.

XXXII.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

SEMPRONIUS CÆLIANUS acted in conformity with my commands in sending to you the slaves, into whose case we must inquire to see whether they have deserved capital punishment. But it all depends on whether they volunteered to serve, or whether they were picked out for service or even offered as substitutes. If they were picked out, then the recruiting officer made a mistake; if they were offered as substitutes, the fault lies with those who offered them; if they came of their own free will, knowing their status as slaves, then they are the persons to be visited with punishment. For it does not much matter that they had not yet been assigned to a company of the legions.

The real truth as to their origin should have been found out on the day when they were passed for service.

XXXIII.—TO TRAJAN.

As you have given me authority to refer to you wherever I am in doubt, you may, Sire, condescend to hear my difficulty without compromising your great position. In many of the States, but especially in Nicomedia and Nicæa, there are certain persons lying under sentence to the mines, to take part in the gladiatorial shows, and to similar penalties, who are now acting as and performing the duties of public slaves, and are even drawing an annual salary as such. When I was told of this, I hesitated for a long time as to what course I ought to adopt. For I thought it would be showing too harsh a severity to hand them over to their penalties after so many years, especially as many of them are old men, and are, to all accounts, now living a decent and respectable life, yet I thought it was scarcely the proper thing to retain criminals as public servants. Moreover, to keep men doing nothing at the State expense is inexpedient, and if they were not kept they might be a source of danger. I have therefore left the whole matter in suspense until I could take your advice. You will ask perhaps how it comes about that they were released from the penalties to which they were condemned. I too have asked the same question, but have found no answer which

is at all satisfactory. The decrees by which they were condemned were produced, but no documents sanctioning their liberation, though there are some who say that they were released on petition by the authority of certain proconsuls and legates, and this theory is the more plausible, as it is hardly credible that any one would have ventured on such a step without authority.

XXXIV.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

LET us not forget that you were sent to your province for the express reason that there seemed to be many abuses rampant there which required correction. And most certainly we must redress such a scandal as that persons condemned to penalties should not only, as you say, be released therefrom without authorisation, but even be placed in stations which ought to be filled by honest servants. So all those who were sentenced within the last ten years and released on insufficient authority must be sent back to work out their sentences, and if there are any whose condemnation dates back beyond the last ten years and are now old men, let us apportion them to fulfil duties which are not far removed from being penal. For it is the custom to send such cases to work in the public baths, to clean out the sewers, and to repair the roads and streets.

XXXV.—TO TRAJAN.

WHILE I was visiting a distant part of the province a most desolating fire broke out at Nicomedia and destroyed a number of private houses and two public buildings, the almshouse and temple of Isis, although a road ran between them. The fire was allowed to spread farther than it need have done, first, owing to the violence of the wind, and, secondly, to the laziness of the inhabitants, it being generally agreed that they stood idly by without moving and merely watched the catastrophe. Moreover, there is not a single public fire-engine or bucket in the place, and not one solitary appliance for mastering an outbreak of fire. However, these will be provided in accordance with the orders I have already given. But, Sire, I would have you consider whether you think a guild of firemen, of about 150 men, should be instituted. I will take care that no one who is not a *bonâ fide* fireman should be admitted, and that the guild should not misapply the charter granted to it, and there would be no difficulty in keeping an eye on so small a body.

XXXVI.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

You have conceived the idea that a guild of firemen might be formed in Nicomedia on the model of various others already existing. But it is to be remembered that your

province of Bithynia, and especially city states like Nicomedia, are the prey of factions. Whatever name we may give to those who form an association, and whatever the reason of the association may be, they will soon degenerate into secret societies. It is better policy to provide appliances for mastering conflagrations and encourage property owners to make use of them, and, if occasion demands, press the crowd which collects into the same service.

XXXVII.—TO TRAJAN.

WE have taken the usual vows, Sire, for your safety, in which the public weal is bound up, and at the same time paid our vows of last year, praying the gods that they may ever allow us to pay them and renew them again.

XXXVIII.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

I AM pleased to learn from your letter, my dear Pliny, that you and the people of your province have paid the vows you undertook for my health and safety to the immortal gods, and have again renewed them.

XXXIX.—TO TRAJAN.

SIRE, the people of Nicomedia spent 3,329,000 sesterces upon an aqueduct, which was left in an unfinished state,

and I may say in ruin, and they also levied taxes to the extent of two millions for a second one. This too has been abandoned, and to obtain a water-supply those who have wasted these enormous sums must go to new expense. I have myself visited a splendidly clear spring, from which it seems to me the supply ought to be brought to the town—as indeed they tried to do by their first scheme—by an aqueduct of arches, so that it might not be confined only to the low-lying and level parts of the city. Very few of the arches are still standing; some could be built from the shaped blocks which were taken from the earlier work, and part again, in my opinion, should be constructed of brick, which is both cheaper and more easily handled. But the first thing that might be done is for you to send an engineer skilled in such work, or an architect, to prevent a repetition of the former failures. I can at least vouch for this, that such an undertaking would be well worthy of your reign owing to its public utility and its imposing design.

XI.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

STEPS must certainly be taken to provide the city of Nicomedia with a water-supply, and I have every confidence that you will undertake the duty with all necessary diligence. But I swear that it is also part of your diligent duty to find out who is to blame for the waste of such sums of money by the people of Nicomedia on their aqueducts, and whether

or no there has been any serving of private interests in thus beginning and then abandoning the works. See that you bring to my knowledge whatever you may find out.

XLI.—TO TRAJAN.

THE theatre at Nicæa, Sire, the greater part of which has already been constructed, though it is still incomplete, has already cost more than ten million sesterces,—so at least I am told, for the accounts have not been made out,—and I am afraid the money has been thrown away. For the building has sunk, and there are great gaping crevices to be seen, either because the ground is soft and damp, or owing to the brittleness and crumbling character of the stone, and so it is worth consideration whether it should be finished or abandoned, or even pulled down. For the props and buttresses by which it is shored up seem to me to be more costly than strength-giving. Many parts of this theatre were promised by private persons, as for example the galleries and porticos above the pit, but all these are postponed now that the work, which had to be finished first, has come to a stop. The same people of Nicæa began, before my arrival here, to restore the public gymnasium, which had been destroyed by fire, on a more extensive and wider scale than the old building, and they have already disbursed a considerable sum thereon, and I fear to very little purpose, for the structure is not well put together, and

looks disjointed. Moreover, the architect—though it is true he is the rival of the man who began the work—declares that the walls, in spite of their being twenty-two feet thick, cannot bear the weight placed upon them, because they have not been put together with cement in the middle, and have not been strengthened with brickwork. The people of Claudiopoliis, again, are excavating rather than constructing an immense public bath in a low-lying situation with a mountain hanging over it, and they are using for the purpose the sums which the senators, who were added to the local council by your kindness, have either paid as their entrance fee, or are paying according as I ask them for it. Consequently, as I am afraid that the public money at Nicæa may be unprofitably spent, and that—what is more precious than any money—your kindness at Claudiopoliis may be turned to unprofitable account, I beg you not only for the sake of the theatre, but also for these baths, to send an architect to see which is the better course to adopt, either, after the money which has already been expended, to finish by hook or by crook the works as they have been begun, or to repair them where they seem to require it, or if necessary change the sites entirely, lest in our anxiety to save the money already disbursed we should lay out the remaining sums with just as poor results.

XLII.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

You will be best able to judge and determine what ought to be done at the present time in the matter of the theatre which the people of Nicæa have begun to build. It will be enough for me to be informed of the plan you adopt. Do not trouble, moreover, to call on the private individuals to build the portions they promised until the theatre is erected, for they made those promises for the sake of having a theatre. All the Greek peoples have a passion for gymnasia, and so perhaps the people of Nicæa have set about building one on a rather lavish scale, but they must be content to cut their coat according to their cloth. You again must decide on what advice to give to the people of Claudopolis in the matter of the bath which, as you say, they have begun to build in a rather unsuitable site. There must be plenty of architects to advise you, for there is no province which is without some men of experience and skill in that profession, and remember again that it does not save time to send one from Rome, when so many of our architects come to Rome from Greece.

XLIII.—TO TRAJAN.

WHEN I consider the splendour of your position and the loftiness of your mind, it seems to me most fitting that I should point out to you schemes which would be worthy

of your eternal fame and glory, and which would not only be imposing to the imagination, but of great public utility. There lies in the territory of the people of Nicomedia a most spacious lake, by which marble, grain, timber, and articles of bulk can be brought by barges to the high road with but little expense and labour, though it is a very laborious and costly business to take them down on waggons to the sea. . . . Such an undertaking demands a large supply of workmen, but they are to be found on the spot, for in the country districts labourers are plentiful, and they are still more plentiful in the city, while it is quite certain that all would be perfectly willing to help in an undertaking which would be of profit to every one. It only remains for you, if you think fit, to send a surveyor or an architect to make careful observations and find out whether the lake lies at a higher level than the sea, for the engineers in this district hold that it is forty cubits higher. I find that one of the earlier kings dug a trench over the same site, but it is doubtful whether his object was to drain off the moisture from the surrounding fields, or to join the waters of the lake and the river. For the trench was not completed, and it is not known whether the work was abandoned because of the king's death, or because the success of the enterprise was despaired of. But this only fires my desire and anxiety—you will pardon my eager ambition for your glory—that you should complete what the kings merely commenced.

XLIV.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

THAT lake you speak of may perhaps tempt me into making up my mind to connect it with the sea, but obviously careful investigations must be made to provide against its totally emptying itself if its waters be brought down to the sea, and to find out what volume of water flows into it, and what are the sources of supply. You will be able to obtain a surveyor from Calpurnius Macer, and I will also send you some one who is an expert in that class of work.

XLV.—TO TRAJAN.

WHEN I asked for a statement of the expenditure of the city of Byzantium—which is abnormally high—it was pointed out to me, Sire, that a delegate was sent every year with a complimentary decree to pay his respects to you, and that he received the sum of twelve thousand sesterces for so doing. Remembering your instructions, I determined to order that the delegate should be kept at home, and that only the decree should be forwarded, in order to lighten the expenses without interfering with the performance of their public act of homage. Again, a tax of three thousand sesterces has been levied upon the same city, which is given every year as travelling expenses to the delegate who is sent to pay the homage of the city to the governor of Mœsia.

This, too, I decided to do away with for the future. I beg, Sire, that, by writing and telling me what you think of these matters, you will deign either to approve my decision or correct me if you think I have been at fault.

XI.VI.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

You have done quite right, my dear Pliny, in cancelling the expenditure by the people of Byzantium of those twelve thousand sesterces on a delegate to come and pay their respects to me. They will for the future do their duty well enough, even though the decree alone is sent on to me through you. The governor of Mœsia will also pardon them if they are less lavish in the honours they show him.

XI.VII.—TO TRAJAN.

I BEG you, Sire, to write and tell me whether you wish the letters patent, the terms of which have expired, to be recognised as valid, and for how long, and so free me from my indecision. For I am afraid of blundering either one way or the other, either by confirming what ought to lapse, or by putting obstacles in the way of those which are necessary.

XLVIII.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

THE letters patent, of which the terms have expired, ought not to be recognised, and consequently I make it my special duty to send out new patents to all the provinces before the day when they are required.

XLIX.—TO TRAJAN.

WHEN I wished, Sirc, to be informed of those who owed money to the city of Apamea, and of its revenue and expenditure, I was told that though every one was anxious that the accounts of the colony should be gone through by me, no proconsul had ever done so before, and that it was one of their privileges and most ancient usages that the administration of the colony should be left to themselves entirely. I got them to set forth in a memorial their arguments and the authorities they cited, which I am sending on to you just as I received it, although I am aware that much of it is quite irrelevant to the point at issue. So I beg you will deign to instruct me as to the course I should adopt, for I am anxious not to seem either to have exceeded or to have fallen short of my duty.

I.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

THE memorial of the people of Apamea which you enclosed with your letter makes it unnecessary for me to examine

into the reasons why they wish it to be known that those who have hitherto acted as proconsuls in the province refrained from inspecting their accounts, though they have no objection to your inspecting them. Their frankness, therefore, merits reward, and you will let them know that your inspection at my express wish will not prejudice the privileges they possess.

I.I.—TO TRAJAN.

BEFORE my arrival, Sire, the people of Nicomedia had commenced to make certain additions to their old forum, in one corner of which stands a very ancient shrine of the Great Mother, which should either be restored or removed to another site, principally for this reason, that it is much less lofty than the new buildings, which are being run up to a good height. When I inquired whether the temple was protected by any legal enactments, I discovered that the form of dedication is different here from what it is with us in Rome. Consider therefore, Sire, whether you think that a temple can be removed without desecration when there has been no legal consecration of the site, for, if there are no religious objections, the removal would be a great convenience.

LII.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

YOU may, my dear Pliny, without any religious scruples, if the site seems to require the change, remove the temple of the Mother of the Gods to a more suitable spot, nor need the fact that there is no record of legal consecration trouble you, for the soil of a foreign city may not be suitable for the consecration which our laws enjoin.

LIII.—TO TRAJAN.

IT is difficult, Sire, to find words to express the pleasure I have received at the favour you have shown my wife's mother and myself in transferring her relative, Cælius Clemens, to this province. For I begin to realise thoroughly the full measure of your kindness when I and all my household receive such abundant favours at your hands, adequate thanks for which I dare not venture to offer you, though I do thank you from the bottom of my heart. Consequently, I take refuge in vows on your behalf, and pray to Heaven that I may not be thought unworthy of the kindnesses you shower so plentifully upon me.

LIV.—TO TRAJAN.

WE have celebrated, Sire, with the thankfulness appropriate to the occasion, the day on which you preserved the empire

by undertaking the duties of Emperor, and have prayed the gods to keep you in safety and prosperity, since on your safety rest the protection and security of the human race. We also repeated the formula at the head of the troops, who swore the oath of loyalty in the usual way, while the provincials vied with them in displaying the same attachment towards you.

LV.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

I AM glad to learn from your letter, my dear Pliny, with what devotion and joy the troops and the provincials have celebrated the anniversary of my coming to the throne, repeating the formula at your dictation.

LVI.—TO TRAJAN

THANKS, Sire, to your forethought and my administration the public revenues have either already been collected or are being collected at this moment, and I am afraid that the money may lie idle. For an opportunity of buying land rarely or never arises, and it is impossible to find persons ready to borrow from the State, especially at twelve per cent. per month, for at that rate they can borrow from private individuals. Consider therefore, Sire, whether you think the rate of interest should be lowered and by this means attract suitable borrowers, or whether, if they are not forth-

coming even then, the money should be divided among the decurions in such a way that they give good security for it to the State. Such a course, even though it displeased them and they were unwilling to take the money, would be less obnoxious provided the rate were lowered.

LVII.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

I DO not see any other remedy, my dear Pliny, than the lowering of the rate of interest, which would facilitate the investment of the public moneys. You must fix the rate according to the number of those likely to borrow. But if people are averse to borrowing, it would not be in consonance with the justice of our reign to force a loan upon them, as possibly they too would find no investment for it.

LVIII.—TO TRAJAN.

I THANK you, Sire, most sincerely that in the midst of your most pressing business of state you have deigned to give me directions on the matters about which I have consulted you, and I beg that you will do the same now. For a certain person came to me and informed me that some enemies of his who had been banished for three years by that distinguished man, Servilius Calvus, were still lingering in the province, while they on the other hand declared that

the sentence against them had been revoked—also by Calvus—and read out to me his edict. That is why I think it necessary to refer the whole matter to you just as it stands. For while your instructions warn me against recalling those who have been banished by others or by myself, they do not cover the case of those who have been banished and recalled from banishment by another governor. Hence, Sire, I thought I ought to consult you as to the course you would wish me to adopt, not only in the instances I have quoted, but also when persons are discovered in the province who have been banished for ever and have not had the sentence revoked. A case of this sort came under my notice in my judicial capacity. For a man was brought before me who had been banished for ever by the proconsul, Julius Bassus. Knowing as I did that the decrees of Bassus had been rescinded, and that the Senate had given permission to all who had been sentenced by him to have their cases tried over again, if they brought their appeal within two years, I asked this man who had been banished by Bassus which proconsul he had approached and told his story to. He said he had not laid his case before any one. It is this which made me consult you whether I should hand him over to complete his sentence or inflict additional punishment, and I should like to know what course you think I ought to adopt towards him and others who may be found to be similarly situated. I enclose with this letter the decree of Calvus and his edict, and also the decree of Bassus.

LIX.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

WHAT steps ought to be taken with respect to those who were banished for three years by the proconsul Servilius Calvus, and afterwards were recalled by an edict of his and remained in the province, I will write and tell you shortly as soon as I have ascertained from Calvus the reason for his recalling them. As to the man who was banished for ever by Julius Bassus, he had two years allowed him in which to appeal if he considered he had been unjustly banished, and as he failed to do so and continued to linger in the province, he must be sent in chains to the prefects of my pretorian guard. For he will not be sufficiently punished by being sent to complete his former sentence, inasmuch as he impudently evaded it.

LX.—TO TRAJAN.

WHEN, Sire, I was about to hold a court and was calling over the names of the judges, Flavius Archippus began to ask leave to be excused on the ground that he was a philosopher. I was indeed told by certain persons that he ought not only to be excused from sitting as a judge but that his name ought to be struck off the list, and that he himself should be handed back to finish the sentence which he had evaded by breaking out of prison. A judgment of the proconsul Velius Paullus was read to me, which showed

that Archippus had been condemned to the mines for forgery, and he could produce nothing to prove that the sentence had been revoked. However, he brings forward, in lieu of a pardon, a petition which he sent to Domitian and a letter which Domitian wrote in reply, referring to some distinction conferred upon him, and he also produces a decree of the people of Prusa. In addition to these documents, there is a letter written by yourself to him, and an edict and a letter of your father's in which he confirmed the privileges granted by Domitian. Consequently, though the man is involved in such serious charges, I thought I had better come to no decision until I had taken your advice on a point which I consider quite worthy of your attention. I enclose with this letter the documents which have been produced on both sides.

A letter from Domitian to Terentius Maximus.

I have granted the request of Flavius Archippus, the philosopher, that I should order land of the value of 600,000 sesterces to be bought for him near Prusa, his native place. I wish this to be acquired for him, and you will charge the whole amount to my account as a gift from me.

A letter from Domitian to Lucius Appius Maximus.

I desire, my dear Maximus, that you will regard Archippus the philosopher, who is a worthy man, and whose character fully corresponds with the nobility of his profession, as.

specially commended to your notice, and that you will show him the full extent of your kindness in any reasonable request he may lay before you.

Edict of the late Emperor Nerva.

There are some things, Romans, that go without saying in such prosperous times as we are now enjoying, nor should people look to a good emperor to declare himself on points wherein his position is thoroughly understood. For every citizen is well assured, and can answer for me without prompting, that I have preferred the security of the State to my own convenience, and in so doing have both conferred new privileges and confirmed old ones that were conceded before my time. However, to prevent there being any interruption of the public felicity by doubts and hesitation arising from the nervousness of those who have obtained favours, or from the memory of the emperor who granted them, I have thought that it is advisable, and that it will give general pleasure, if I remove all doubt by giving proof of my kind indulgence. I do not wish any one to think that any benefit conferred upon him, in either a private or public capacity by any other emperor, will be taken away from him just in order that he may owe the confirmation of his privilege to myself. Let all such grants be regarded as ratified and absolutely secure, and let those who write to thank me for the favours which the royal house has bestowed upon them not fail to renew their applications for more. Only let them give me time for new kindnesses, and under-

stand that the favours they solicit must be such as they do not already possess.

A letter from Nerva to Tullius Justus.

Since I have made it my rule to preserve all arrangements begun and carried through in the previous reigns, the letters of Domitian must also remain valid.

LXI.—TO TRAJAN.

FLAVIUS ARCHIPPUS has implored me, by your safety and eternal fame, to transmit to you a memorial which he has placed in my hands. I thought it my duty to grant his request, but at the same time to acquaint his accuser of the fact that I was about to send it. She too has sent me a memorial, which I enclose with this letter, so that having heard, as it were, both sides of the case, you may the more easily determine on the course to pursue.

LXII.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

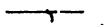
It is possible, of course, that Domitian was unaware of the true circumstances in which Archippus was situated when he wrote in such a flattering strain about the honour to be paid him. However, it suits my way of thinking better to suppose that he was restored to his old position by the

intervention of the Emperor, especially as the honour of a statue was so often decreed to Archippus by persons who were thoroughly aware of the sentence passed upon him by the proconsul Paullus. These facts, however, my dear Pliny, do not mean that you should consider any new charge brought against him as the less deserving of attention. I have read the memorials of Furia Prima, his accuser, and of Archippus himself, which you enclosed in your second letter.

LXIII.—TO TRAJAN.

You very justly, Sire, express the fear that the lake may drain itself dry if its waters are turned into the river and so into the sea, but I fancy that I have discovered a way to meet this difficulty. For the lake might be brought right up to the river by means of a canal, and yet it need not be turned into it, but, by leaving a margin between them, the waters of both may be practically joined without actually being so; and hence, though its waters will not mingle with those of the river, the result will be much the same as if they did, for it will be a simple matter to transfer goods which have been brought up the canal to boats on the river across the narrow strip of land dividing them. That course might be adopted if necessity demanded, but I hope it will not be necessary, for the lake itself is sufficiently deep, and even now has a river flowing out of it in a contrary direction. This could be intercepted and turned

into the direction in which we desire it to flow, and so, without any injury to the lake, it would supply us with as much water as it now carries off. Moreover, there are several little streams in the district through which the canal would have to be constructed, and if these were carefully collected, their volume would increase the amount of water supplied by the lake. Again, if it were decided to extend the canal still farther, and narrow it and bring it down to the level of the sea, so that its waters might flow, not into the river, but into the sea, the counter-pressure of the sea would preserve and keep back whatever water comes down from the lake. If there had been none of these natural advantages, we should have had to moderate the flow of the water by floodgates. But all these points and sundry others will be examined and looked into with far greater knowledge by the surveyor whom you have promised to send, and whom, Sire, you really ought to send. For the undertaking is well worthy of your noble mind and your personal attention. Meantime, I have written to that excellent person, Calpurnius Macer, asking him, on your authority, to send me the most suitable surveyor for the purpose.



IXIV.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

It is clear to me, my dear Pliny, that you have shown both diligence and careful consideration in the matter of the lake you speak of, since you have thought out so many

expedients to prevent all danger of its running dry and to increase its future usefulness for us. Do you, therefore, take whatever steps the matter seems to you to require. I think that Calpurnius Macer will not fail to provide you with a surveyor, for the Asiatic provinces are never short of engineers for such undertakings.

LXV.—TO TRAJAN.

YOUR freedman, Sire, Lycormas, wrote to me saying that if any embassy came from the Bosphorus on its way to Rome I was to detain it until his arrival. As yet no such deputation has come, or, at least, none has reached the city where I am staying. However, a courier has come from the King of Sarmatia, and seizing the opportunity with which chance had presented me, I thought it advisable to send him on with the courier who outstripped Lycormas on his journey, so that you might be able to acquaint yourself with the letters of Lycormas and the king, both of which may be equally important for you to read.

LXVI.—TO TRAJAN.

THE King of Sarmatia has written to me saying that there are certain matters which you ought to know as soon as

possible. For that reason I have given the courier whom he sent to me with the letter an official permit to enable him to travel more quickly.

LXVII.—TO TRAJAN.

SIRE, the problem as to the status and cost of maintenance of children exposed at birth and then reared by others is an important one which affects the whole province. After listening to the decrees of former emperors on the subject, and finding there was no general or particular rule relating to Bithynia, I thought I ought to consult you on the course you desire to be adopted. For I considered that I ought not to be satisfied with mere precedents in a matter that requires an authoritative expression of your will. I had read to me an edict reputed to have been issued by Augustus respecting Annia, letters of Vespasian to the Lacedæmonians and of Titus to the same people and to the Achaïans, and of Domitian to the proconsuls Avidius Nigrinus and Armenius Brocchus, and again to the people of Lacedæmon. I have not sent them on to you, because they seemed to me to be not altogether correct copies, and some appeared to be of doubtful authenticity, and because I imagine that the genuine and correct documents will be found in your archives.

LXVIII.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

THE question you raise as to those who were born free and exposed by their parents, and then reared by other people and brought up in a state of servitude, has often been dealt with, but I do not find in the records of my predecessors any general rule established for the whole of the provinces. Domitian certainly wrote letters to Avidius Nigrinus and Armenius Brocchus, which perhaps ought to be followed as precedents, but Bithynia is not one of the provinces covered by his letters. Consequently, I do not think that those who prove their right to freedom should have their claims refused, nor do I think that they should have to buy their freedom by paying the cost of their maintenance.

LXIX.—TO TRAJAN.

AFTER the messenger of the King of Sarmatia had stayed of his own free will for two days in Nicæa, where he found me, I thought, Sire, that he ought to delay no longer, in the first place, because it was still uncertain when your freed-man Lycormas would put in an appearance, and, in the second, because I myself was bound by pressing official business to go and visit another part of my province. I have felt it my duty to bring these facts to your knowledge, as I just recently wrote and told you that I had been asked

by Lycormas to keep back any deputation which might come from the Bosphorus until his arrival. There is now no justifiable reason for my delaying him any longer, especially as I fancy the letter of Lycormas which, as I said before, I did not like to keep back, will arrive in Rome some days before this messenger.

LXX.—TO TRAJAN.

SEVERAL persons have petitioned me to grant them leave, as other proconsuls have done before my time, to transfer to other resting-places the remains of their ancestors, owing to the ravages of time, the inundation of rivers, or some other similar reasons. Knowing as I do that in Rome the permission of the Pontifical College is necessary in such cases, I have thought that I ought to consult you, Sire, as Chief Pontiff, as to the course you would wish me to pursue.

LXXI.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

It would be very hard on the provincials to lay upon them the necessity of approaching the Pontifical College whenever they desired for some sufficient reason to remove the ashes of their ancestors from one place to another. You should therefore follow the precedents set by those who have governed the province before you, and either give or withhold permission on the merits of each case.

LXXII.—TO TRAJAN.

WHEN I was looking about, Sire, for a place upon which to build the baths which you have graciously allowed to be erected at Prusa, I was pleased with a site on which there once stood, I am told, a beautiful mansion which is now in a ruinous and unsightly condition. By choosing this we shall beautify what is an eyesore in the city, and we shall extend the city itself without pulling down any buildings, but by merely rebuilding on a finer scale structures which have crumbled away through old age. The history of this mansion is as follows:—Claudius Polyænus left it in his will to Claudius Cæsar, and gave orders that a temple should be erected to the Emperor in the colonnade and that the remainder of the house should be let. For some years the city enjoyed the rent arising therefrom, but as time went on the whole mansion fell in, parts of it being stolen and parts being allowed to decay, until now there is scarcely anything left of it but the ground it stood on. The city, Sire, will consider it a great favour if you will give them the site or order it to be put up for sale, as the situation is such a convenient one. For my own part, if you grant me your permission, I am thinking of clearing the courtyard and constructing the new baths upon it, and of surrounding with a hall and galleries the site on which the old buildings stood, and consecrating them to you, for the work will be a handsome one and worthy of bearing your

name as its benefactor. I am sending to you a copy of the will, though it is an imperfect one, and from it you will see that Polyænus left a considerable amount of furniture for the decoration of the mansion which, like the mansion itself, has now been lost, though I shall do my best to recover it as far as possible.

LXXIII.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

WE may certainly utilise the courtyard and the ruined mansion, which you say is unoccupied, for the construction of the baths at Prusa. But you did not make it quite clear whether the temple in the colonnade was ever actually completed and consecrated to Claudius; for if it was, then even though it is now in ruins, the ground still remains specially sacred to him.

LXXIV.—TO TRAJAN.

I HAVE been asked by certain persons to give decisions in cases where men claim they were born free, and demand the restitution of their birth-right, and so act in accordance with the precedents set by the letter of Domitian to Minicius Rufus and by the proconsuls in office here before me. I have consulted the decree of the Senate relating to that class of cases, and I find that it only deals with provinces which

are governed by proconsuls; and so, Sire, I have left the matter open, and postponed a decision until you advise me of the course you wish to be followed.

LXXV.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

IF you will send me the decree of the Senate which has made you hesitate, I will form my opinion as to whether or not you ought to take cognisances of cases in which the petitioners claim they were born free, and demand the restitution of their birth-right.

LXXVI.—TO TRAJAN.

SIRE, a soldier named Appuleius, who belongs to the garrison at Nicomedia, has written to tell us that a certain person of the name of Callidromus, on being forcibly detained by two bakers, Maximus and Dionysius, in whose employment he had been, fled for refuge to your statue, and on being brought before the magistrates admitted that he had at one time been the slave of Laberius Maximus, that he had been made prisoner by Susagus in Mœsia, and sent as a present by Decebalus to Pacorus, the Parthian king. After remaining in his service for many years he had made good his escape, and so found his way to Nicomedia. I had him brought before me, and when he had told me

the same story, I thought the best plan was to send him to you. The reason for my delay in so doing is that I have been trying to find a ring bearing the likeness of Pacorus, which he said that he used to wear as an ornament, but which had been stolen from him. For it was my wish to forward this ring, if it could be found, just as I am sending a piece of ore, which the man declares he brought from a Parthian mine. I have sealed it with my own signet, the device on which is a four-horse chariot.

LXXVII.—TO TRAJAN.

SIRE, a person named Julius Largus, of Pontus, whom I had never seen or heard of before,—he must have blindly followed the good opinion you have of me,—has entrusted me with the management of the money with which he seeks to prove his loyalty towards you. For he has asked me in his will to undertake as heir the division of his property, and after keeping for myself 50,000 sosterces, hand over all that remains to the free cities of Heraclea and Tios. He leaves it to my discretion whether I think it better to erect public works and dedicate them to your glory, or to institute an athletic festival to be held every five years and be called “the Trajan games.” I have decided to bring the facts to your notice, and for this special reason, that you may direct me in my choice.

.

LXXVIII.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

JULIUS LARGUS, in picking you out for your loyalty, has acted as though he knew you intimately. So do you consider the circumstances of each place and the best means of perpetuating his memory, and follow the course you think best.

LXXIX.—TO TRAJAN.

YOU acted with your usual prudence, Sire, in instructing that eminent man, Calpurnius Macer, to send a legionary centurion to Byzantium. Consider, I pray, whether for similar reasons one should be sent to Juliopolis also, which, though one of the tiniest of free cities, has very heavy burdens to bear, and if any wrong is done to it, it is the more serious owing to its weakness. Moreover, whatever favours you confer on the people of Juliopolis will benefit the whole province, for the city lies at the extremity of Bithynia, and through it the large number of persons who travel through the province have to pass.

LXXX.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

It is owing to the situation of the free city of Byzantium, and the fact that so many travellers make their way into it

from all sides, that, in conformity with established precedent, I have decided to send them a legionary centurion to protect their privileges. If I were to decide to assist the people of Juliopolis in the same way I should be burdening myself with a new precedent. For more and more cities would want the same favour, just in proportion to their weakness, and I have sufficient confidence in your diligence to feel certain that you will do your very best to protect them from harm. If, however, any persons act contrary to my rules, let them be promptly suppressed; or if any are guilty of offences too grave to be sufficiently punished off-hand, notify their commanding officers, if they are soldiers, of the crimes in which you have detected them, or if they are about to return to Rome write and let me know.

LXXXI.—TO TRAJAN.

THERE is a provision, Sire, in the *Lex Pompeia*—which is in force in Bithynia—to the effect that no one is to hold office or sit in the Senate who is under thirty years of age, and it is also provided in the same law that all ex-magistrates are to have a seat in that Chamber. Then followed an edict of the Emperor Augustus permitting persons to hold the minor offices from their twenty-second year. The question arises, therefore, whether a man who held office before he was thirty can be admitted by the censors to the Senate, and, if he can, whether by the same interpretation those

who have not held office may also be appointed senators when they reach the age at which they may become magistrates. This practice has already been followed in some places, and it is said to be unavoidable on the ground that it is much preferable to admit into the Senate the sons of well-born persons than to admit plebeians. When I was asked my opinion by the consuls-elect, I said I thought that those who had held office before they were thirty might be appointed senators in accordance with the terms of the edict of Augustus and the Lex Pompeia, inasmuch as Augustus allowed those under thirty to hold office, and the law declared that an ex-magistrate should sit in the Senate. But I hesitated as to those who had not held office, though they had reached the age when they were eligible for such office. That is why, Sire, I ask your advice on the course you would have me adopt. I enclose with my letter both the heads of the Pompeian Law and the edict of Augustus.

I.XXXII.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

I AGREE with the construction you place on the law, my dear Pliny, and I think that the Lex Pompeia is superseded by the edict of Augustus to the extent that persons not less than twenty-two years of age are eligible for office, and that, having held it, they necessarily become senators in all the free cities. But if they have not held office, I do not think

that those who are under thirty can be appointed senators in any place, simply because they might hold office if they chose.

I.LXXXIII.—TO TRAJAN.

WHEN, Sire, I was at Prusa, near Mt. Olympus, and was enjoying a rest from public business at my lodgings,—I was about to leave the town on the same day,—a magistrate named Asclepiades sent me a message saying that Claudius Eumolpus had appealed to me. It appeared that one Cocceianus Dion wished to have a formal taking over by the city in the Senate of the public work on which he had been engaged, and that Eumolpus, who was appearing for Flavius Archippus, said that Dion ought to be made to produce plans of the work before it was handed over to the city, alleging that he had not finished it as he ought to have done. He added that your statue had been placed in the temple, together with the remains of Dion's wife and son, and demanded that I should take cognisance of the matter in proper legal form. When I said that I would do so forthwith and postpone my journey, he asked that I would put off the day of hearing, so as to give him time to prepare his case, and that I would investigate the matter in another city. I replied that I would hear it tried at Nicaea, and when I had taken my seat on the bench in that place to listen to the pleading, Eumolpus once more began to try and get a further adjournment on the ground that he was

still not quite ready; while Dion, on the other hand, demanded that the case should be heard at once. A good deal was said on both sides relating to the subject at issue. I thought that a further adjournment should be made, and that I had better consult you in a matter that looked like forming a precedent, and I told both parties to hand in written statements of their separate demands, for I wished that you should hear the points put forward as far as possible in their own words. Dion said that he would give in a statement, and Eumolpus also promised to set down in writing his points, so far as they related to matters of state. But in the charge about the remains he said that he was not the accuser, but merely the advocate of Flavius Archippus, whose commission he was undertaking. Archippus, who was being represented by Eumolpus, as at Prusa, then said that he too would make a written statement. Yet neither Eumolpus nor Archippus has yet handed in any, though I have waited a long time; Dion, on the other hand, has done so, and I enclose it with this letter. I have visited the place in question and seen your statue in position in the library, while the building, where the wife and son of Dion are said to be buried, lies in the courtyard, which is enclosed by porticos. I beg you, Sire, to condescend to advise me in forming a decision on a case like this, for it has created great public interest, as it was bound to do, considering the facts are admitted, and there are precedents on both sides.

LXXXIV.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

YOU need have had no hesitation, my dear Pliny, on the point whereon you have thought it necessary to consult me, for you are well aware of my fixed resolve not to seek to make people respect my name by fear and terrorism and charges of *lèse majesté*. Dismiss the inquiry, therefore, which I should not admit even if there were precedents to support it, and let Cocceianus Dion be required to submit the plan of the whole building he has raised under your supervision, as public interests demand that he should. Moreover, he does not decline to do so, and ought not to, if he did.

LXXXV.—TO TRAJAN.

I HAVE been publicly asked, Sire, by what is and ought to be the most sacred thing in the world to me, I mean your eternal fame and well-being, to forward to you a memorial of the people of Nicæa, and therefore, as I did not think it right to refuse, I accepted it and enclose it with this letter.

LXXXVI.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

As the people of Nicæa declare that Augustus conferred upon them the right to enjoy the property of those citizens who die intestate, you must inquire into the matter, and

summon before you all who are concerned in the question, including Viridius Gemellinus and Epimachus, my freedman, who are procurators, and then, after giving due weight to the arguments on the other side, come to the decision you think best.

LXXXVII.—TO TRAJAN.

SIRE, I have found Maximus, your freedman and procurator, all the time we have been together, a man of probity, industry, and diligence, and as devoted to discipline as he is eager to prosecute your interests, and I gladly, therefore, bear witness to you of his worth, as is my duty.

LXXXVIII.—TO TRAJAN.

SIRE, I can recommend to you most heartily, as it is my duty to do, Gabius Bassus, the prefect of the coast of Pontus, as an upright, honest, and diligent public servant, and as one who has showed me the greatest respect. He has been trained in military service under your standard, and he owes the fact that he is worthy of your favour to the training he there received. The soldiers and country people around me have learned to trust his justice and kind-heartedness, and they have vied with one another in giving him² public and private testimonials of their regard. These facts I bring before your notice as I am in duty bound to do.

LXXXIX.—TO TRAJAN.

SIRE, I served with Nymphidius Lupus in the army when he was chief centurion; when he was præfect I was a military tribune, and from that time I began to have a strong affection for him. Subsequently, our affection increased as our friendship grew older, and so I laid violent hands on him in his retirement and induced him to come to Bithynia with me and serve on my staff. This he has done and will continue to do in the most friendly way, without regard for his age and the retirement suited thereto. For this reason I look upon his near friends as my own, especially his son Nymphidius Lupus, a young man of integrity and industry, well worthy of such a father, and one who amply deserves your favour, as you may judge from the first proof he has given of his mettle. For as præfect of a cohort he has won glowing praise from two such excellent officers as Julius Ferox and Fuscus Salinator. My joy and self-congratulation will be satisfied by the advancement of the son.

XC.—TO TRAJAN.

I PRAY, Sire, that you may keep this birthday and many others in the greatest happiness, and that in strength and security you may increase the fame and eternal praise of your glory by adding to the list of your noble achievements.

XCI.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

I ACKNOWLEDGE your prayer, my dear Pliny, that I may celebrate many happy birthdays, and that our Empire may continue to prosper.

XCII.—TO TRAJAN.

THE people of Sinope, Sire, are short of a proper water-supply, though a good and plentiful supply might be brought from a distance of about sixteen miles. However, there is a dangerously soft piece of ground a little more than a mile from the source, which I have in the meanwhile ordered to be surveyed, to see whether it could bear the weight of an aqueduct. If we undertake to build the funds will not be lacking, if you, Sire, grant permission to this healthy and pleasantly placed but very thirsty colony to begin the work.

XCIII.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

MAKE a careful survey, my dear Pliny, as you have begun to do, to see whether the place which looks dangerous can support the weight of an aqueduct. I do not think we ought to hesitate about bringing a proper water-supply to the colony of Sinope, provided that it can bear the expense alone, inasmuch as the improvement would contribute both to its health and to its charms as a place of residence.

XCIV.—TO TRAJAN.

THE free and allied city of Amisum, thanks to your favour, enjoys its own special laws. I have enclosed with this letter, Sire, a memorial relating to their collections for the poor, that you may decide in what way the practice is to be permitted, to what lengths it may be carried, or where it should be checked.

XCV.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

IF permission has been granted to the people of Amisum, whose memorial you enclosed with your letter, in the laws which govern the terms of their alliance, to make a collection for the poor, we have no reason to prevent them; and we can permit it the more readily in that the collection is utilised for the support of the distressed and not to bring people together and form illicit societies. But in other free states which are under our jurisdiction collections of this kind are not to be permitted.

XCVI.—TO TRAJAN.

SIRE, I have long admired the character and literary abilities of Suetonius Tranquillus, a man of the highest integrity, probity, and learning; he has been my constant companion, and I have begun to love him the better as I have learned

to know him the more thoroughly. There are two reasons why the privileges of the *jus trium liberorum* should be conferred upon him. One is that he wins the last proof of his friends' good opinion of him and is mentioned in their wills, and the other is that he has not been fortunate in his marriage. He has therefore to rely, through us, upon obtaining from your kindness what has been denied him by the perversity of Fortune. I know, Sire, how great is the favour I am asking, but I ask it none the less from you, inasmuch as I find you are always most indulgent in granting my requests. And you may see how earnestly I desire it, for I should not ask it when I am miles away if I were only half-hearted in preferring my petition.

XCVII.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

YOU assuredly know, my dear Pliny, how sparingly I grant these favours, for I often declare in the Senate that I have not exceeded the number with which I told that august order I should be content. However, I have granted your request, and I have ordered a note to be entered on my diaries that I have bestowed the privilege of the *jus trium liberorum* upon Suetonius Tranquillus on the customary understanding.

XCVIII.—TO TRAJAN.

It is my custom, Sire, to refer to you in all cases where I do not feel sure, for who can better direct my doubts or inform my ignorance? I have never been present at any legal examination of the Christians, and I do not know, therefore, what are the usual penalties passed upon them, or the limits of those penalties, or how searching an inquiry should be made. I have hesitated a great deal in considering whether any distinctions should be drawn according to the ages of the accused; whether the weak should be punished as severely as the more robust; whether if they renounce their faith they should be pardoned, or whether the man who has once been a Christian should gain nothing by recanting; whether the name itself, even though otherwise innocent of crime, should be punished, or only the crimes that gather round it.

In the meantime, this is the plan which I have adopted in the case of those Christians who have been brought before me. I ask them whether they are Christians; if they say yes, then I repeat the question a second and a third time, warning them of the penalties it entails, and if they still persist, I order them to be taken away to prison. For I do not doubt that, whatever the character of the crime may be which they confess, their pertinacity and inflexible obstinacy certainly ought to be punished. There were others who showed similar mad folly whom

I reserved to be sent to Rome, as they were Roman citizens. Subsequently, as is usually the way, the very fact of my taking up this question led to a great increase of accusations, and a variety of cases were brought before me. A pamphlet was issued anonymously, containing the names of a number of people. Those who denied that they were or had been Christians and called upon the gods in the usual formula, reciting the words after me, those who offered incense and wine before your image, which I had given orders to be brought forward for this purpose, together with the statues of the deities—all such I considered should be discharged, especially as they cursed the name of Christ, which, it is said, those who are really Christians cannot be induced to do. Others, whose names were given me by an informer, first said that they were Christians and afterwards denied it, declaring that they had been but were so no longer, some of them having recanted many years before, and more than one so long as twenty years back. They all worshipped your image and the statues of the deities, and cursed the name of Christ. But they declared that the sum of their guilt or their error only amounted to this, that on a stated day they had been accustomed to meet before daybreak and to recite a hymn among themselves to Christ, as though he were a god, and that so far from binding themselves by oath to commit any crime, their oath was to abstain from theft, robbery, adultery, and from breach of faith, and not to deny trust money placed in their keeping when called upon to deliver it.

When this ceremony was concluded, it had been their custom to depart and meet again to take food, but it was of no special character and quite harmless, and they had ceased this practice after the edict in which, in accordance with your orders, I had forbidden all secret societies. I thought it the more necessary, therefore, to find out what truth there was in these statements by submitting two women, who were called deaconesses, to the torture, but I found nothing but a debased superstition carried to great lengths. So I postponed my examination, and immediately consulted you. The matter seems to me worthy of your consideration, especially as there are so many people involved in the danger. Many persons of all ages, and of both sexes alike, are being brought into peril of their lives by their accusers, and the process will go on. For the contagion of this superstition has spread not only through the free cities, but into the villages and the rural districts, and yet it seems to me that it can be checked and set right. It is beyond doubt that the temples, which have been almost deserted, are beginning again to be thronged with worshippers, that the sacred rites which have for a long time been allowed to lapse are now being renewed, and that the food for the sacrificial victims is once more finding a sale, whereas, up to recently, a buyer was hardly to be found. From this it is easy to infer what vast numbers of people might be reclaimed, if only they were given an opportunity of repentance.

XCIX.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

You have adopted the proper course, my dear Pliny, in examining into the cases of those who have been denounced to you as Christians, for no hard and fast rule can be laid down to meet a question of such wide extent. The Christians are not to be hunted out; if they are brought before you and the offence is proved, they are to be punished, but with this reservation—that if any one denies that he is a Christian and makes it clear that he is not, by offering prayers to our deities, then he is to be pardoned because of his recantation, however suspicious his past conduct may have been. But pamphlets published anonymously must not carry any weight whatever, no matter what the charge may be, for they are not only a precedent of the very worst type, but they are not in consonance with the spirit of our age.

C.—TO TRAJAN.

THE city of Amastris, Sire, which is both elegantly and finely built, boasts among its most striking features a very beautiful and lengthy street, down one side of which, to its full extent, runs what is called a river, but it is really a sewer of the foulest kind. This is not only an eyesore because it is so disgusting to look at, but it is a danger to health from its shocking smells. For these reasons, both

for the sake of health and appearance, it ought to be covered over, and this will be done if you give leave, while we will take care that the money shall be forthcoming for so important and necessary a work.

CI.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

IT stands to reason, my dear Pliny, that the stream which flows through the city of Amastris should be covered over, if by remaining uncovered it endangers the public health. I feel certain that, with your usual diligence, you will take care that the money for the work will be forthcoming.

CII.—TO TRAJAN.

WE have paid, Sire, with joyfulness and alacrity the vows we publicly pronounced for the years that are past, and we have undertaken new ones, the troops and the provincials vying with one another to show their loyalty. We pray the gods that they may preserve you and the State in prosperity and safety, and show you the good will which you have so richly deserved, not only by your exceeding and numerous virtues, but by your striking integrity of life and the obedience and honour you have paid to Heaven. •

CIII.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

I HAVE been glad to learn from your letter, my dear Pliny, that the troops and the provincials in joyful unison have paid the vows they made for my safety, reciting the formula after you, and that they have undertaken new vows for the future.

CIV.—TO TRAJAN.

WE have celebrated with all due religious observance the lucky day upon which you succeeded to the throne and the care of the human race was placed in your keeping, and have recommended our public vows and thanksgivings to the gods who set you to rule over us.

CV.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

I HAVE been glad to learn from your letter that the anniversary of my succession has been celebrated by the troops and the provincials with due thanksgiving, reciting the formula after you.

CVI.—TO TRAJAN.

VALERIUS PAULINUS, Sire, has left me the right of patronage over all his Latin freedmen to the exclusion of his son

Paulinus, and I beg of you in the meantime to grant the full Roman rights to three of them. I am afraid it would seem to be asking too much to bespeak your indulgence for all alike, and I ought to be the more modest in asking your indulgence as it is granted to me so fully. But those for whom I beg this favour are Caius Valerius Astræus, Caius Valerius Dionysius, and Caius Valerius Aper.

CVII.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

YOUR early solicitation of my favour for those who have been placed under your patronage by Valerius Paulinus does you so much credit that I have in the meantime given orders for a note to be entered in my archives to the effect that I have bestowed the full Roman citizenship on those for whom you have asked it, and I will do the same for the others upon your making application.

CVIII.—TO TRAJAN.

PUBLIUS ATTIVS AQUILA, Sire, a centurion of the sixth cohort of horse, asked me to forward to you a memorial in which he begs your indulgence on behalf of the status of his daughter. I thought it would be hard to deny him, especially as I know what a ready and kindly ear you turn to the requests of your soldiers.

CIX.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

I HAVE read the memorial which you sent to me from Publius Attius Aquila, a centurion of the sixth cohort of horse, and I have been moved by his entreaties to bestow upon his daughter the Roman citizenship. I am sending you a copy of the order, which you will please hand over to him.

CX.—TO TRAJAN.

I BEG you, Sire, to send me word what legal rights you wish the cities of Bithynia and Pontus to possess in getting in moneys which may be due to them, either as rents or the proceeds of sales, or for any other cause. I have found that they have been granted the position of preferential creditors by many proconsuls, and that the privilege has acquired a sort of legal sanction. I think, however, that you should make some definite decree on the subject by means of which their rights may be established for the future, for the preferential claim, however justly granted to them by the proconsuls, will be short-lived and invalid unless it receives your official authorisation.

CXI.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

THE legal position of the cities of Bithynia and Pontus, in getting in moneys which may be due to them for any

reason, must be determined by consulting the special laws of each city. If they possess the privilege of ranking as preferential creditors, it must be respected ; if they do not, then I shall not think of granting it to the detriment of private creditors.

CXII.—TO TRAJAN.

THE syndic, Sire, of the city of Amisus has claimed in court before me the sum of 40,000 denarii from Julius Piso, which was given to him out of the public funds twenty years before by the Senate and confirmed by a public meeting, and he urged in defence of the claim your edicts, in which donations of that sort are forbidden. Piso, on the other hand, declared that he had made great monetary contributions to the city funds, and had well-nigh spent all his means. He urged, moreover, the length of time which had elapsed since the gift was made, and begged that he might not be compelled to pay back what he had received many years before for a number of services rendered, saying that to do so would mean the ruin of what position he still had left to him. For these reasons I thought it best to adjourn the case as it stood, that I might consult you on the course you think best to adopt.

CXIII.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

THOUGH it is true my edicts forbid the grants of public money to individuals, yet it does not follow that grants made years ago ought to be inquired into anew and revoked and annulled, for to do so would shatter the position of a host of persons. Let us therefore ignore all such donations that are twenty years old, for I wish to do what is best, not only for the public funds of each city, but for the individuals living therein.

CXIV.—TO TRAJAN.

THE *Lex Pompeia*, Sire, which is in vogue in Bithynia and Pontus, does not make it compulsory for those who are appointed by the censors to a seat in the Senate to pay a sum of money to the public funds, but those who by your special favour have been appointed senators in certain cities, over and above the usual number of those bodies, have paid either one or two thousand denarii. Subsequently, the proconsul Anicius Maximus gave orders that even those who were appointed by the censors should make some contribution of varying amounts to the public funds, at least in a few cities. It rests, therefore, with you to determine whether all who are appointed senators should be obliged to pay a fixed sum as entrance money, for it is only proper that a rule meant to be permanent should be

drawn up by yourself, whose acts and words deserve to live for ever.

CXV.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

It is impossible for me to draw up a general rule as to whether newly-made senators in every city in Bithynia ought or ought not to pay an honorarium as entrance money. I think that the laws of each city should be observed—which is always the safest course to adopt. . . .

CXVI.—TO TRAJAN.

SIRE, according to the *Lex Pompeia*, the free cities of Bithynia have the right to enrol any one they please as a citizen, provided that he does not belong to any of the other Bithynian cities. The same law lays down provisions stating the causes for which a member of a senate may be expelled by the censors. Consequently, certain censors have consulted me on the point whether they ought to expel any member who belonged to another city. However, I was influenced by the fact that, though the law forbids the election of such a person, it does not order his expulsion from the Senate for that reason; and, besides, I was assured that in every city there were a number of senators belonging to other cities, and that any interference would seriously affect the position of a host of individuals

and cities, inasmuch as that section of the law had for many years fallen into abeyance by general consent. So I thought it necessary to consult you as to the line you would wish me to adopt. I enclose with this letter the heads of the law on the subject.

CXVII.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

YOU did right to hesitate, my dear Pliny, before giving your answer to the censors who consulted you about the admission to the Senate of citizens belonging to other cities but to the same province. For the authority of the law, and the old-established custom of acting contrary to it, naturally pulled you different ways. My own feeling in the matter is that we should not attempt to disturb past arrangements, and that those persons who have been appointed senators, no matter what cities they belonged to, should retain their position. For the future, however, the *Lex Pompeia* must be observed, although to try and enforce it retrospectively would necessarily entail great disturbance.

CXVIII.—TO TRAJAN.

IT is the custom for those who assume the gown of manhood, or who marry, or enter upon office, or dedicate any public work, to invite all the Senate, and even a consider-

able number of the common people, and present each person with one or two denarii. I beg you will tell me whether you think this practice should be kept up, and to what extent, for while I think that the inviting of friends is permissible, especially on solemn occasions, I am afraid that those who invite a thousand persons, or sometimes more, exceed all due limits, and seem to be guilty of what may be regarded as a special kind of bribery.

CXIX.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

I APPROVE your apprehension that there is a look of bribery about invitations which are given on a wholesale scale and exceed due limits, and bring people together in whole societies, as it were, to receive customary presents, which is a very different thing from giving a present to each man because you know him. But the reason I selected your prudent self as governor was that you might exercise a moderating influence upon the customs of that province, and that you might so order matters as to secure its future quiet.

CXX.—TO TRAJAN.

THE athletes, Sire, think that the rewards which you have promised as prizes in the iselastic contests ought to be due to them from the day they receive their laurel crowns, for

they argue that the date of their entry into their native place is immaterial, and that the material fact is the time of their victory which entitles them to that entry. I am in the habit of countersigning the drafts for payment with the phrase "under the head of iselastic money," and I have a very strong feeling that the time ought to be dated from the day when they make their entry. The same people are also demanding the special rewards for the contest which you have made iselastic, although they were winners before it was so made by you, for they say it is only fair that they should receive the rewards for games which have now begun to be iselastic, considering that they do not receive the rewards for those which have ceased after their victory to be so. On this point I have the gravest doubts as to the advisability of making the prizes retrospective, and giving rewards to which the winners were not entitled when the contests took place. I beg you, therefore, to set my doubts at rest—that is to say, I beg that you will deign to explain the way you wish your generosity to be applied.

CXXI.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

It seems to me that the rewards ought to begin to be due from the date when the winner makes his public entry into his own city. The special rewards for those contests which I have been pleased to class as iselastic ought not to be retrospective, if they were not iselastic before. Nor does

the fact that the victors no longer receive the rewards for the contests from which I have taken away the iselastic privileges assist their claim, for though the conditions of the contests are changed, the rewards which they have carried off are not reclaimed.

CXXII.—TO TRAJAN.

UP to the present moment, Sire, I have not granted any one a special permit, nor have I despatched any messenger except on your service. However, I have been obliged to break through this rule of mine, for when I heard of the death of my wife's grandfather, and my wife was anxious to hasten to the side of her aunt, I thought it would be hard to deny her the use of a permit, especially as the value of such an act of kindness on her part depended on her prompt arrival, and as I knew that I could approve to you the cause of a journey which was actuated by motives of family affection. I have written this letter, because I thought I should not be showing you the^e gratitude I ought, if I omitted to mention that I owed this particular favour to your kindness, in addition to all those you have showered upon me. I was so confident of your kindness that, without asking your permission, I did not hesitate to do what, if I had asked your permission, would have been done too late.

CXXIII.—TRAJAN TO PLINY.

You did right, my dear Pliny, in reposing confidence in my sympathy. There is no doubt that, if you had waited to ask my permission to expedite your wife's journey by the permits which I have given you for official purposes, they would have been of little service to her, especially as the speed with which she travelled must have made her arrival still more welcome to her aunt.

THE END.

BOOKS OF FAIRY TALES.

Crown 8vo, Cloth Elegant, Price 3/6 per Vol.

ENGLISH FAIRY AND OTHER FOLK TALES.

Selected and Edited, with an Introduction,

By EDWIN SIDNEY HARTLAND.

With Twelve Full-Page Illustrations by CHARLES E. BROCK.

SCOTTISH FAIRY AND FOLK TALES.

Selected and Edited, with an Introduction,

By SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.

With Twelve Full-Page Illustrations by JAMES TORRANCE.

IRISH FAIRY AND FOLK TALES.

Selected and Edited, with an Introduction,

By W. B. YEATS.

With Twelve Full-Page Illustrations by JAMES TORRANCE.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE

Dramatic Essays

(3 VOLS).

Edited by WILLIAM ARCHER and ROBERT W. LOWE.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, Price 3s. 6d. each.

VOL. I. DRAMATIC ESSAYS BY LEIGH HUNT. Selected and Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by WILLIAM ARCHER and ROBERT W. LOWE. With an Engraved Portrait of Leigh Hunt as Frontispiece.

This Volume contains the Criticisms collected by LEIGH HUNT himself in 1807 (long out of print), and the admirable articles which he contributed more than twenty years later to "The Tatler," and never republished.

"All students of drama and lovers of 'the play' will welcome the admirably produced volume of *Dramatic Essays by Leigh Hunt*, selected and edited by Mr. Archer and Mr. Lowe, with notes, and an extremely interesting introduction written by Mr. Archer."—*The World*.

VOL. II. SELECTIONS FROM THE CRITICISMS OF WILLIAM HAZLITT. Annotated, with an Introduction by WILLIAM ARCHER, and an Engraved Portrait of Hazlitt as Frontispiece.

"A book which every one interested in the history of the London stage will prize highly, and will not only read with pleasure, but will desire to have always by them for purposes of reference."—*Scotsman*.

VOL. III. SELECTIONS FROM THE DRAMATIC CRITICISMS (hitherto uncollected) OF JOHN FORSTER and GEORGE HENRY LEWES. With Notes and an Introduction by WILLIAM ARCHER and ROBERT W. LOWE, and a Portrait of George Henry Lewes as Frontispiece.

"The volume, which is carefully edited, contains a quantity of vivid portraiture, and will be welcomed by students as bringing us in touch with the stage of the early fifties."—*Literary World*.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON TYNE

THE WORLD'S LITERARY MASTERPIECES.

The Scott Library.

Maroon Cloth, Gilt. Price 1s. net per Volume.

VOLUMES ALREADY ISSUED—

- 1 MALORY'S ROMANCE OF KING ARTHUR AND THE Quest of the Holy Grail. Edited by Ernest Rhys.
- 2 THOREAU'S WALDEN. WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTE by Will H. Dircks.
- 3 THOREAU'S "WEEK." WITH PREFATORY NOTE BY Will H. Dircks.
- 4 THOREAU'S ESSAYS. EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, by Will H. Dircks.
- 5 CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER, ETC. By Thomas De Quincey. With Introductory Note by William Sharp.
- 6 LANDOR'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS. SELECTED, with Introduction, by Havelock Ellis.
- 7 PLUTARCH'S LIVES (LANGHORNE). WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTE by B. J. Snell, M.A.
- 8 BROWNE'S RELIGIO MEDICI, ETC. WITH INTRODUCTION by J. Addington Symonds.
- 9 SHELLEY'S ESSAYS AND LETTERS. EDITED, WITH Introductory Note, by Ernest Rhys.
- 10 SWIFT'S PROSE WRITINGS. CHOSEN AND ARRANGED, with Introduction, by Walter Lewin.
- 11 MY STUDY WINDOWS. BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. With Introduction by R. Garnett, LL.D.
- 12 LOWELL'S ESSAYS ON THE ENGLISH POETS. WITH a new Introduction by Mr. Lowell.
- 13 THE BIGLOW PAPERS. BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. With a Prefatory Note by Ernest Rhys.
- 14 GREAT ENGLISH PAINTERS. SELECTED FROM Cunningham's *Lives*. Edited by William Sharp.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FRILING-ON-TYNE.

THE SCOTT LIBRARY—continued.

- 15 **BYRON'S LETTERS AND JOURNALS. SELECTED,**
with Introduction, by Mathilde Blind.
- 16 **LEIGH HUNT'S ESSAYS. WITH INTRODUCTION AND**
Notes by Arthur Symonds.
- 17 **LONGFELLOW'S "HYPERION," "KAVANAGH," AND**
"The Trouveres." With Introduction by W. Tirebuck.
- 18 **GREAT MUSICAL COMPOSERS. BY G. F. FERRIS.**
Edited, with Introduction, by Mrs. William Sharp.
- 19 **THE MEDITATIONS OF MARCUS AURELIUS. EDITED**
by Alice Zimmern.
- 20 **THE TEACHING OF EPICTETUS. TRANSLATED FROM**
the Greek, with Introduction and Notes, by T. W. Rolleston.
- 21 **SELECTIONS FROM SENECA. WITH INTRODUCTION**
by Walter Clode.
- 22 **SPECIMEN DAYS IN AMERICA. BY WALT WHITMAN.**
Revised by the Author, with fresh Preface.
- 23 **DEMOCRATIC VISTAS, AND OTHER PAPERS. BY**
Walt Whitman. (Published by arrangement with the Author.)
- 24 **WHITE'S NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. WITH**
a Preface by Richard Jefferies.
- 25 **DEFOE'S CAPTAIN SINGLETON. EDITED, WITH**
Introduction, by H. Halli-lay Sparling.
- 26 **MAZZINI'S ESSAYS: LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND**
Religious. With Introduction by William Clarke.
- 27 **PROSE WRITINGS OF HEINE. WITH INTRODUCTION**
by Havelock Ellis.
- 28 **REYNOLDS'S DISCOURSES. WITH INTRODUCTION**
by Helen Zimmern.
- 29 **PAPERS OF STEELE AND ADDISON. EDITED BY**
Walter Lowin.
- 30 **BURNS'S LETTERS. SELECTED AND ARRANGED,**
with Introduction, by J. Logie Robertson, M.A.
- 31 **VOLSUNGA SAGA. WILLIAM MORRIS. WITH INTRO-**
duction by H. H. Sparling.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.

THE SCOTT LIBRARY—continued.

- 32 **SARTOR RESARTUS.** BY THOMAS CARLYLE. WITH
Introduction by Ernest Rhys.
- 33 **SELECT WRITINGS OF EMERSON.** WITH INTRO-
duction by Percival Chubb.
- 34 **AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LORD HERBERT.** EDITED,
with an Introduction, by Will H. Dircks.
- 35 **ENGLISH PROSE, FROM MAUNDEVILLE TO**
Thackeray. Chosen and Edited by Arthur Galton.
- 36 **THE PILLARS OF SOCIETY, AND OTHER PLAYS.** BY
Henrik Ibsen. Edited, with an Introduction, by Havelock Ellis.
- 37 **IRISH FAIRY AND FOLK TALES.** EDITED AND
Selected by W. B. Yeats.
- 38 **ESSAYS OF DR. JOHNSON, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL**
Introduction and Notes by Stuart J. Reid.
- 39 **ESSAYS OF WILLIAM HAZLITT.** SELECTED AND
Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Frank Carr.
- 40 **LANDOR'S PENTAMERON AND OTHER IMAGINARY**
Conversations. Edited, with a Preface, by H. Ellis.
- 41 **POE'S TALES AND ESSAYS.** EDITED, WITH INTRO-
duction, by Ernest Rhys.
- 42 **VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.** BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
Edited, with Preface, by Ernest Rhys.
- 43 **POLITICAL ORATIONS, FROM WENTWORTH TO**
Macaulay. Edited, with Introduction, by William Clarke.
- 44 **THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.** BY
Oliver Wendell Holmes.
- 45 **THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.** BY OLIVER
Wendell Holmes.
- 46 **THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.** BY
Oliver Wendell Holmes.
- 47 **LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.**
Selected, with Introduction, by Charles Sayle.
- 48 **STORIES FROM CARLETON.** SELECTED, WITH INTRO-
duction, by W. Yeats.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.

THE SCOTT LIBRARY—continued.

- 49 JANE EYRE. BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË. EDITED BY
Clement K. Shorter.
- 50 ELIZABETHIAN ENGLAND. EDITED BY LOTHROP
Withington, with a Preface by Dr. Furnivall.
- 51 THE PROSE WRITINGS OF THOMAS DAVIS. EDITED
by T. W. Rolleston.
- 52 SPENCE'S ANECDOTES. A SELECTION. EDITED,
with an Introduction and Notes, by John Underhill.
- 53 MORE'S UTOPIA, AND LIFE OF EDWARD V. EDITED,
with an Introduction, by Maurice Adams.
- 54 SADÏ'S GULISTAN, OR FLOWER GARDEN. TRANS-
lated, with an Essay, by James Ross.
- 55 ENGLISH FAIRY AND FOLK TALES. EDITED BY
E. Sidney Hartland.
- 56 NORTHERN STUDIES. BY EDMUND GOSSE. WITH
a Note by Ernest Rhys.
- 57 EARLY REVIEWS OF GREAT WRITERS. EDITED BY
K. Stevenson.
- 58 ARISTOTLE'S ETHICS. WITH GEORGE HENRY
Lewes's Essay on Aristotle prefixed.
- 59 LANDOR'S PERICLES AND ASPASIA. EDITED, WITH
an Introduction, by Havelock Ellis.
- 60 ANNALS OF TACITUS. THOMAS GORDON'S TRANS-
lation. Edited, with an Introduction, by Arthur Galton.
- 61 ESSAYS OF ELIA. BY CHARLES LAMB. EDITED,
with an Introduction, by Ernest Rhys.
- 62 BALZAC'S SHORTER STORIES. TRANSLATED BY
William Wilson and the Count Stenbock.
- 63 COMEDIES OF DE MUSSET. EDITED, WITH AN
Introductory Note, by S. L. Gwynn.
- 64 CORAL REEFS. BY CHARLES DARWIN. EDITED,
with an Introduction, by Dr. J. W. Williams.
- 65 SHERIDAN'S PLAYS. EDITED, WITH AN INTRO-
duction, by Rudolf Dircks.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.

THE SCOTT LIBRARY—continued.

- 66 OUR VILLAGE. BY MISS MITFORD. EDITED, WITH
an Introduction, by Ernest Rhys.
- 67 MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK, AND OTHER STORIES.
By Charles Dickens. With Introduction by Frank T. Marzials.
- 68 OXFORD MOVEMENT, THE. BEING A SELECTION
from "Tracts for the Times." Edited, with an Introduction, by William
G. Hutchison.
- 69 ESSAYS AND PAPERS BY DOUGLAS JERROLD. EDITED
by Walter Jerrold.
- 70 VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN. BY
Mary Wollstonecraft. Introduction by Mrs. E. Robins Pennell.
- 71 "THE ATHENIAN ORACLE." A SELECTION. EDITED
by John Underhill, with Prefatory Note by Walter Besant.
- 72 ESSAYS OF SAINTE-BEUVE. TRANSLATED AND
Edited, with an Introduction, by Elizabeth Lee.
- 73 SELECTIONS FROM PLATO. FROM THE TRANS-
lation of Sydenham and Taylor. Edited by T. W. Rolleston.
- 74 HEINE'S ITALIAN TRAVEL SKETCHES, ETC. TRANS-
lated by Elizabeth A. Sharp. With an Introduction from the French of
Theophile Gautier.
- 75 SCHILLER'S MAID OF ORLEANS. TRANSLATED,
with an Introduction, by Major-General Patrick Maxwell.
- 76 SELECTIONS FROM SYDNEY SMITH. EDITED, WITH
an Introduction, by Ernest Rhys.
- 77 THE NEW SPIRIT. BY HAVELOCK ELLIS.
- 78 THE BOOK OF MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES. FROM
the "Morte d'Arthur." Edited by Ernest Rhys. (This, together with
No. 1, forms the complete "Morte d'Arthur.")
- 79 ESSAYS AND APHORISMS. BY SIR ARTHUR HELPS.
With an Introduction by E. A. Helps.
- 80 ESSAYS OF MONTAIGNE. SELECTED, WITH A
Prefatory Note, by Percival Chubb.
- 81 THE LUCK OF BARRY LYNDON. BY W. M.
Thackeray. Edited by F. T. Marzials.
- 82 SCHILLER'S WILLIAM TELL. TRANSLATED, WITH
an Introduction, by Major-General Patrick Maxwell.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,

— LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.

THE SCOTT LIBRARY—continued.

- 83 **CARLYLE'S ESSAYS ON GERMAN LITERATURE.**
With an Introduction by Ernest Rhys.
- 84 **PLAYS AND DRAMATIC ESSAYS OF CHARLES LAMB.**
Edited, with an Introduction, by Rudolph Dirks.
- 85 **THE PROSE OF WORDSWORTH. SELECTED AND**
Edited, with an Introduction, by Professor William Knight.
- 86 **ESSAYS, DIALOGUES, AND THOUGHTS OF COUNT**
Giacomo Leopardi. Translated, with an Introduction and Notes, by
Major-General Patrick Maxwell.
- 87 **THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL. A RUSSIAN COMEDY.**
By Nikolai V. Gogol. Translated from the original, with an Introduction
and Notes, by Arthur A. Sykes.
- 88 **ESSAYS AND APOTHEGMS OF FRANCIS, LORD BACON.**
Edited, with an Introduction, by John Buchan.
- 89 **PROSE OF MILTON. SELECTED AND EDITED, WITH**
an Introduction, by Richard Garnett, LL.D.
- 90 **THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO. TRANSLATED BY**
Thomas Taylor, with an Introduction by Theodore Wratlaw.
- 91 **PASSAGES FROM FROISSART. WITH AN INTRO-**
duction by Frank T. Marzials.
- 92 **THE PROSE AND TABLE TALK OF COLERIDGE.**
Edited by Will H. Dirks.
- 93 **HEINE IN ART AND LETTERS. TRANSLATED BY**
Elizabeth A. Sharp.
- 94 **SELECTED ESSAYS OF DE QUINCEY. WITH AN**
Introduction by Sir George Douglas, Bart.
- 95 **VASARI'S LIVES OF ITALIAN PAINTERS. SELECTED**
and Prefaced by Havelock Ellis.
- 96 **LAOCOON, AND OTHER PROSE WRITINGS OF**
LESSING. A new Translation by W. B. Rönfeldt.
- 97 **PELLEAS AND MELISANDA, AND THE SIGHTLESS.**
Two Plays by Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated from the French by
Laurence Alma Tadema.
- 98 **THE COMPLETE ANGLER OF WALTON AND COTTON.**
Edited, with an Introduction, by Charles Hill Dick.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNN.

THE SCOTT LIBRARY—continued.

- 99 LESSING'S NATHAN THE WISE. TRANSLATED BY**
Major-General Patrick Maxwell.
- 100 THE POETRY OF THE CELTIC RACES, AND OTHER**
Essays of Ernest Renan. Translated by W. G. Hutchison.
- 101 CRITICISMS, REFLECTIONS, AND MAXIMS OF GOETHE.**
Translated, with an Introduction, by W. B. Rönnefeldt.
- 102 ESSAYS OF SCHOPENHAUER. TRANSLATED BY**
Mrs. Rudolf Direks. With an Introduction.
- 103 RENAN'S LIFE OF JESUS. TRANSLATED, WITH AN**
Introduction, by William G. Hutchison.
- 104 THE CONFESSIONS OF SAINT AUGUSTINE. EDITED,**
with an Introduction, by Arthur Symonds.
- 105 THE PRINCIPLES OF SUCCESS IN LITERATURE.**
By George Henry Lewes. Edited by T. Sharper Knowlson.
- 106 THE LIVES OF DR. JOHN DONNE, SIR HENRY WOTTON,**
Mr. Richard Hooker, Mr. George Herbert, and Dr. Robert Sanderson.
By Isaac Walton. Edited, with an Introduction, by Charles Hill Dick.
- 107 POLITICAL ECONOMY: EXPOSITIONS OF ITS**
Fundamental Doctrines. Selected, with an Introduction, by W. B.
Robertson, M.A.
- 108 RENAN'S ANTICHRIST. TRANSLATED, WITH AN**
Introduction, by W. G. Hutchison.
- 109 ORATIONS OF CICERO. SELECTED AND EDITED,**
with an Introduction, by Fred. W. Norris.
- 110 REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.**
By Edmund Burke. With an Introduction by George Sampson.
- 111 THE LETTERS OF THE YOUNGER PLINY. SERIES I.**
Translated, with an Introductory Essay, by John B. Firth, B.A., Late
Scholar of Queen's College, Oxford.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.

THE SCOTT LIBRARY—continued.

- RECENT ADDITIONS.**
- 112 THE LETTERS OF THE YOUNGER PLINY. SERIES II.
Translated by John B. Firth, B.A.
 - 113 SELECTED THOUGHTS OF BLAISE PASCAL. TRANSLATED, with an Introduction and Notes, by Gertrude Burford Rawlings.
 - 114 SCOTS ESSAYISTS: FROM STIRLING TO STEVENSON.
Edited, with an Introduction, by Oliphant Smeaton.
 - 115 ON LIBERTY. BY JOHN STUART MILL. WITH AN
Introduction by W. L. Courtney.
 - 116 THE DISCOURSE ON METHOD AND METAPHYSICAL
Meditations of René Descartes. Translated, with Introduction, by
Gertrude B. Rawlings.
 - 117 KÂLIDÂSA'S SAKUNTALÂ, ETC. EDITED, WITH AN
Introduction, by T. Holme.
 - 118 NEWMAN'S UNIVERSITY SKETCHES. EDITED, WITH
Introduction, by George Sampson.
 - 119 NEWMAN'S SELECT ESSAYS. EDITED, WITH AN
Introduction, by George Sampson.
 - 120 RENAN'S MARCUS AURELIUS. TRANSLATED, WITH
an Introduction, by William G. Hutchison.
 - 121 FROUDE'S NEMESIS OF FAITH. WITH AN INTRO-
duction by William G. Hutchison.
 - (122 WHAT IS ART? BY LEO TOLSTOY. TRANSLATED
from the Original Russian MS., with Introduction, by Alymer Maule.
 - 123 HUME'S POLITICAL ESSAYS. EDITED, WITH AN
Introduction, by W. B. Robertson.
 - 124 SINGOALLA: A MÆDÆVAL LEGEND. BY VIKTOR
Rydberg.
 - 125 PETRONIUS—TRIMALCHIO'S BANQUET. TRANS-
lated by Michael J. Ryan.
 - 126 OBERMANN. BY ÉTIENNE PIVERT DE SENANCOUR.
Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by J. A. Barnes, B.A.
 - 127-128 APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA. BY JOHN HENRY
Cardinal Newman. With an Introduction by Rev. J. Gauble, B.D. In
Two Volumes.
 - 129 TOLSTOY'S SHORT STORIES. WITH INTRO-
duction by F. J. Crowest.
 - (130 IBSEN'S PROSE DRAMAS. WITH INTRODUCTION.

OTHER VOLUMES IN PREPARATION.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.

Musicians' Wit, Humour, and Anecdote :

BEING *ON DITS* OF COMPOSERS, SINGERS, AND
INSTRUMENTALISTS OF ALL TIMES.

By **FREDERICK J. CROWEST,**

Author of "The Great Tone Poets," "The Story of British Music,"

Editor of "The Master Musicians" Series, etc., etc.

**Profusely Illustrated with Quaint Drawings by
J. P. DONNE.**

Crown 8vo, Cloth, Richly Gilt, Price 3/6.

"It is one of those delightful medleys of anecdote of all times, seasons, and persons, in every page of which there is a new specimen of humour, strange adventure, and quaint saying."—T. P. O'CONNOR in *T.P.'s Weekly*.

"A remarkable collection of good stories which must have taken years of perseverance to get together."—*Morning Leader*.

"A book which should prove acceptable to two large sections of the public—those who are interested in musicians and those who have an adequate sense of the comic."—*Globe*.

Tolstoy: His Life and Works.

By **JOHN C. KENWORTHY,**

AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF THE GREAT RUSSIAN WRITER.

*Crown 8vo, 256 pages, Richly Bound, containing Portraits,
Facsimile Letter, Views, etc.*

PRICE SIX SHILLINGS.

 **THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.**

The Makers of British Art

A NEW SERIES OF MONOGRAPHS OF BRITISH PAINTERS.

Each volume illustrated with Twenty Full-page Reproductions
and a Photogravure Portrait.

Square Crown 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Top, Deckled Edges, 3s. 6d. net.

VOLUMES READY.

LANDSEER, SIR EDWIN. By JAMES A. MANSON.

REYNOLDS, SIR JOSHUA. By ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

TURNER, J. M. W. By ROBERT CHIGNELL, Author of
"The Life and Paintings of Vicat Cole, R.A."

ROMNEY, GEORGE. By SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart.
F.R.S., M.P.

"Likely to remain the best account of the painter's life."—*Athenaeum*

WILKIE, SIR DAVID. By Professor BAYNE.

CONSTABLE, JOHN. By the EARL OF PLYMOUTH.

RAEBURN, SIR HENRY. By EDWARD PINNINGTON.

GAINSBOROUGH, THOMAS. By A. E. FLETCHER.

HOGARTH, WILLIAM. By Prof. G. BALDWIN BROWN.

MOORE, HENRY. By FRANK J. MACLEAN.

LEIGHTON, LORD. By EDGECUMBE STALEY.

MORLAND, GEORGE. By D. H. WILSON, M.A., LL.M.

WILSON, RICHARD. By BEAUMONT FLETCHER.

MILLAIS, SIR JOHN EVERETT. By J. EADIE REID.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.

Crown 8vo, about 350 pp. each, Cloth Cover, 2/6 per vol. ;
Half-Polished Morocco, Gilt Top, 5s.

Count Tolstoy's Works.

The following Volumes are already issued—

A RUSSIAN PROPRIETOR.	WHAT TO DO?
THE COSSACKS.	THE LONG EXILE, ETC.
IVAN ILYITCH, AND OTHER	SEVASTOPOL.
STORIES.	THE KREUTZER SONATA, AND
MY RELIGION.	FAMILY HAPPINESS.
LIFE.	THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS
MY CONFESSION.	WITHIN YOU.
CHILDHOOD, BOYHOOD,	WORK WHILE YE HAVE THE
YOUTH.	LIGHT.
THE PHYSIOLOGY OF WAR.	THE GOSPEL IN BRIEF.

Uniform with the above—

IMPRESSIONS OF RUSSIA. By Dr. GEORG BRANDES.

In the "World's Great Novels" Series.

Large Crown 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Top, Illustrated, Price 3/6 per vol.

WAR AND PEACE. (2 vols.)

ANNA KARÉNINA. Also cheap edition, 2/- net.

1/- Booklets by Count Tolstoy.

Bound in White Grained Boards, with Gilt Lettering.

WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD	THE GODSON.
IS ALSO.	IF YOU NEGLECT THE FIRE,
THE TWO PILGRIMS.	YOU DON'T PUT IT OUT.
WHAT MEN LIVE BY.	WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN?

2/- Booklets by Count Tolstoy.

NEW EDITIONS, REVISED.

Small 12mo, Cloth, with Embossed Design on Cover, each containing
Two Stories by Count Tolstoy, and Two Drawings by
H. R. Millar. In Box, Price 2s. each.

Volume I. contains—	Volume III. contains—
WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD	THE TWO PILGRIMS.
IS ALSO.	IF YOU NEGLECT THE FIRE,
THE GODSON.	YOU DON'T PUT IT OUT.
Volume II. contains—	Volume IV. contains—
WHAT MEN LIVE BY.	MASTER AND MAN.
WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A	Volume V. contains—
MAN?	TOLSTOY'S PARABLES.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, 3s. 6d. each; some vols., 6s.

The Contemporary Science Series.

EDITED BY HAVELOCK ELLIS.

Illustrated Vols. between 300 and 400 pp. each.

- EVOLUTION OF SEX. By Professors GEDDERS and THOMSON. 6s.
ELECTRICITY IN MODERN LIFE. By G. W. DE TUNZELMANN.
THE ORIGIN OF THE ARYANS. By Dr. TAYLOR.
PHYSIOGNOMY AND EXPRESSION. By P. MANTEGAZZA.
EVOLUTION AND DISEASE. By J. B. SUTTON.
THE VILLAGE COMMUNITY. By G. L. GOMME.
SANITY AND INSANITY. By Dr. C. MERCIER.
MANUAL TRAINING. By Dr. WOODWARD (St. Louis).
SCIENCE OF FAIRY TALES. By E. S. HARTLAND.
PRIMITIVE FOLK. By ELIE RECLUS.
EVOLUTION OF MARRIAGE. By CH. LETOURNEAU.
BACTERIA AND THEIR PRODUCTS. By Dr. WOODHEAD.
EDUCATION AND HEREDITY. By J. M. GUYAU.
THE MAN OF GENIUS. By Prof. LOMBROSO.
PROPERTY: ITS ORIGIN. By CH. LETOURNEAU.
VOLCANOES PAST AND PRESENT. By Prof. HULL.
PUBLIC HEALTH PROBLEMS. By Dr. J. F. SYKES.
MODERN METEOROLOGY. By FRANK WALDO, Ph.D.
THE GERM-PLASM. By Professor WEISMANN. 6s.
THE INDUSTRIES OF ANIMALS. By F. HOUSSAY.
MAN AND WOMAN. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. 6s.
MODERN CAPITALISM. By JOHN A. HOBSON, M.A. 6s.
THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE. By F. PODMORE, M.A.
COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY. By Prof. C. L. MORGAN, F.R.S. 6s.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND BILLINGHAM-ON-TYNE.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE SERIES—*continued.*

- THE ORIGINS OF INVENTION. By O. T. MASON.
- THE GROWTH OF THE BRAIN. By H. H. DONALDSON.
- EVOLUTION IN ART. By Prof. A. C. HADDON, F.R.S.
- HALLUCINATIONS AND ILLUSIONS. By E. PARISH. 6s.
- PSYCHOLOGY OF THE EMOTIONS. By Prof. RIBOT. 6s.
- THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY. By Dr. E. W. SCRIPTURE. 6s.
- SLEEP: ITS PHYSIOLOGY. By MARIE DE MANACÉINE.
- THE NATURAL HISTORY OF DIGESTION. By A. LOCKHART GILLESPIE, M.D., F.R.C.P. Ed., F.R.S. Ed. 6s.
- DEGENERACY: ITS CAUSES, SIGNS, AND RESULTS. By Prof. EUGENE S. TALBOT, M.D., Chicago. 6s.
- THE HISTORY OF THE EUROPEAN FAUNA. By R. F. SCHARFF, B.Sc., Ph.D., F.Z.S. 6s.
- THE RACES OF MAN. By J. DENIKER. 6s.
- THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION. By Prof. STARBUCK. 6s.
- THE CHILD. By ALEXANDER FRANCIS CHAMBERLAIN, M.A., Ph.D. 6s.
- THE MEDITERRANEAN RACE. By Prof. SERGI. 6s.
- THE STUDY OF RELIGION. By MORRIS JASTROW, Jun., Ph.D. 6s.
- HISTORY OF GEOLOGY AND PALÆONTOLOGY. By Prof. KARL ALFRED VON ZITTEL, Munich. 6s.
- THE MAKING OF CITIZENS: A STUDY IN COMPARATIVE EDUCATION. By R. E. HUGHES, M.A. 6s.
- MORALS: A TREATISE ON THE PSYCHO-SOCIOLOGICAL BASES OF ETHICS. By Prof. G. L. DUPRAT. 6s.
- EARTHQUAKES, A STUDY OF RECENT. By Prof. CHARLES DAVISON, D.Sc., F.G.S. 6s.

NEW ADDITIONS.

- THE JEWS: A STUDY OF RACE AND ENVIRONMENT. By DR. MAURICE FISHBERG. 600 pp. 142 Examples of Facial Types. 6s.
- MODERN ORGANIC CHEMISTRY. By Dr. CHARLES A. KEANE, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.I.C. 6s.
- HYPNOTISM. By Dr. ALBERT MOLL (Berlin). New and Enlarged Edition. 6s.
- THE CRIMINAL. New and Revised Up-to-date Edition. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. 6s.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND BELLINGHON-TYNE.

SPECIAL EDITION OF The Canterbury Poets.

Square 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Top Elegant, Price 2s.

Each Volume with a Frontispiece in Photogravure.

CHRISTIAN YEAR. With Portrait of John Keble.
LONGFELLOW. With Portrait of Longfellow.
SHELLEY. With Portrait of Shelley.
WORDSWORTH. With Portrait of Wordsworth.
WHITTIER. With Portrait of Whittier.
BURNS. Songs } With Portrait of Burns, and View of "The
 Poems } Auld Brig o' Doon."
KEATS. With Portrait of Keats.
EMERSON. With Portrait of Emerson.
SONNETS OF THIS CENTURY. Portrait of P. B. Marston.
WHITMAN. With Portrait of Whitman.
LOVE LETTERS OF A VIOLINIST. Portrait of Eric Mackay.
SCOTT. Lady of the Lake, } With Portrait of Sir Walter Scott,
 etc. and View of "The Silver
SCOTT. Marmion, etc. Strand, Loch Katrine."
CHILDREN OF THE POETS. With an Engraving of "The
 Orphans," by Gainsborough.
SONNETS OF EUROPE. With Portrait of J. A. Symonds.
SYDNEY DOBELL. With Portrait of Sydney Dobell.
HERRICK. With Portrait of Herrick.
BALLADS AND RONDEAUS. Portrait of W. E. Henley.
IRISH MINSTRELSY. With Portrait of Thomas Davis.
PARADISE LOST. With Portrait of Milton.
FAIRY MUSIC. Engraving from Drawing by C. R. Brock.
GOLDEN TREASURY. With Engraving of Virgin Mother.
AMERICAN SONNETS. With Portrait of J. R. Lowell.
IMITATION OF CHRIST. With Engraving, "Ecce Homo."
PAINTER POETS. With Portrait of Walter Crane.
WOMEN POETS. With Portrait of Mrs. Browning.
POEMS OF HON. RODEN NOEL. Portrait of Hon. R. Noel.
AMERICAN HUMOROUS VERSE. Portrait of Mark Twain.
SONGS OF FREEDOM. With Portrait of William Morris.
SCOTTISH MINOR POETS. With Portrait of R. Tannahill.
CONTEMPORARY SCOTTISH VERSE. With Portrait of
 Robert Louis Stevenson.
PARADISE REGAINED. With Portrait of Milton.
CAVALIER POETS. With Portrait of Suckling.
HUMOROUS POEMS. With Portrait of Hood.
HERBERT. With Portrait of Herbert.
POE. With Portrait of Poe.
OWEN MEREDITH. With Portrait of late Lord Lytton.
LOVE LYRICS. With Portrait of Raleigh.
GERMAN BALLADS. With Portrait of Schiller.
CAMPBELL. With Portrait of Campbell.
CANADIAN POEMS. With View of Mount Stephen.
EARLY ENGLISH POETRY. With Portrait of Earl of Surrey.
ALLAN RAMSAY. With Portrait of Ramsay.
SPENSER. With Portrait of Spenser.

**THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.**

CHATTERTON. With Engraving, "The Death of Chatterton."
COWPER. With Portrait of Cowper.
CHAUCER. With Portrait of Chaucer.
COLERIDGE. With Portrait of Coleridge.
POPE. With Portrait of Pope.
BYRON. Miscellaneous } With Portraits of Byron
BYRON. Don Juan }
JACOBITE SONGS. With Portrait of Prince Charles.
BORDER BALLADS. With View of Neidpath Castle.
AUSTRALIAN BALLADS. With Portrait of A. L. Gordon.
HOGG. With Portrait of Hogg.
GOLDSMITH. With Portrait of Goldsmith.
MOORE. With Portrait of Moore.
DORA GREENWELL. With Portrait of Dora Greenwell.
BLAKE. With Portrait of Blake.
POEMS OF NATURE. With Portrait of Andrew Lang.
PRÆD. With Portrait.
SOUTHEY. With Portrait.
HUGO. With Portrait.
GOETHE. With Portrait.
BERANGER. With Portrait.
KEINE. With Portrait.
SEA MUSIC. With View of Corbière Rocks, Jersey.
SONG-TIDE. With Portrait of Philip Bourke Macdonald.
LADY OF LYONS. With Portrait of Bulwer Lytton.
SHAKESPEARE: Songs and Sonnets. With Portrait.
BEN JONSON. With Portrait.
HORACE. With Portrait.
CRABBE. With Portrait.
CRADLE SONGS. With Engraving from Drawing by T. E. Macklin.
BALLADS OF SPORT. Do. do.
MATTHEW ARNOLD. With Portrait.
AUSTIN'S DAYS OF THE YEAR. With Portrait.
CLOUGH'S BOTHIE, and other Poems. With View.
BROWNING'S Pippa Passes, etc. }
BROWNING'S Blot in the 'Scutcheon, etc. } With Portrait.
BROWNING'S Dramatic Lyrics. }
MACKAY'S LOVER'S MISSAL. With Portrait.
KIRKE WHITE'S POEMS. With Portrait.
LYRA NICOTIANA. With Portrait.
AURORA LEIGH. With Portrait of E. B. Browning.
NAVAL SONGS. With Portrait of Lord Nelson.
TENNYSON: In Memoriam, Maud, etc. With Portrait.
TENNYSON: English Idylls, The Princess, etc. With View of
 Farringford House.
WAR SONGS. With Portrait of Lord Roberts.
JAMES THOMSON. With Portrait.
ALEXANDER SMITH. With Portrait.
PAUL VERLAINE. With Portrait.
CHARLES BAUDELAIRE. With Portrait

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE

The Music Story Series.

A SERIES OF LITERARY-MUSICAL MONOGRAPHS

Edited by FREDERICK J. CROWEST,

Author of "The Great Tone Poets," "Musicians' Wit and Humour," &c.

Illustrated with Photogravure and Collotype Portraits, Half-tone and Lin-
Pictures, Facsimiles, etc.

Square Crown 8vo, Cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

VOLUMES NOW READY.

THE STORY OF ORATORIO. By ANNIE W. PATTERSON, B.A., Mus. Doc.

THE STORY OF NOTATION. By C. F. ABDY WILLIAMS, M.A., Mus. Bac.

THE STORY OF THE ORGAN. By C. F. ABDY WILLIAMS, M.A., Author of "Bach" and "Handel" ("Master Musician Series").

THE STORY OF CHAMBER MUSIC. By N. KILBURN, Mus. Bac. (Cantab.).

THE STORY OF THE VIOLIN. By PAUL STOEVINCK, Professor of the Violin, Guildhall School of Music, London.

THE STORY OF THE HARP. By WILLIAM H. GRATTAN FLOOD, Mus. Doc., Author of "History of Irish Music."

THE STORY OF ORGAN MUSIC. By C. F. ABDY WILLIAMS, M.A., Mus. Bac.

THE STORY OF ENGLISH MUSIC (1604-1904): being the Worshipful Company of Musicians' Lectures.

THE STORY OF MINSTRELSY. By EDMONDSTOUNE DUNCAN.

THE STORY OF MUSICAL FORM. By CLARENCE LUCAS

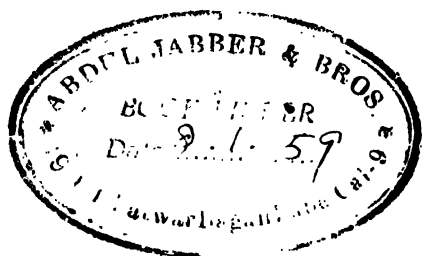
THE STORY OF OPERA. By E. MARKHAM LEE, Mus. Doc.

THE STORY OF THE CAROL. By EDMONDSTOUNE DUNCAN.

THE STORY OF THE BAGPIPE. By W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD, Mus. Doc.

THE STORY OF THE FLUTE. By H. MACAULAY FITZGIBBON, M.A.

**THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON AND FELLING-ON-TYNE.**





876.2/PLI



11273

